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QUEEN WILHELMINA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT

MOTLEY'S DUTCH NATION

BEING THE

RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC

(1555–1584)

BY

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY
D.C.L., LL.D., Etc.

CONDENSED, WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE DUTCH PEOPLE TO 1908

BY

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PREFACE

THE present work consists of two parts—an abridgment of the late Mr. John Lothrop Motley's three volumes, entitled *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, and an independent sketch of Dutch history, from A.D. 1584 to 1897. With the brief introduction, a few notes, illustrations, and references have been added. The original divisions and numbering of Mr. Motley's chapters have been retained, though their headings are new. Corrections of clerical mistakes, misprints, and errors in gram mar and ecclesiastical detail have been made. This has been done, however, with but little alteration of the brilliant historian's rhetoric, style, and spelling.

In Part VII., which rapidly outlines Dutch history, from the death of William the Silent to Queen Wilhelmina, the author has given his own interpretation of facts, events, and tendencies. He has taken advantage of the fruits of research made by Dutch scholars since Mr. Motley's decease, besides showing the many points of contact between Netherlandish and British and between Dutch and American history.

Besides many Dutch friends beyond sea who have aided my studies and answered my inquiries, I have especially to thank three scholarly gentlemen—Mr. Adrian van Hel-

den, of Philadelphia, whose collection of Barneveldia is unique in America; the Rev. Maurice G. Hansen, D.D., of East Orange, N. J., author of a *History of the Reformed Church in the Netherlands;* and William Nelson Noble, Esq., of Ithaca, whose criticisms and suggestions have been of great value.

W. E. G.

Ithaca, December 10, 1897.

PREFACE TO NEW EDITION

Since the first issue of this edition of Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* condensed, with the narrative continued to our times, Holland's first Queen, Wilhelmina, has nearly completed a decade of her wise and gracious reign. Again in history, in the twentieth as in the sixteenth century, the importance in the world of little states among the great empires has been signally demonstrated. It seems wholly proper that, in the Netherlands, once the strenuous withstander in freedom's name of the arbitrary claims of giant Spain, the South-American Republics that won their independence from the same Power, should, in the Second Peace Conference at The Hague, receive the recognition of the civilized world. This second edition surveys and interprets the course of the Netherlands history since 1898, and sums up the work of the latest Parliament of Man. The change of name seems appropriate, both in justice to the historian of Barnevelt and Maurice, the personators, respectively, of State Right and National Supremacy, and in view of the notable revival of the spirit of Dutch nationalism.

W. E. G.

Ithaca, New York, *January* 6, 1908.

CONTENTS

PAGE

Historical Introduction. From Cæsar to Charles V. xi
Biographical Notes xix

PART I

CHAPTER PHILIP THE SECOND IN THE NETHERLANDS (1555–1559)

I. The Abdication of the Emperor 3
II. Egmont at St. Quentin and Gravelines 16
III. The Spanish King Leaves the Netherlands 43

PART II

ADMINISTRATION OF THE DUCHESS MARGARET (1559–1567)

I. The Sister of Philip 61
II. King, Regent, Cardinal, Elector, and Patriot 85
III. Church Discipline—The Inquisition 103
IV. Cardinal Granvelle Retired 123
V. A Nation Condemned to Death 140
VI. The Nobles' Compromise and "The Beggars" . . . 159
VII. The Image-Storm 187
VIII. Field-preaching and the King's Wrath 199
IX. Orange, Brederode, Horn, and Egmont 213
X. Valenciennes Falls—The Great Exodus 238

PART III

ALVA (1567–1573)

I. The Council of Blood 251
II. The Execution of Egmont and Horn 272

CHAPTER		PAGE
III.	The War of Independence Begun	294
IV.	Orange Takes the Field	301
V.	Alva's Experiments in Finance	314
VI.	The Beggars of the Sea Capture Brill	330
VII.	Count Louis, the Huguenots, and St. Bartholomew	347
VIII.	The Massacres at Zutphen, Naarden, and Haarlem	359
IX.	Alkmaar and Dutch Victories on the Zuyder Zee	380

PART IV

ADMINISTRATION OF THE GRAND COMMANDER (1573–1576)

I.	The Doleful Defeat at Mookerheyde	397
II.	Siege and Relief of Leyden	413
III.	The First Union of the Dutch States	431
IV.	Orange's Toleration—Spanish Mutiny	449
V.	The Pacification of Ghent	461

PART V

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA (1576–1578)

I.	The Hero of Lepanto	481
II.	Three Parties—The Anabaptists Protected	496
III.	Don John Foiled by Orange	507
IV.	The Ruward of Brabant in Brussels	524
V.	Inactive Armies—Patriotic Amsterdam	549

PART VI

ALEXANDER OF PARMA (1578–1584)

I.	The Reconciled Provinces—The Union of Utrecht	571
II.	Massacre at Maastricht—Turbulence at Ghent	591
III.	Treason and Intrigues	603
IV.	The Dutch Declaration of Independence	612
V.	The Duke of Anjou—Orange Offered the Sovereignty	633
VI.	The French Fury—Death of Anjou	653
VII.	The Father of his Country Assassinated	676

PART VII

HISTORY OF THE DUTCH NATION (1584–1907)

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	The Orphan Republic	693
II.	The English Allies	705
III.	The Model Army	719
IV.	Nieuport and Ostend	740
V.	Looking to the Great Truce	755
VI.	Calvinist and Arminian	764
VII.	Maurice and Barneveldt	777
VIII.	State Right and National Sovereignty	796
IX.	The Bloom of the Republic	812
X.	Naval Wars with England	832
XI.	Movements of Thought	848
XII.	The Shadow of a Republic	867
XIII.	Stadholder and Patriots	878
XIV.	The French Occupation	899
XV.	The Kingdom of the Netherlands	907
XVI.	The Reign of Queen Wilhelmina	928
	INDEX	945

ILLUSTRATIONS

QUEEN WILHELMINA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT . . . . *Frontispiece*

MARGARET OF PARMA . . . . . *Facing p.* 62

WILLIAM THE SILENT, PRINCE OF ORANGE . . . . . " 68

CARDINAL GRANVELLE . . . . . " 72

EGMONT . . . . . " 92

PHILIP II. OF SPAIN . . . . . " 134

SAINTE-ALDEGONDE . . . . . " 160

HORN . . . . . " 206

DUKE OF ALVA . . . . . " 252

SEA-BEGGARS CAPTURING BRILL, 1572 . . . . . " 340

MODELS OF SHIPS IN GROOTE KERK, HAARLEM . . . . " 374

DE REQUESENS . . . . . " 398

UNIVERSITY OF LEYDEN . . . . . " 428

ATTACK ON A FORTRESS . . . . . " 456

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA . . . . . " 482

THE ARCHDUKE MATTHIAS . . . . . " 534

THE SPANISH GOVERNORS AND CATHOLIC PRIESTS BANISHED FROM AMSTERDAM, 1578 . . . . . " 554

ALEXANDER FARNESE, DUKE OF PARMA . . . . . " 574

PRISON GATE, THE HAGUE . . . . . " 608

MAURICE OF NASSAU . . . . . " 694

DEVENTER BETRAYED TO THE SPANIARDS, 1587 . . . . " 712

ERASMUS . . . . . " 768

BARNEVELDT . . . . . " 780

THE EXECUTION OF BARNEVELDT . . . . . " 802

GROTIUS . . . . . " 806

TROMP . . . . . " 824

DE RUYTER . . . . . *Facing p.* 836
JOHN DE WITT . . . . . " 838
THE MURDER OF THE DE WITTS . . . . . " 844
WILLIAM III. OF ENGLAND . . . . . " 862
VIEW OF THE VYVERBERG AT THE HAGUE . . . . . " 886
FIRST SESSION OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE, AT THE HAGUE, JUNE, 1907 . . . . . " 940

HOLLAND
& BELGIUM
0 10 20 30 40 50
ENGLISH MILES
NORTH SEA
NETHERLANDS
BELGIUM
FRANCE
GERMANY
Noordernay
Jylet
Barkum
Rottum
Schiermonnikoog
Ameland
Terschelling
Vlieland
Texel
Den Burg
De Helder
Harlingen
Leeuwarden
Franeker
FRIESLAND
Sneek
Sloten
Lemmer
GRONINGEN
Groningen
Dollart
Assen
DRENTHE
Meppel
Coevorden
Blakzyl
ZUIDER
ZEA
Zwartsluis
Genemuiden
Hardenberg
Kampen
Zwolle
Elburg
OVERYSSEL
Deventer
Oldenzaal
Delden
Enschede
Apeldoorn
Nykerk
Ijssel
Yssel
Ijsselmeer
Alkmaar
NORTH
HOLLAND
Hoorn
Beverwyk
Edam
Haarlem
Broek
AMSTERDAM
Naarden
Harderwyk
Amersfoort
Leyden
SOUTH
HOLLAND
THE HAGUE
UTRECHT
Utrecht
Vianen
Schiedam
Delft
Rotterdam
Gouda
Culemborg
Arnhem
GELDERLAND
Ijssel
Lyssel
Zutphen
Doesborgh
Groll
Heerenberg
Bronkhorst
Bocholt
Emmerich
Cleve
Wesel
Rhine
Nymegen
Tiel
Waal
Grave
Bois-le-Duc
Oosterhout
NORTH BRABANT
Breda
Tilburg
Eindhoven
Helmond
Gelderu
Essen
Venlo
Crefeld
Barmen
Elberfeld
Dusseldorf
Roermonde
LIMBURG
Maas
Meuse
Aix la Chappelle
Duren
Maastricht
Hasselt
Aerschot
Louvain
St. Trond
Tongres
Liege
Verviers
Spa
Huy
Namur
Meuse
Sambre
Charleroi
Mons
HAINAUT
Soignies
Nivelles
Waterloo
Tirlemont
Wavren
BRUSSELS
BRABANT
Grammont
Enghien
Ath
Tournai
Lille
Roulaux
Tourcoing
Courtrai
Oudenarde
Renaix
Alost
Ghent
Thourout
Ypres
Dixmude
Furnes
Dunkirk
Bergues
Gravelines
Calais
Boulogne
Ardres
St. Omer
Aire
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Cassel
Bethune
Lens
Douai
Valenciennes
Arras
Cambrai
Peronne
Bapaume
Albert
Amiens
Abbeville
Montreuil
Hesdin
Doullens
Frevent
Philippeville
Marienbourg
Dinant
Marche
Givet
Meuse
Chimay
Hirson
Rocroy
Oise
Aisne
Charleville
Mezieres
Sedan
Bouillon
Arlon
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HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

THE early ages, from a hundred years before Christ to the tenth century of the Christian era, form the pre-historic era of the Dutch people. These are the days of Frisians, Batavians, Romans, Saxons, and Franks. The Roman dominion falls and vanishes in the fifth century. Then paganism passes away, and Christianity enters the lowlands of northwestern Europe. The new Cæsar, Charles the Great, re-establishes civilization and solidarity. His weak son cannot wield the sceptre. The three grandsons of Charlemagne divide western Europe between themselves, by the compact of Verdun, August 8, A.D. 843. Thenceforward there are Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians.

The Netherlands are not assigned to Louis the German to be identified with the German Empire, but become part of Lotharingia, or the domain of Lothair. For several centuries after the Verdun compact, the fortunes of the Low Countries, and especially of the Belgic portion, are closely connected with the shifting political structures lying southward, rather than with either the great Gallic domain on the west or the Teutonic realm on the east.

For centuries the Rhine's delta lands and the interior regions reached by the three rivers flowing from France and Germany, the Scheldt, the Maas, and the Rhine, are harried and devastated by the Norsemen. This outward pressure of enemies, together with equally potent causes from within, compels the development of feudalism.

Under this system there is no unity of government, but

only a great variety and complexity of functions and methods of administration. Society is roughly divided into two classes—the owners of land, who are few, and those who own no land, who are many. The age of the dukes and counts begins, lasting from the tenth to the sixteenth century. The townships and dukedoms become "Staatjes," as the Dutch say—little states which, jealous and aspiring, begin those petty civil wars that seem to be the necessary phenomena of feudalism in every country of the world.

The great movement, called the Crusades, saves society from stagnation, moves hosts of ignorant men towards the old seats of light and culture, causes commerce to spring up, helps, powerfully, first to mitigate and afterwards to abolish slavery, promotes the rise of cities, and develops a merchant and middle class that steadily wins from the lords of the soil privileges, rights, and charters. Along with the wealth and refinement of feudal courts, and of noble families destined to become historic, there proceeds also the growth of a common public sentiment. This reveals itself in new phases of politics, which, however grotesque when viewed in the abounding light of our age, show a struggle for the rights of humanity. Though full of travail, these movements mean life and progress.

So must we interpret the uproar, riot, and bloodshed between the rival and hostile parties, the Hooks and the Cods, with their curious head-gear and their strange banners. States, in the political development of which others besides the armed leaders and shorn priests are interested, are being shaped and their features become clear. We see in Utrecht, Gelderland, Friesland, Brabant, and Flanders communities of people who have ever-increasing unity in common hopes and fears, in language and traits of character, which are ever molded and intensified by physical environment.

Through marriage and diplomacy it comes to pass that the House of Burgundy rises to be paramount over most of the Netherlands; and, again, through marriage, Maximilian of Austria makes himself master of many cities and ends the strife of the Hooks and Cods. A brilliant

period of prosperity is ushered in. Agriculture, commerce, art, and literature are cultivated, and the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands, from the mouth of the Ems to the fountains of the Maas, form one of the richest and most populous portions in Europe. The languages spoken—Frisian, Dutch or Flemish, and French—are now well established, and find enthusiastic cultivators who mold their speech into forms of strength and beauty. The Renaissance stimulates art, makes the canvas bloom, uprears cathedrals and town-halls, and covers the land with churches that, imposing to the outward view, are within made glorious with statuary, jewels, and the spoils of the sea. Within these brick and stone temples it seems as though forest and grotto and fabled palace under the sea were transfigured and brought to the service of religion. The wealth, the spices, the rare and curious products of the East pour into the lap of the Netherlands, and strange seeds and oriental fruits fall upon her soil. Grander than the golden-fleece of fable are the flocks of sheep and the fields of flax, making these delta lands richer than those reached by the Argonauts. With the needle and the pillow, the printing-press and the loom, there arise in this home of industry wonderful schools of lace-makers, printers and illustrators of books, and weavers whose webs astonish the world. The builders and decorators of lordly façades and daring spires, and of arches and columns and ceilings, seem to vie with the nimble weavers, makers of lace, and beautifiers of books. To the glory of God stone becomes tracery or blooms with the flowers of the chisel, and oaken ceilings blossom in color like parterres. In ordinary life, costume of the richest kind adorns the person. The nobles vie with each other in brilliancy of colors, rich stuffs, jewels, and decorations for man, woman, and horse. Even the burghers or citizens become oriental in the splendor of their apparel.

So it was that this land, lying between the slopes and the sea-coast of western Europe, was the fairest and most promising part of Europe, even as its people were the richest, when, in 1500, the new history of the Netherlands

began, and Charles the Fifth, born a Netherlander, entered upon his career. It was he who gave possibilities of union to the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands. Whether his motive was noble or base, his aim from the first was to annul, as far as possible, the disintegrating and divisive influences which would prevent those provinces from the attainment of solidarity. Even in his terrible mistakes and in the cruelest of those acts most condemned by modern historians, Charles the Fifth had but one idea and purpose—the unity of the Netherlands. With this end in view he became an intelligent and personally active ruler. He was as fierce an advocate of uniformity in belief and ritual as was Queen Elizabeth. Like all princes of that age, he maintained the doctrine that the people must be of the same religion with their ruler. Even his advocacy of the inquisition was inspired by the same motive. With all his faults, he was popular among the people of the Netherlands.

Philip the Second, the son of Charles, while inheriting his father's idea of keeping the Netherlands intact, was controlled by a desire to make the Low Countries a mere annex of Spain. In those days such a project was centuries too late, and it is doubtful whether this could have been accomplished even in the Middle Ages before nationality had been wrought out. Being not merely an advocate, but, indeed, the very embodiment of that kind of religion which is based on brute force, Philip the Second was aided in his plans, first by Cardinal Granvelle, and then by the Duke of Alva. He sent this soldier, who quailed at nothing, backed by the finest army in Europe, to melt these "men of butter," as he supposed them to be, into obedience to his will. He imagined that he could shape the Netherlanders into submissive Spanish subjects, with consciences moulded from Rome. A new era of history began in the year 1568, with a war lasting for eighty years, during which the events at Heiligerlee, Brill, Alkmaar, Haarlem, and Leyden show that, in the northern provinces at least, butter was not the chief ingredient in the composition of the Netherlander.

Confronting and surmounting the figures of Philip,

Granvelle, Alva, and his successors was the German-born William of Orange. With him were three brothers, not, indeed, equalling the Silent One in ability, but ready to pour out their generous blood and their gold in freedom's cause. Adolph found a grave at Heiligerlee, Louis on the heath at Mook, while John, the constructive statesman, lived to see wrought out that Union of Utrecht which made the Dutch Republic.

William of Orange became the true Father of the Dutch Fatherland, and with true paternal love gave his all to save it. He appealed first to the nobles. The nobles were selfish, suspicious, turbulent, and failed both him and their country. Then William appealed to the burghers; but the burghers were jealous, narrow-minded, absorbed in local and petty interests, and unable to rise to the needs of the hour and of true nationality, and, except a few who were faithful, they too failed him, and by them the salvation of the country was not wrought. Then William the Silent appealed to the common people, and they, with an instinct truer than that of noble or burgher, responded. They perceived what the hard-drinking, spoils-seeking, luxury-loving seigniors could not see; what town magistrate, rich merchant, local politician, and slave of legal precedent could not discern—that a nation had been born. The common people proved to be the prophets. They beheld union, and they resolved that it should be preserved. They hailed William as the Father of their country. "In Netherland story, the people is ever the true hero," wrote Mr. Motley, and this is as true at the end of the nineteenth as it was in the sixteenth century.

Mr. Motley begins his story of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" with the abdication of Charles the Fifth. A survey of the previous rulers of the Dutch nation shows that these belonged to six dynasties, or "Stamhuizen," as the Dutch call them, as follows:

1. The Holland dynasty (*Het Hollandsche Huis*), which was founded in the year 923 by Count Dirk I., to whom Charles the Simple granted some lands in fee, situated in Holland. Of this dynasty, sixteen counts and one countess ruled for 376 years, and with the death, in 1299,

of Jan (John) I., who left no issue, it became extinct, and the land was inherited by—

2. The dynasty of Hainault (*Het Huis van Henegouwen*). Three counts and one countess of this dynasty were rulers during half a century only; Margaretha, wife of Louis of Bavaria, having abdicated in favor of her son, William V. of Bavaria, in the year 1349.

3. The dynasty of Bavaria (*Het Huis van Beijeren*) ruled for 79 years by three counts and one countess, Jacoba (the unfortunate Jacqueline). The latter transferred her rights to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, in 1428.

4. The dynasty of Burgundy (*Het Huis van Bourgondie*) ruled for 50 years. From this dynasty two counts and one countess issued. The latter was Maria, wife of Maximilian, Emperor of Austria, and after her death, in 1482, the dynasty of Burgundy passed over by inheritance to—

5. The dynasty of Austria (*Het Oostenrijksche Huis*). From this dynasty, for a period of 86 years, ruled Philip the Fair, King of Castile, who died in 1529; Charles V., Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, who abdicated in 1555, and his son, Philip II., King of Spain, against whom the Low Countries revolted, and commenced their war of independence in 1568.

6. The dynasty of Orange-Nassau (*Het Huis van Oranje-Nassau*), of which, as far as regards the Netherlands, William of Orange, surnamed The Silent, is the founder, and who, in 1568, took up arms against Philip II., Count of Holland, and became the head and leader of the revolt.

Mr. Motley closes his own historical introduction of ninety-two pages with this graphic summary:

"Within the little circle which encloses the seventeen provinces are 208 walled cities, many of them among the most stately in Christendom; 150 chartered towns, 6300 villages, with their watch-towers and steeples, besides numerous other more insignificant hamlets; the whole guarded by a belt of sixty fortresses of surpassing strength.

"In this rapid sketch of the course and development of the Netherland nation during sixteen centuries, we have seen it ever marked by one prevailing characteristic, one master-passion — the love of liberty, the instinct of self-government. Largely compounded of the bravest Teutonic elements, Batavian and Frisian, the race ever battles to the death with tyranny, organizes extensive revolts in the age of Vespasian, maintains a partial independence even against the sagacious dominion of Charlemagne, refuses in Friesland to accept the papal yoke or feudal chain, and, throughout the dark ages, struggles resolutely towards the light, wresting from a series of petty sovereigns a gradual and practical recognition of the claims of humanity. With the advent of the Burgundian family, the power of the commons has reached so high a point that it is able to measure itself, undaunted, with the spirit of arbitrary rule, of which that engrossing and tyrannical house is the embodiment. For more than a century the struggle for freedom, for civic life, goes on; Philip the Good, Charles the Bold, Mary's husband, Maximilian, Charles V., in turn assailing or undermining the bulwarks raised, age after age, against the despotic principle. The combat is ever renewed. Liberty, often crushed, rises again and again from her native earth with redoubled energy. At last, in the sixteenth century, a new and more powerful spirit, the genius of religious freedom, comes to participate in the great conflict. Arbitrary power, incarnated in the second Charlemagne, assails the new combination with unscrupulous, unforgiving fierceness. Venerable civic magistrates, haltered, grovel in sackcloth and ashes; innocent religious reformers burn in holocausts. By the middle of the century the battle rages more fiercely than ever. In the little Netherland territory, Humanity, bleeding but not killed, still stands at bay and defies the hunters. The two great powers have been gathering strength for centuries. They are soon to be matched in a longer and more determined combat than the world had ever seen. The emperor is about to leave the stage. The provinces, so passionate for nationality, for municipal freedom, for religious reforma-

tion, are to become the property of an utter stranger; a prince foreign to their blood, their tongue, their religion, their whole habits of life and thought.

"Such was the political, religious, and social condition of a nation who were now to witness a new and momentous spectacle."

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

SIDNEY SMITH'S sneering question, "Who reads an American book?" was very quickly answered in 1855, when Mr. John Lothrop Motley published his three octavo volumes on *The Rise of the Dutch Republic.* Translated into Dutch, French, and German, this old story, told in new style and with surprising freshness, was read all over Europe and in the Dutch and English colonies throughout the world. After this auspicious beginning, though with intervals of some years, Mr. Motley followed with four volumes on *The History of the United Netherlands* and two volumes on *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld.* These nine volumes told in brilliant detail and with masterly insight the story of the heroic period of Netherlandish history, from 1555 to 1619.

At the beginning of his work, Mr. Motley was comparatively unknown. Before his death he was a leading American man of letters, an acknowledged master of historiography, and an honored plenipotentiary of the United States of America at the capitals of the Austro-Hungarian and British empires.

The story of his life has been told by his friend, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes,* and in his own letters, edited by George William Curtis.† Descended from Irish and Nonconformist English ancestry, John Lothrop Motley, named

* *John Lothrop Motley: A Memoir*, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. New York, 1891, Harper & Brothers.

† *The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley*, with portrait. New York, 1889, Harper & Brothers.

after his maternal grandfather, was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, now a part of Boston, on the 15th of April, 1814. Of delicate organization he was fond of few outdoor sports. He delighted in reading Scott and Cooper. The novelists and the poets were his favorite authors. Among his playmates were Thomas Gold Appleton and Wendell Phillips. Among his teachers was George Bancroft, the historian. Young Motley "had a remarkable facility for acquiring languages, excelled as a reader and as a writer, and was the object of general admiration for his many gifts." At eleven he began a novel, writing, at least, two chapters. At thirteen he entered Harvard College. After graduation, he spent a year of reading and travel in Europe. Returning to America he studied law, married, on the 2d of March, 1837, Miss Mary Benjamin, daughter of Mr. Park Benjamin. In 1839 he published his first novel, *Morton's Hope,* which is now a rare literary curiosity. Appointed Secretary to the Legation of the United States of America in St. Petersburg, he spent a few months in Russia during 1841 and 1842. Three years later, in the *North American Review* for October, 1844, he published his first serious effort in historical composition. In this essay on "Peter the Great and Russia," "he showed in epitome his qualities as a historian and biographer." A critical essay on "Balzac" and another on the "Polity of the Puritans" followed in the same periodical. He wrote: "We enjoy an inestimable advantage in America. One can be a Republican, a Democrat, without being a radical. A *radical,* one who would *uproot,* is a man whose trade is dangerous to society. Here is but little to uproot. The trade cannot flourish. All classes are conservative by necessity, for none can wish to change the structure of our polity."

Mr. Motley served one term in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and then wrote his second novel, *Merry Mount, a Romance of the Massachusetts Colony.* This, though not lacking appreciative literary notices at the time of its appearance, is a rarity even in Boston libraries. "The half historical ground he had chosen had already led him to the entrance into the broader domain of his-

tory." While engaged in collecting materials for his history, the future author of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* learned that Mr. W. H. Prescott contemplated writing *A History of Philip the Second.* The young aspirant called upon the veteran scholar and frankly stated his own desire and purpose. With hearty personal encouragement, and later with a complimentary notice of Motley's forthcoming work in the Preface of his own, Prescott showed a rare example of disinterested kindness.

After several years of preparatory reading and research, Mr. Motley went to Europe and spent five years in investigating the archives of Berlin, Dresden, the Hague, and Brussels, finding everywhere courtesy and kindness from librarians and archivists. When his mass of manuscript was ready, he could find no publisher willing to risk capital on its publication; so the author issued it at his own risk and charges. Its reception was most gratifying. He spent a year in America and then returned to England. Titles and honors began to pour upon him, and his welcome into English society was warm and sincere.

The first two volumes of his *History of the United Netherlands* appeared in 1860. When the slave-holder's rebellion precipitated civil war in America, he became one of the first defenders of union and the flag by writing a remarkable letter to the London *Times*, which cleared the situation to the British mind and was powerfully effective in setting forth the real cause of the war and the mighty issues at stake. He paid a visit to America in 1861, and visited the camps on the Potomac. He was appointed by President Lincoln Minister to Vienna. After serving six years, he sent his resignation to President Johnson. By this time his two concluding volumes of the *History of the United Netherlands* were ready for the press. They appeared in 1868, and, like his former writings, won high encomiums from Dutch scholars. Returning once more to America, and living at 2 Park Street, Boston, he took an active interest in the election of General Grant to the Presidency, and delivered an address on the Historic Progress of American Democracy before the New York Historical Society. He was appointed Minister to Great Britain and charged with

the especial business of settling the Alabama claims, but was recalled by President Grant; becoming, it is now generally believed, the innocent victim of the personal hostility between the chief executive and the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. Mr. Motley then went to live in the Hague, occupying the house of which the great Pensionary, John de Witt, had been the former tenant. Here he wrote his last work, which he had originally intended to be "the natural sequel to the first works—viz, *The Thirty Years' War.*" In pursuit of his purpose he was able to carry out only a portion of his programme, and to issue two volumes entitled *John of Barneveld,* which brought the narrative of events only to 1619, instead of 1648. The death of his wife on the last day of 1874 was a crushing blow to the historian, and one from which he never recovered. After another visit to his native land, he returned to Europe, dying near Dorchester, England, May 29, 1877. He was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, just outside of London. His tomb is inscribed, at his own request, with his name, with dates and place of birth and death, and the Scripture, "In God is light and in Him is no darkness at all."

Beside the honors most appropriate and gratifying to an author—wide public recognition of his labors, as shown in the reading of his books by whole nations, and their translation into tongues other than his own—Mr. Motley was honored with direct recognition and praise from eminent scholars and critics on both sides of the Atlantic, and election into the membership of many learned historical societies in Europe and America. Honorary degrees were awarded him by the leading universities of England, Netherlands, and the United States. The highest degree as Foreign Associate of the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences was also conferred upon him, only one other American having received it.

In person Mr. Motley was strikingly handsome, having inherited much of his mother's almost regal beauty. His portraits and the marble bust in the Boston Public Library show this. The qualities of his mind—an inheritance of Celtic fire and wit blended with Teutonic calm and

thoroughness — are apparent in his works. His industry was prodigious, astonishing even the Dutchmen. To have read Bor, Brandt, Hooft, Van Meteren, Orlers, Strada, Gachard, Kluit, and Van Prinsterer, besides immense masses of Spanish, Italian, French, Dutch, and English correspondence — all in the involved and stilted idiom of former days and often in the most hideous and repulsive handwriting—required an iron will, heroic perseverance, and giant industry. Of the very worst script — that of Olden-Barneveldt, copies were indeed made, but those familiar with the Netherlandish archives—admirably as they are kept, are divided in their admiration, not knowing which to admire the more, Motley's genius or his patience. Busken Huet, the leading modern critic, praises the American for succeeding where Schiller failed — in making the Netherland's story interesting. Dr. T. Blom Coster, the family physician of Queen Sophia and of Mr. Motley, told me that the author of *De Opkomst van de Nederlandsche Republiek* had read through Wagenaar's *Vaderlandsche Historie* nine times. My copy of Wagenaar contains seventy-eight closely-printed volumes. Motley's favorite Dutch author was Hooft, whose love of truth and superb style fascinated his American admirer, who knew much of the text of his single octavo by heart. In the fine portrait which Queen Sophia had painted of her friend, Mr. Motley, and which now hangs in the House in the Woods, near the Hague, the American historian of the Dutch Republic holds a copy of Hooft in his hand.

Apart from his great merits and influence as a writer and as a historian, Motley's example has been powerful in other directions and provocative to research everywhere. His methods were directly the reverse of not a few of the older historians ; for example, of Alison, who began writing the History of Europe, without making any special preparation. On the contrary, Motley made long and laborious researches and manifold preparations before writing a line of his *Rise of The Dutch Republic.* In modern historiography he led the van of the great company, in which are the names of Freeman, Froude, and Gardner, in England, and Van Prinsterer, Fruin, and Blok, in the

Netherlands. Without question, Motley gave a tremendous impetus to historical research in the Netherlands, and no writers are more generous in their acknowledgment of stimulus and benefit received from the American than Dutch and Belgian authors.

Of the limitations which belong to all human personality and labor, this is not the place to speak. Mr. Motley was essentially a painter and a dramatist. From early childhood he loved color, costume, and the brilliant and moving representation of character and action. In the Netherlands, the home of art in Northern Europe, he studied, and was stimulated for his own work before the triumphs of the pencil and brush almost as much as by his delving among manuscripts of the archives. It would be strange, indeed, if Motley had been unique among men in rising above all subjective influences and eliminating all danger of personal opinions ; yet, after all deductions and criticisms, his work on *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* bids fair to remain a classic.

Part I

PHILIP THE SECOND IN THE NETHERLANDS

1555–1559

CHAPTER I

THE ABDICATION OF THE EMPEROR

On the twenty-fifth day of October, 1555, the estates of the Netherlands were assembled in the great hall of the palace at Brussels. They had been summoned to be the witnesses and the guarantees of the abdication which Charles the Fifth had long before resolved upon, and which he was that day to execute. The Emperor, like many potentates before and since, was fond of great political spectacles. He knew their influence upon the masses of mankind. Although plain, even to shabbiness, in his own costume, and usually attired in black, no one ever understood better than he how to arrange such exhibitions in a striking and artistic style. The closing scene of his long and energetic reign he had now arranged with profound study, and with an accurate knowledge of the manner in which the requisite effects were to be produced. The termination of his own career, the opening of his beloved Philip's, were to be dramatized in a manner worthy the august character of the actors, and the importance of the great stage where they played their parts. The eyes of the whole world were directed upon that day towards Brussels; for an imperial abdication was an event which had not, in the sixteenth century, been staled by custom.

The gay capital of Brabant—of that province which rejoiced in the liberal constitution known by the cheerful title of the "joyful entrance," was worthy to be the scene of the imposing show. Brussels had been a city for more than five centuries, and, at that day, numbered about one hundred thousand inhabitants. Its walls, six miles in circumference, were already two hundred years old. Un-

like most Netherland cities, lying usually upon extensive plains, it was built along the sides of an abrupt promontory. A wide expanse of living verdure, cultivated gardens, shady groves, fertile corn-fields, flowed round it like a sea. The foot of the town was washed by the little river Senne, while the irregular but picturesque streets rose up the steep sides of the hill like the semicircles and stairways of an amphitheatre. Nearly in the heart of the place rose the audacious and exquisitely embroidered tower of the town-house, three hundred and sixty-six feet in height, a miracle of needle-work in stone, rivalling in its intricate carving the cobweb tracery of that lace which has for centuries been synonymous with the city, and rearing itself above a façade of profusely decorated and brocaded architecture. The crest of the elevation was crowned by the towers of the old ducal palace of Brabant, with its extensive and thickly wooded park on the left, and by the stately mansions of Orange, Egmont, Aremberg, Culemburg, and other Flemish grandees, on the right. The great forest of Soignies, dotted with monasteries and convents, swarming with every variety of game, whither the citizens made their summer pilgrimages, and where the nobles chased the wild-boar and the stag, extended to within a quarter of a mile of the city walls. The population, as thrifty, as intelligent, as prosperous as that of any city in Europe, was divided into fifty-two guilds of artisans, among which the most important were the armorers, whose suits of mail would turn a musket-ball; the gardeners, upon whose gentler creations incredible sums were annually lavished; and the tapestry-workers, whose gorgeous fabrics were the wonder of the world. Seven principal churches, of which the most striking was that of St. Gudule, with its twin towers, its charming façade, and its magnificently painted windows, adorned the upper part of the city. The number seven was a magic number in Brussels, and was supposed at that epoch, during which astronomy was in its infancy and astrology in its prime, to denote the seven planets which governed all things terrestrial by their aspects and influences. Seven noble families, springing

from seven ancient castles, supplied the stock from which the seven senators were selected who composed the upper council of the city. There were seven great squares, seven city gates, and upon the occasion of the present ceremony, it was observed by the lovers of wonderful coincidences, that seven crowned heads would be congregated under a single roof in the liberty-loving city.

The palace where the states-general were upon this occasion convened had been the residence of the Dukes of Brabant since the days of John the Second, who had built it about the year 1300. It was a spacious and convenient building, but not distinguished for the beauty of its architecture. In front was a large open square, enclosed by an iron railing; in the rear an extensive and beautiful park, filled with forest trees, and containing gardens and labyrinths, fish-ponds and game preserves, fountains and promenades, race-courses and archery grounds. The main entrance to this edifice opened upon a spacious hall, connected with a beautiful and symmetrical chapel. The hall was celebrated for its size, harmonious proportions, and the richness of its decorations. It was the place where the chapters of the famous order of the Golden Fleece were held. Its walls were hung with a magnificent tapestry of Arras, representing the life and achievements of Gideon the Midianite, and giving particular prominence to the miracle of the "fleece of wool," vouchsafed to that renowned champion, the great patron of the Knights of the Fleece. On the present occasion there were various additional embellishments of flowers and votive garlands. At the western end a spacious platform or stage, with six or seven steps, had been constructed, below which was a range of benches for the deputies of the seventeen provinces. Upon the stage itself there were rows of seats, covered with tapestry, upon the right hand and upon the left. These were respectively to accommodate the knights of the order and the guests of high distinction. In the rear of these were other benches, for the members of the three great councils. In the centre of the stage was a splendid canopy, decorated with the arms of Burgundy, beneath which were placed three gild-

ed arm-chairs. All the seats upon the platform were vacant, but the benches below, assigned to the deputies of the provinces, were already filled. Numerous representatives from all the states but two—Gelderland and Overyssel—had already taken their places. Grave magistrates, in chain and gown, and executive officers in the splendid civic uniforms for which the Netherlands were celebrated, already filled every seat within the space allotted. The remainder of the hall was crowded with the more favored portion of the multitude which had been fortunate enough to procure admission to the exhibition. The archers and hallebardiers of the body-guard kept watch at all the doors. The theatre was filled — the audience was eager with expectation—the actors were yet to arrive. As the clock struck three, the hero of the scene appeared. Cæsar, as he was always designated in the classic language of the day, entered, leaning on the shoulder of William of Orange. They came from the chapel, and were immediately followed by Philip the Second and Queen Mary of Hungary. The Archduke Maximilian, the Duke of Savoy, and other great personages came afterwards, accompanied by a glittering throng of warriors, councillors, governors, and Knights of the Fleece.

Many individuals of existing or future historic celebrity in the Netherlands, whose names are so familiar to the student of the epoch, seemed to have been grouped, as if by premeditated design, upon this imposing platform, where the curtain was to fall forever upon the mightiest emperor since Charlemagne, and where the opening scene of the long and tremendous tragedy of Philip's reign was to be simultaneously enacted. There was the Bishop of Arras, soon to be known throughout Christendom by the more celebrated title of Cardinal Granvelle, the serene and smiling priest whose subtle influence over the destinies of so many individuals then present, and over the fortunes of the whole land, was to be so extensive and so deadly. There was that flower of Flemish chivalry, the lineal descendant of ancient Frisian kings, already distinguished for his bravery in many fields, but not having yet won those two remarkable victories which were soon to

make the name of Egmont like the sound of a trumpet throughout the whole country. Tall, magnificent in costume, with dark flowing hair, soft brown eye, smooth cheek, a slight mustache, and features of almost feminine delicacy; such was the gallant and ill-fated Lamoral Egmont. The Count of Horn, too, with bold, sullen face and fan-shaped beard — a brave, honest, discontented, quarrelsome, unpopular man; those other twins in doom —the Marquis Berghen and the Lord of Montigny; the Baron Berlaymont, brave, intensely loyal, insatiably greedy for office and wages, but who, at least, never served but one party; the Duke of Aerschot, who was to serve all, essay to rule all, and to betray all — a splendid seignor, magnificent in cramoisy velvet, but a poor creature, who traced his pedigree from Adam, according to the family monumental inscriptions at Louvain, but who was better known as grand-nephew of the Emperor's famous tutor, Chièvres; the bold, debauched Brederode, with handsome, reckless face and turbulent demeanor; the infamous Noircarmes, whose name was to be covered with eternal execration, for aping towards his own compatriots and kindred as much of Alva's atrocities and avarice as he was permitted to exercise; the distinguished soldiers Meghen and Aremberg — these, with many others whose deeds of arms were to become celebrated throughout Europe, were all conspicuous in the brilliant crowd. There, too, was that learned Frisian, President Viglius, crafty, plausible, adroit, eloquent — a small, brisk man, with long yellow hair, glittering green eyes, round, tumid, rosy cheeks, and flowing beard. Foremost among the Spanish grandees, and close to Philip, stood the famous favorite, Ruy Gomez, or, as he was familiarly called, "Re i Gomez" (King and Gomez), a man of meridional aspect, with coal-black hair and beard, gleaming eyes, a face pallid with intense application, and slender but handsome figure, while in immediate attendance upon the Emperor was the immortal Prince of Orange.

Such were a few only of the most prominent in that gay throng, whose fortunes, in part, it will be our humble duty to narrate; how many of them passing through all

this glitter to a dark and mysterious doom !—some to perish on public scaffolds, some by midnight assassination ; others, more fortunate, to fall on the battle-field—nearly all, sooner or later, to be laid in bloody graves !

All the company present had risen to their feet as the Emperor entered. By his command, all immediately afterwards resumed their places. The benches at either end of the platform were accordingly filled with the royal and princely personages invited, with the Fleece Knights, wearing the insignia of their order, with the members of the three great councils, and with the governors. The Emperor, the King, and the Queen of Hungary, were left conspicuous in the centre of the scene. As the whole object of the ceremony was to present an impressive exhibition, it is worth our while to examine minutely the appearance of the two principal characters.

Charles the Fifth was then fifty-five years and eight months old; but he was already decrepit with premature old age. He was of about the middle height, and had been athletic and well proportioned. Broad in the shoulders, deep in the chest, thin in the flank, very muscular in the arms and legs, he had been able to match himself with all competitors in the tourney and the ring, and to vanquish the bull with his own hand in the favorite national amusement of Spain. He had been able in the field to do the duty of captain and soldier, to endure fatigue and exposure, and every privation except fasting. These personal advantages were now departed. Crippled in hands, knees, and legs, he supported himself with difficulty upon a crutch, with the aid of an attendant's shoulder. In face he had always been extremely ugly, and time had certainly not improved his physiognomy. His hair, once of a light color, was now white with age, close-clipped and bristling ; his beard was gray, coarse, and shaggy. His forehead was spacious and commanding ; the eye was dark-blue, with an expression both majestic and benignant. His nose was aquiline, but crooked. The lower part of his face was famous for its deformity. The under lip, a Burgundian inheritance, as faithfully transmitted as the duchy and county, was heavy and

hanging ; the lower jaw protruding so far beyond the upper that it was impossible for him to bring together the few fragments of teeth which still remained, or to speak a whole sentence in an intelligible voice. Eating and talking, occupations to which he was always much addicted, were becoming daily more arduous, in consequence of this original defect, which now seemed hardly human, but rather an original deformity.

So much for the father. The son, Philip the Second, was a small, meagre man, much below the middle height, with thin legs, a narrow chest, and the shrinking, timid air of an habitual invalid. He seemed so little, upon his first visit to his aunts, the Queens Eleanor and Mary, accustomed to look upon proper men in Flanders and Germany, that he was fain to win their favor by making certain attempts in the tournament, in which his success was sufficiently problematical. "His body," says his professed panegyrist, "was but a human cage, in which, however brief and narrow, dwelt a soul to whose flight the immeasurable expanse of heaven was too contracted." The same wholesale admirer adds that "his aspect was so reverend that rustics who met him alone in a wood, without knowing him, bowed down with instinctive veneration." In face, he was the living image of his father, having the same broad forehead and blue eye, with the same aquiline, but better proportioned, nose. In the lower part of the countenance, the remarkable Burgundian deformity was likewise reproduced. He had the same heavy, hanging lip, with a vast mouth, and monstrously protruding lower jaw. His complexion was fair, his hair light and thin, his beard yellow, short, and pointed. He had the aspect of a Fleming, but the loftiness of a Spaniard. His demeanor in public was still, silent, almost sepulchral. He looked habitually on the ground when he conversed, was chary of speech, embarrassed, and even suffering in manner. This was ascribed partly to a natural haughtiness which he had occasionally endeavored to overcome, and partly to habitual pains in the stomach, occasioned by his inordinate fondness for pastry.

Such was the personal appearance of the man who was about to receive into his single hand the destinies of half the world; whose single will was, for the future, to shape the fortunes of every individual then present, of many millions more in Europe, America, and at the ends of the earth, and of countless millions yet unborn.

The three royal personages being seated upon chairs placed triangularly under the canopy, such of the audience as had seats provided for them, now took their places, and the proceedings commenced. Philibert de Bruxelles, a member of the privy council of the Netherlands, arose at the Emperor's command, and made a long oration, which has been fully reported by several historians who were present at the ceremony. He then proceeded to read the deed of cession, by which Philip, already sovereign of Sicily, Naples, Milan, and titular King of England, France, and Jerusalem, now received all the duchies, marquisates, earldoms, baronies, cities, towns, and castles of the Burgundian property, including, of course, the seventeen Netherlands.

As De Bruxelles finished, there was a buzz of admiration throughout the assembly, mingled with murmurs of regret that, in the present great danger upon the frontiers from the belligerent King of France and his warlike and restless nation, the provinces should be left without their ancient and puissant defender. The Emperor then rose to his feet. Leaning on his crutch, he beckoned from his seat the personage upon whose arm he had leaned as he entered the hall. A tall, handsome youth of twenty-two came forward—a man whose name from that time forward, and as long as history shall endure, has been, and will be, more familiar than any other in the mouths of Netherlanders. At that day he had rather a southern than a German or Flemish appearance. He had a Spanish cast of features, dark, well chiselled, and symmetrical. His head was small and well placed upon his shoulders. His hair was dark-brown, as were also his mustache and peaked beard. His forehead was lofty, spacious, and already prematurely engraved with the anxious lines of thought. His eyes were full, brown, well opened, and

expressive of profound reflection. He was dressed in the magnificent apparel for which the Netherlanders were celebrated above all other nations, and which the ceremony rendered necessary. His presence being considered indispensable at this great ceremony, he had been summoned but recently from the camp on the frontier, where, notwithstanding his youth, the Emperor had appointed him to command his army in chief against such antagonists as Admiral Coligny and the Duc de Nevers.

Thus supported upon his crutch and upon the shoulder of William of Orange, the Emperor proceeded to address the states, by the aid of a closely written brief which he held in his hand, reviewing rapidly the progress of events from his seventeenth year up to that day. In conclusion, he entreated the estates, and through them the nation, to render obedience to their new Prince, to maintain concord, and to preserve inviolate the Catholic faith; begging them, at the same time, to pardon him all errors or offences which he might have committed towards them during his reign, and assuring them that he should unceasingly remember their obedience and affection in his every prayer to that Being to whom the remainder of his life was to be dedicated.

Such brave words as these, so many vigorous asseverations of attempted performance of duty, such fervent hopes expressed of a benign administration in behalf of the son, could not but affect the sensibilities of the audience, already excited and softened by the impressive character of the whole display. Sobs were heard throughout every portion of the hall, and tears poured profusely from every eye. The Fleece Knights on the platform and the burghers in the background were all melted with the same emotion. As for the Emperor himself, he sank almost fainting upon his chair as he concluded his address. An ashy paleness overspread his countenance, and he wept like a child. Even the icy Philip was almost softened, as he rose to perform his part in the ceremony. Dropping upon his knees before his father's feet, he reverently kissed his hand. Charles placed his hand solemnly upon his son's head, made the sign of the cross, and

blessed him in the name of the Holy Trinity. Then raising him in his arms, he tenderly embraced him, saying, as he did so, to the great potentates around him, that he felt a sincere compassion for the son on whose shoulders so heavy a weight had just devolved, and which only a life-long labor would enable him to support. Philip now uttered a few words expressive of his duty to his father and his affection for his people. Turning to the orders, he signified his regret that he was unable to address them either in the French or Flemish language, and was therefore obliged to ask their attention to the Bishop of Arras, who would act as his interpreter. Antony Perrenot accordingly arose, and, in smooth, fluent, and well-turned commonplaces, expressed at great length the gratitude of Philip towards his father, with his firm determination to walk in the path of duty, and to obey his father's counsels and example in the future administration of the provinces. This long address of the prelate was responded to at equal length by Jacob Maas, member of the Council of Brabant, a man of great learning, eloquence, and prolixity, who had been selected to reply on behalf of the states-general, and who now, in the name of these bodies, accepted the abdication in an elegant and complimentary harangue. Queen Mary of Hungary, the "Christian widow" of Erasmus, and Regent of the Netherlands during the past twenty-five years, then rose to resign her office, making a brief address expressive of her affection for the people, her regrets at leaving them, and her hopes that all errors which she might have committed during her long administration would be forgiven her. Again the redundant Maas responded, asserting in terms of fresh compliment and elegance the uniform satisfaction of the provinces with her conduct during her whole career.

The orations and replies having now been brought to a close, the ceremony was terminated. The Emperor, leaning on the shoulders of the Prince of Orange and of the Count de Buren, slowly left the hall, followed by Philip, the Queen of Hungary, and the whole court; all in the same order in which they had entered, and by the same passage into the chapel.

It is obvious that the drama had been completely successful.

The transfer of the other crowns and dignitaries to Philip was accomplished a month afterwards in a quiet manner. Spain, Sicily, the Balearic Islands, America, and other portions of the globe, were made over without more display than an ordinary *donatio inter vivos.* The empire occasioned some difficulty. Delay ensued on account of war and the deaths of electors. Though chosen Emperor in February, 1553, Ferdinand was first recognized as such by Pope Pius IV.

It had been already signified to Ferdinand that his brother was to resign the imperial crown in his favor, and the symbols of sovereignty were accordingly transmitted to him by the hands of William of Orange. Charles occupied a private house in Brussels, near the gate of Louvain, until August of the year 1556, and on the 17th of September he set sail from Zeeland for Spain.

Had the Emperor continued to reign, he would have found himself engaged in mortal combat with the great religious movement in the Netherlands, which he would not have been able many years longer to suppress, and which he left as a legacy of blood and fire to his successor. Born in the same year with his century, Charles was a decrepit, exhausted man at fifty-five, while that glorious age in which humanity was to burst forever the cerements in which it had so long been buried was but awakening to a consciousness of its strength.

Disappointed in his schemes, broken in his fortunes, with income anticipated, estates mortgaged, all his affairs in confusion, failing in mental powers, and with a constitution hopelessly shattered, it was time for him to retire. He showed his keenness in recognizing the fact that neither his power nor his glory would be increased should he lag superfluous on the stage, where mortification instead of applause was likely to be his portion. His frame was indeed but a wreck. Forty years of unexampled gluttony had done their work. He was a victim to gout, asthma, dyspepsia, gravel. He was crippled in the neck, arms, knees, and hands. He was troubled with

chronic cutaneous eruptions. His appetite remained, while his stomach, unable longer to perform the task still imposed upon it, occasioned him constant suffering. Physiologists, who know how important a part this organ plays in the affairs of life, will perhaps see in this physical condition of the Emperor a sufficient explanation, if explanation were required, of his descent from the throne.

The romantic picture of his philosophical retirement at Juste, painted originally by Sandoval and Siguenza, reproduced by the fascinating pencil of Strada, and imitated in frequent succession by authors of every age and country, is unfortunately but a sketch of fancy. The investigations of modern writers have entirely thrown down the scaffolding on which the airy fabric, so delightful to poets and moralists, reposed. The departing Emperor stands no longer in a transparency robed in shining garments. His transfiguration is at an end. Every action, almost every moment, of his retirement, accurately chronicled by those who shared his solitude, have been placed before our eyes, in the most felicitous manner, by able and brilliant writers. The Emperor, shorn of the philosophical robe in which he had been conventionally arrayed for three centuries, shivers now in the cold air of reality.

So far from his having immersed himself in profound and pious contemplation, below the current of the world's events, his thoughts, on the contrary, were never for a moment diverted from the political surface of the times. Bitter regrets that he should have kept his word to Luther, as if he had not broken faith enough to reflect upon in his retirement; stern self-reproach for omitting to put to death, while he had him in his power, the man who had caused all the mischief of the age; fierce instructions thundered from his retreat to the inquisitors to hasten the execution of all heretics—including particularly his ancient friends, preachers, and almoners, Cazalla and Constantine de Fuente; furious exhortations to Philip—as if Philip needed a prompter in such a work—that he should set himself to "cutting out the root of heresy with rigor and rude chastisement"; such explosions of savage bigotry as these, alternating with exhibitions of revolting

gluttony, with surfeits of sardine omelettes, Estramadura sausages, eel-pies, pickled partridges, fat capons, quince syrups, iced beer, and flagons of Rhenish, relieved by copious draughts of senna and rhubarb, to which his horror-stricken doctor doomed him as he ate—compose a spectacle less attractive to the imagination than the ancient portrait of the cloistered Charles. Unfortunately it is the one which was painted from life.

CHAPTER II

EGMONT AT ST. QUENTIN AND GRAVELINES

PHILIP THE SECOND had received the investiture of Milan and the crown of Naples previously to his marriage with Mary Tudor. The imperial crown he had been obliged, much against his will, to forego. The archduchy of Austria, with the hereditary German dependencies of his father's family, had been transferred by the Emperor to his brother Ferdinand, on the occasion of the marriage of that Prince with Anna, only sister of King Louis of Hungary. Ten years afterwards, Ferdinand (King of Hungary and Bohemia since the death of Louis, slain in 1526 at the battle of Mohacz) was elected King of the Romans, and steadily refused all the entreaties afterwards made to him in behalf of Philip, to resign his crown and his succession to the empire in favor of his nephew. With these diminutions, Philip had now received all the dominions of his father. He was King of all the Spanish kingdoms and of both the Sicilies. He was titular King of England, France, and Jerusalem. He was "Absolute Dominator" in Asia, Africa, and America; he was Duke of Milan and of both Burgundies, and Hereditary Sovereign of the seventeen Netherlands.

Thus the provinces had received a new master. A man of foreign birth and breeding, not speaking a word of their language, nor of any language which the mass of the inhabitants understood, was now placed in supreme authority over them, because he represented, through the females, the "good" Philip of Burgundy, who a century before had possessed himself by inheritance, purchase, force, or fraud, of the sovereignty in most of those prov-

inces. It is necessary to say an introductory word or two concerning the previous history of the man to whose hands the destiny of so many millions was now intrusted.

He was born in May, 1527, and was now therefore twenty-eight years of age. At the age of sixteen he had been united to his cousin, Maria of Portugal, daughter of John the Third, and of the Emperor's sister, Donna Catalina. In the following year (1544) he became father of the celebrated and ill-starred Don Carlos, and a widower. The Princess owed her death, it was said, to her own imprudence and to the negligence or bigotry of her attendants. The Duchess of Alva, and other ladies who had charge of her during her confinement, deserted her chamber in order to obtain absolution by witnessing an *auto-da-fé* of heretics. During their absence, the Princess partook voraciously of a melon, and forfeited her life in consequence. In 1548 Don Philip had made his first appearance in the Netherlands. He came thither to receive homage in the various provinces as their future sovereign, and to exchange oaths of mutual fidelity with them all. Andrew Doria, with a fleet of fifty ships, had brought him to Genoa, whence he had passed to Milan, where he was received with great rejoicing. At Trent he was met by Duke Maurice of Saxony, who warmly begged his intercession with the Emperor in behalf of the imprisoned Landgrave of Hesse. This boon Philip was graciously pleased to promise, and to keep the pledge as sacredly as most of the vows plighted by him during this memorable year. The Duke of Aerschot met him in Germany with a regiment of cavalry and escorted him to Brussels. A summer was spent in great festivities, the cities of the Netherlands vying with each other in magnificent celebrations of the ceremonies by which Philip successively swore allegiance to the various constitutions and charters of the provinces, and received their oaths of future fealty in return. His oath to support *all* the constitutions and privileges was without reservation, while his father and grandfather had only sworn to maintain the charters granted or confirmed by Philip and Charles of Burgundy. Suspicion was disarmed by these indiscriminate concessions, which

had been resolved upon by the unscrupulous Charles to conciliate the good-will of the people. In view of the pretensions which might be preferred by the Brederode family in Holland, and by other descendants of ancient sovereign races in other provinces, the Emperor, wishing to insure the succession to his sisters in case of the deaths of himself, Philip, and Don Carlos without issue, was unsparing in those promises which he knew to be binding only upon the weak. Although the house of Burgundy had usurped many of the provinces on the express pretext that females could not inherit, the rule had been already violated, and he determined to spare no pains to conciliate the estates, in order that they might be content with a new violation, should the contingency occur. Philip's oaths were therefore without reserve, and the light-hearted Flemings, Brabantines, and Walloons received him with open arms. In Valenciennes the festivities which attended his entrance were on a most gorgeous scale, but the "joyous entrance" arranged for him at Antwerp was of unparalleled magnificence. A cavalcade of the magistrates and notable burghers, "all attired in cramoisy velvet," attended by lackeys in splendid liveries and followed by four thousand citizen soldiers in full uniform, went forth from the gates to receive him. Twenty-eight triumphal arches, which alone, according to the thrifty chronicler, had cost 26,800 Carolus guldens, were erected in the different streets and squares, and every possible demonstration of affectionate welcome was lavished upon the Prince and the Emperor. The rich and prosperous city, unconscious of the doom which awaited it in the future, seemed to have covered itself with garlands to honor the approach of its master. Yet icy was the deportment with which Philip received these demonstrations of affection, and haughty the glance with which he looked down upon these exhibitions of civic hilarity, as from the height of a grim and inaccessible tower. The impression made upon the Netherlanders was anything but favorable, and when he had fully experienced the futility of the projects on the empire which it was so difficult both for his father and himself to resign, he returned to the more congenial soil

of Spain. In 1554 he had again issued from the peninsula to marry the Queen of England, a privilege which his father had graciously resigned to him. He was united to Mary Tudor at Winchester, on the 25th of July of that year, and if congeniality of tastes could have made a marriage happy, that union should have been thrice blessed. To maintain the supremacy of the Church seemed to both the main object of existence, to execute unbelievers the most sacred duty imposed by the Deity upon anointed princes, to convert their kingdoms into a hell the surest means of winning heaven for themselves.

When her chronic maladies had assumed the memorable form which caused Philip and Mary to unite in a letter to Cardinal Pole, announcing not *the expected* but the *actual* birth of a prince, but judiciously leaving the date in blank, the momentary satisfaction and delusion of the Queen were unbounded. The false intelligence was transmitted everywhere. Great were the joy and the festivities in the Netherlands, where people were so easily made to rejoice and keep holiday for anything. When the futility of the royal hopes could no longer be concealed, Philip left the country, never to return till his war with France made him require troops, subsidies, and a declaration of hostilities from England.

Philip's mental capacity, in general, was not very highly esteemed. His talents were, in truth, very much below mediocrity. His mind was incredibly small. A petty passion for contemptible details characterized him from his youth, and as long as he lived he could neither learn to generalize, nor understand that one man, however diligent, could not be minutely acquainted with all the public and private affairs of fifty millions of other men. He was a glutton for work. He was born to write despatches, and to scrawl comments upon those which he received. He often remained at the council-board four or five hours at a time, and he lived in his cabinet. He gave audiences to ambassadors and deputies very willingly, listening attentively to all that was said to him, and answering in monosyllables. He spoke no tongue but Spanish, and was sufficiently sparing of that, but he was indefatigable with his

pen. He hated to converse, but he could write a letter eighteen pages long when his correspondent was in the next room and when the subject was, perhaps, one which a man of talent could have settled with six words of his tongue. The world, in his opinion, was to move upon protocols and apostils. Events had no right to be born throughout his dominions without a preparatory course of his obstetrical pedantry. He could never learn that the earth would not rest on its axis while he wrote a programme of the way it was to turn. He was slow in deciding, slower in communicating his decisions. He was prolix with his pen, not from affluence, but from paucity of ideas. He took refuge in a cloud of words, sometimes to conceal his meaning, oftener to conceal the absence of any meaning, thus mystifying not only others but himself. To one great purpose, formed early, he adhered inflexibly. This, however, was rather an instinct than an opinion; born with him, not created by him. The idea seemed to express itself through him, and to master him, rather than to form one of a stock of sentiments which a free agent might be expected to possess. Although at certain times even this master-feeling could yield to the pressure of a predominant self-interest—thus showing that even in Philip bigotry was not absolute—yet he appeared on the whole the embodiment of Spanish chivalry and Spanish religious enthusiasm, in its late and corrupted form. He was entirely a Spaniard. The Burgundian and Austrian elements of his blood seemed to have evaporated, and his veins were filled alone with the ancient ardor, which in heroic centuries had animated the Gothic champions of Spain. The fierce enthusiasm for the Cross, which in the long internal warfare against the Crescent had been the romantic and distinguishing feature of the national character, had degenerated into bigotry. That which had been a nation's glory now made the monarch's shame. The Christian heretic was to be regarded with a more intense hatred than even Moor or Jew had excited in the most Christian ages, and Philip was to be the latest and most perfect incarnation of all this traditional enthusiasm, this perpetual hate. Thus he was likely to be single-

hearted in his life. It was believed that his ambition would be less to extend his dominions than to vindicate his title of the Most Catholic King. There could be little doubt entertained that he would be, at least, dutiful to his father in this respect, and that the edicts would be enforced to the letter.

He was by birth, education, and character a Spaniard, and that so exclusively that the circumstance would alone have made him unfit to govern a country so totally different in habits and national sentiments from his native land. He was more a foreigner in Brussels, even, than in England. The gay, babbling, energetic, noisy life of Flanders and Brabant was detestable to him. The loquacity of the Netherlanders was a continual reproach upon his taciturnity. His education had imbued him, too, with the antiquated international hatred of Spaniard and Fleming, which had been strengthening in the metropolis, while the more rapid current of life had rather tended to obliterate the sentiment in the provinces.

The flippancy and profligacy of Philip the Handsome, the extortion and insolence of his Flemish courtiers, had not been forgotten in Spain, nor had Philip the Second forgiven his grandfather for having been a foreigner. And now his mad old grandmother, Joanna, who had for years been chasing cats in the lonely tower where she had been so long imprisoned, had just died; and her funeral, celebrated with great pomp by both her sons, by Charles at Brussels and Ferdinand at Augsburg, seemed to revive a history which had begun to fade, and to recall the image of Castilian sovereignty which had been so long obscured in the blaze of imperial grandeur.

His education had been but meagre. In an age when all kings and noblemen possessed many languages, he spoke not a word of any tongue but Spanish, although he had a slender knowledge of French and Italian, which he afterwards learned to read with comparative facility. He had studied a little history and geography, and he had a taste for sculpture, painting, and architecture. Certainly if he had not possessed a feeling for art, he would have been a monster. To have been born in the earlier part of

the sixteenth century, to have been a king, to have had Spain, Italy, and the Netherlands as a birthright, and not to have been inspired with a spark of that fire which glowed so intensely in those favored lands and in that golden age, had indeed been difficult.

The King's personal habits were regular. His delicate health made it necessary for him to attend to his diet, although he was apt to exceed in sweetmeats and pastry. He slept much, and took little exercise habitually, but he had recently been urged by the physicians to try the effect of the chase as a corrective to his sedentary habits. He was most strict in religious observances, as regular at mass, sermons, and vespers as a monk; much more, it was thought by many good Catholics, than was becoming to his rank and age. Besides several friars who preached regularly for his instruction, he had daily discussions with others on abstruse theological points. He consulted his confessor most minutely as to all the actions of life, inquiring anxiously whether this proceeding or that were likely to burden his conscience. He was grossly licentious. It was his chief amusement to issue forth at night disguised, that he might indulge in vulgar and miscellaneous incontinence in the common haunts of vice. This was his solace at Brussels in the midst of the gravest affairs of state. He was not illiberal, but, on the contrary, it was thought that he would have been even generous had he not been straitened for money at the outset of his career. During a cold winter he distributed alms to the poor of Brussels with an open hand. He was fond of jests in private, and would laugh immoderately, when with a few intimate associates, at buffooneries which he checked in public by the icy gravity of his deportment. He dressed usually in the Spanish fashion, with close doublet, trunk hose, and short cloak, although at times he indulged in the more airy fashions of France and Burgundy, wearing buttons on his coats and feathers in his hat. He was not thought at that time to be cruel by nature, but was usually spoken of, in the conventional language appropriated to monarchs, as a prince "clement, benign, and debonair." Time was

to show the justice of his claims to such honorable epithets.

The court was organized during his residence at Brussels on the Burgundian, not the Spanish, model, but of the one hundred and fifty persons who composed it, nine-tenths of the whole were Spaniards; the other fifteen or sixteen being of various nations—Flemings, Burgundians, Italians, English, and Germans. Thus it is obvious how soon he disregarded his father's precept and practice in this respect, and began to lay the foundation of that renewed hatred to Spaniards which was soon to become so intense, exuberant, and fatal throughout every class of Netherlanders. He esteemed no nation but the Spanish; with Spaniards he consorted, with Spaniards he counselled, through Spaniards he governed.

His council consisted of five or six Spanish grandees, the famous Ruy Gomez, then Count of Melito, afterwards Prince of Eboli; the Duke of Alva, the Count de Feria, the Duke of Franca Villa, Don Antonio Toledo, and Don Juan Manrique de Lara. The "two columns," said Suriano, "which sustain this great machine are Ruy Gomez and Alva, and from their councils depends the government of half the world." The two were ever bitterly opposed to each other. Incessant were their bickerings, intense their mutual hate, desperate and difficult the situation of any man, whether foreigner or native, who had to transact business with the government. If he had secured the favor of Gomez, he had already earned the enmity of Alva. Was he protected by the Duke, he was sure to be cast into outer darkness by the favorite. Alva represented the war party, Ruy Gomez the pacific polity, more congenial to the heart of Philip.

The Queen of Hungary had resigned the office of Regent of the Netherlands, as has been seen, on the occasion of the Emperor's abdication. She was a woman of masculine character, a great huntress before the Lord, a celebrated horsewoman, a worthy descendant of the Lady Mary of Burgundy. Notwithstanding all the fine phrases exchanged between herself and the eloquent Maas, at the great ceremony of the 25th of October, she was, in re-

ality, much detested in the provinces, and she repaid their aversion with abhorrence.

The new Regent was to be the Duke of Savoy. This wandering and adventurous potentate had attached himself to Philip's fortunes, and had been received by the King with as much favor as he had ever enjoyed at the hands of the Emperor. Emanuel Philibert of Savoy, then about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, was the son of the late unfortunate Duke, by Donna Beatrice of Portugal, sister of the Empress. He was the nephew of Charles, and first cousin to Philip. War was not only his passion, but his trade. Every one of his campaigns was a speculation, and he had long derived a satisfactory income by purchasing distinguished prisoners of war at a low price from the soldiers who had captured them, and were ignorant of their rank, and by ransoming them afterwards at an immense advance. This sort of traffic in men was frequent in that age, and was considered perfectly honorable. Marshal Strozzi, Count Mansfeld, and other professional soldiers derived their main income from the system. They were naturally inclined, therefore, to look impatiently upon a state of peace as an unnatural condition of affairs which cut off all the profits of their particular branch of industry, and condemned them to both idleness and poverty. He had many accomplishments. He spoke Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian with equal fluency, was celebrated for his attachment to the fine arts, and wrote much and with great elegance. With his new salary as governor, his pensions, and the remains of his possessions in Nice and Piedmont, he had now the splendid annual income of one hundred thousand crowns, and was sure to spend it all.

Charles, in order to smooth the commencement of Philip's path, had made a vigorous effort to undo, as it were, the whole work of his reign, to suspend the operation of his whole political system. The Emperor and conqueror, who had been warring all his lifetime, had attempted, as the last act of his reign, to improvise a peace, but the commissioners, who had been assembled at Vaucelles since the beginning of the year 1556, signed

a treaty of truce, rather than of peace, upon the 5th of February. It was to be an armistice of five years, both by land and sea, for France, Spain, Flanders, and Italy, throughout all the dominions of the French and Spanish monarchs. The Pope was expressly included in the truce, which was signed on the part of France by Admiral Coligny and Sebastian l'Aubespine; on that of Spain by Count de Lalain, Philibert de Bruxelles, Simon Renard, and Jean Baptiste Sciceio, a jurisconsult of Cremona. During the previous month of December, however, the Pope had concluded with the French monarch a treaty, by which this solemn armistice was rendered an egregious farce.

The secret treaty of the Pope was of course not so secret but that the hollow intentions of the contracting parties to the truce of Vaucelles were thoroughly suspected; intentions which certainly went far to justify the maxims and the practice of the new Governor-General of the Netherlands upon the subject of armistices. Philip, understanding his position, was revolving renewed military projects while his subjects were ringing merry bells and lighting bonfires in the Netherlands. These schemes, which were to be carried out in the immediate future, caused, however, a temporary delay in the great purpose to which he was to devote his life.

The Emperor Charles had always desired to regard the Netherlands as a whole, and he hated the antiquated charters and obstinate privileges which interfered with his ideas of symmetry. Two great machines, the court of Mechlin and the inquisition, would effectually simplify and assimilate all these irregular and heterogeneous rights. The civil tribunal was to annihilate all diversities in their laws by a general cassation of their constitutions, and the ecclesiastical court was to burn out all differences in their religious faith. Between two such millstones it was thought that the Netherlands might be crushed into uniformity. Philip succeeded to these traditions. The father had never sufficient leisure to carry out all his schemes, but it seemed probable that the son would be a worthy successor, at least in all which concerned the re-

ligious part of his system. One of the earliest measures of his reign was to re-enact the dread edict of 1550. This he did by the express advice of the Bishop of Arras, who represented to him the expediency of making use of the popularity of his father's name to sustain the horrible system resolved upon. As Charles was the author of the edict, it could be always argued that nothing new was introduced; that burning, hanging, and drowning for religious differences constituted a part of the national institutions; that they had received the sanction of the wise Emperor, and had been sustained by the sagacity of past generations. Nothing could have been more subtle, as the event proved, than this advice. Innumerable were the appeals made in subsequent years, upon this subject, to the patriotism and the conservative sentiments of the Netherlanders. Repeatedly they were summoned to maintain the inquisition, on the ground that it had been submitted to by their ancestors, and that no change had been made by Philip, who desired only to maintain Church and Crown in the authority which they had enjoyed in the days of his father, "of very laudable memory."

Nevertheless, the King's military plans seemed to interfere for the moment with this cherished object. He seemed to swerve, at starting, from pursuing the goal which he was only to abandon with life. The edict of 1550 was re-enacted and confirmed, and all office-holders were commanded faithfully to enforce it upon pain of immediate dismissal. Nevertheless, it was not vigorously carried into effect anywhere. It was openly resisted in Holland, its proclamation was flatly refused in Antwerp and repudiated throughout Brabant. It was strange that such disobedience should be tolerated, but the King wanted money. He was willing to refrain for a season from exasperating the provinces by fresh religious persecution at the moment when he was endeavoring to extort every penny which it was possible to wring from their purses.

The joy, therefore, with which the pacification had been hailed by the people was far from an agreeable spectacle to the King. The provinces would expect that the forces which had been maintained at their expense during

the war would be disbanded, whereas he had no intention of disbanding them. As the truce was sure to be temporary, he had no disposition to diminish his available resources for a war which might be renewed at any moment. To maintain the existing military establishment in the Netherlands, a large sum of money was required, for the pay was very much in arrear. The King had made a statement to the provincial estates upon this subject, but the matter was kept secret during the negotiations with France. The way had thus been paved for the "Request," or "Bede," which he now made to the estates assembled at Brussels in the spring of 1556. It was to consist of a tax of one per cent. (the hundredth penny) upon all real estate, and of two per cent. upon all merchandise; to be collected in three payments. The request, in so far as the imposition of the proposed tax was concerned, was refused by Flanders, Brabant, Holland, and all the other important provinces; but, as usual, a moderate, even a generous, commutation in money was offered by the estates. This was finally accepted by Philip, after he had become convinced that at this moment, when he was contemplating a war with France, it would be extremely impolitic to insist upon the tax. The publication of the truce in Italy had been long delayed, and the first infractions which it suffered were committed in that country. The arts of politicians, the schemes of individual ambition, united with the short-lived military ardor of Philip to place the monarchy in an eminently false position, that of hostility to the Pope. As was unavoidable, the secret treaty of December acted as an immediate dissolvent to the truce of February.

Great was the indignation of Paul Caraffa when that truce was first communicated to him by the Cardinal de Tournon, on the part of the French government. Notwithstanding the protestations of France that the secret league was still binding, the Pontiff complained that he was likely to be abandoned to his own resources, and to be left single-handed to contend with the vast power of Spain.

War was let loose again in Europe — a war of politics

and chicane in which there was hardly a pitched battle, and scarcely an event of striking interest. The Duke of Alva conducted the Italian campaign, making peace with the Pope in a treaty signed the 14th of September, 1557. France made an inglorious retreat and the Pontiff a ludicrous capitulation. Cosmo de' Medici, who had duped Spain, France, and Rome, was the only individual in Italy who gained territorial advantage from the war, being granted the sovereignty of Siena.

Simultaneously with the descent of the French troops upon Italy, hostilities had broken out upon the Flemish border. Admiral Coligny, who had been appointed Governor of Picardy, had received orders to make a foray upon the frontier of Flanders. According to a cunningly devised plot, he was to seize, with the help of an ally inside the walls, the unsuspecting city of Douai.

The plot was a good one, but the Admiral of France, on the 6th of January, 1557, was foiled by an old woman. This person, apparently the only creature awake in the town, perceived the danger, ran shrieking through the streets, alarmed the citizens while it was yet time, and thus prevented the attack. Coligny, disappointed in his plan, recompensed his soldiers by a sudden onslaught upon Lens, in Artois, which he sacked and then levelled to the ground. Such was the wretched condition of frontier cities, standing, even in time of peace, with the ground undermined beneath them, and existing every moment, as it were, upon the brink of explosion.

Hostilities having been thus fairly commenced, the French government was in some embarrassment. The Duke of Guise, with the most available forces of the kingdom, having crossed the Alps, it became necessary forthwith to collect another army. The place of rendezvous appointed was Pierrepont, where an army of eighteen thousand infantry and five thousand horse were assembled early in the spring. In the mean time Philip, finding the war fairly afoot, had crossed to England for the purpose (exactly in contravention of all his marriage stipulations) of cajoling his wife and browbeating her ministers into a participation in his war with France. This was easily ac-

complished. The English people found themselves accordingly engaged in a contest with which they had no concern, which, as the event proved, was very much against their interests, and in which the moving cause for their entanglement was the devotion of a weak, bad, ferocious woman for a husband who hated her. A herald sent from England arrived in France, disguised, and was presented to King Henry at Rheims. Here, dropping on one knee, he recited a list of complaints against his majesty, on behalf of the English Queen, all of them fabricated or exaggerated for the occasion, and none of them furnishing even a decorous pretext for the war which was now formally declared in consequence. The French monarch expressed his regret and surprise that the firm and amicable relations secured by treaty between the two countries should thus, without sufficient cause, be violated. In accepting the wager of warfare thus forced upon him, he bade the herald, Norris, inform his mistress that her messenger was treated with courtesy only because he represented a lady, and that, had he come from a king, the language with which he would have been greeted would have befitted the perfidy manifested on the occasion. God would punish this shameless violation of faith, and this wanton interruption to the friendship of two great nations. With this the herald was dismissed from the royal presence, but treated with great distinction, conducted to the hotel of the English ambassador, and presented on the part of the French sovereign with a chain of gold.

Philip had despatched Ruy Gomez to Spain for the purpose of providing ways and means, while he was himself occupied with the same task in England. He stayed there three months. During this time, he "did more," says a Spanish contemporary, "than any one could have believed possible with that proud and indomitable nation. He caused them to declare war against France with fire and sword, by sea and land." Hostilities having been thus chivalrously and formally established, the Queen sent an army of eight thousand men—cavalry, infantry, and pioneers—who, "all clad in blue uniform," commanded by

Lords Pembroke and Clinton, with the three sons of the Earl of Northumberland, and officered by many other scions of England's aristocracy, disembarked at Calais, and shortly afterwards joined the camp before Saint-Quentin.

Philip meantime had left England, and, with more bustle and activity than were usual with him, had given directions for organizing at once a considerable army. It was composed mainly of troops belonging to the Netherlands, with the addition of some German auxiliaries. Thirty-five thousand foot and twelve thousand horse had, by the middle of July, advanced through the province of Namur, and were assembled at Givet under the Duke of Savoy, who, as Governor-General of the Netherlands, held the chief command. All the most eminent grandees of the provinces—Orange, Aerschot, Berlaymont, Meghen, Brederode—were present with the troops, but the life and soul of the army, upon this memorable occasion, was the Count of Egmont.

Lamoral, Count of Egmont, Prince of Gâvre, was now in the thirty-sixth year of his age, in the very noon of that brilliant life which was destined to be so soon and so fatally overshadowed. Not one of the dark clouds which were in the future to accumulate around him had yet rolled above his horizon. Young, noble, wealthy, handsome, valiant, he saw no threatening phantom in the future, and caught eagerly at the golden opportunity, which the present placed within his grasp, of winning fresh laurels on a wider and more fruitful field than any in which he had hitherto been a reaper. The campaign about to take place was likely to be an imposing if not an important one, and could not fail to be attractive to a noble of so ardent and showy a character as Egmont. If there were no loftly principles or extensive interests to be contended for, as there certainly were not, there was yet much that was stately and exciting to the imagination in the warfare which had been so deliberately and pompously arranged. The contending armies, although of moderate size, were composed of picked troops, and were commanded by the flower of Europe's chivalry. Kings, princes, and the most illustrious paladins of Christendom were

arming for the great tournament, to which they had been summoned by herald and trumpet; and the Batavian hero, without a crown or even a country, but with as lofty a lineage as many anointed sovereigns could boast, was ambitious to distinguish himself in the proud array.

Upon the northwestern edge of the narrow peninsula of North Holland, washed by the stormy waters of the German Ocean, were the ancient castle, town, and lordship whence Egmont derived his family name, and the title by which he was most familiarly known. He was supposed to trace his descent, through a line of chivalrous champions and crusaders, up to the pagan kings of the most ancient of existing Teutonic races. The eighth century names of the Frisian Radbold and Adgild among his ancestors were thought to denote the antiquity of a house whose lustre had been increased in later times by the splendor of its alliances. Personally, he was distinguished for his bravery, and although he was not yet the idol of the camp which he was destined to become, nor had yet commanded in chief on any important occasion, he was accounted one of the five principal generals in the Spanish service. Eager for general admiration, he was at the same time haughty and presumptuous, attempting to combine the characters of an arrogant magnate and a popular chieftain. Terrible and sudden in his wrath, he was yet of inordinate vanity, and was easily led by those who understood his weakness. With a limited education, and a slender capacity for all affairs except those relating to the camp, he was destined to be as vacillating and incompetent as a statesman as he was prompt and fortunately audacious in the field. A splendid soldier, his evil stars had destined him to tread, as a politician, a dark and dangerous path, in which not even genius, caution, and integrity could insure success, but in which rashness alternating with hesitation, and credulity with violence, could not fail to bring ruin. Such was Count Egmont, as he took his place at the head of the King's cavalry in the summer of 1557.

The early operations of the Duke of Savoy were at first intended to deceive the enemy. The army, after advanc-

ing as far into Picardy as the town of Vervins, which they burned and pillaged, made a demonstration with their whole force upon the city of Guise. This, however, was but a feint, by which attention was directed and forces drawn off from Saint-Quentin, which was to be the real point of attack. In the mean time, the Constable of France, Montmorency, arrived upon the 28th of July (1557), to take command of the French troops. He was accompanied by Maréchal de Saint André and by Admiral Coligny. The most illustrious names of France, whether for station or valor, were in the officers' list of this select army. Nevers and Montpensier, Enghien and Condé, Vendôme and Rochefoucauld, were already there, and now the Constable and the Admiral came to add the strength of their experience and lofty reputation to sustain the courage of the troops. The French were at Pierrepont, a post between Champagne and Picardy, and in its neighborhood. The Spanish army was at Vervins, and threatening Guise.

It soon became certain, however, that the thriving city of Saint-Quentin, on the Somme, was the real object of attack by the allied forces. Before Admiral Coligny could reinforce the garrison commanded by Teligny, his son-in-law, the English auxiliaries arrived in the camp of the Duke of Savoy. Coligny, in his haste, entered the city almost alone. In one of the disastrous sorties, Teligny received a mortal wound. On the 10th of August the Constable Montmorency with an army of twenty-one thousand men arrived at the edge of the morass fronting the city. According to a plan suggested by Coligny, but in full view of the enemy, he boldly attempted the introduction of men and supplies into the city. The enterprise failed, only Andelot, brother of Coligny, with about five hundred men, securing entrance, while many miserably perished.

Meantime a council of officers was held in Egmont's tent. Opinions were undecided as to the course to be pursued under the circumstances. Should an engagement be risked, or should the Constable, who had but indifferently accomplished his project and had introduced

but an insignificant number of troops into the city, be allowed to withdraw with the rest of his army? The fiery vehemence of Egmont carried all before it. Here was an opportunity to measure arms at advantage with the great captain of the age. To relinquish the prize which the fortune of war had now placed within reach of their valor was a thought not to be entertained. Here was the great Constable Montmorency, attended by princes of the royal blood, the proudest of the nobility, the very crown and flower of the chivalry of France, and followed by an army of her bravest troops. On a desperate venture he had placed himself within their grasp. Should he go thence alive and unmolested? The moral effect of destroying such an army would be greater than if it were twice its actual strength. It would be dealing a blow at the very heart of France, from which she could not recover. Was the opportunity to be resigned without a struggle of laying at the feet of Philip, in this his first campaign since his accession to his father's realms, a prize worthy of the proudest hour of the Emperor's reign? The eloquence of the impetuous Batavian was irresistible, and it was determined to cut off the Constable's retreat.

Three miles from the Faubourg d'Isle, to which that general had now advanced, was a narrow pass or defile, between steep and closely hanging hills. While advancing through this ravine in the morning, the Constable had observed that the enemy might have it in their power to intercept his return at that point. He had therefore left the Rhinegrave, with his company of mounted carabineers, to guard the passage. Being ready to commence his retreat, he now sent forward the Duc de Nevers with four companies of cavalry to strengthen that important position, which he feared might be inadequately guarded. The act of caution came too late. This was the fatal point which the quick glance of Egmont had at once detected. As Nevers reached the spot, two thousand of the enemy's cavalry rode through and occupied the narrow passage. Inflamed by mortification and despair, Nevers would have at once charged those troops, although outnumbering his own by nearly four to one. His officers re-

strained him with difficulty, recalling to his memory the peremptory orders which he had received from the Constable to guard the passage, but on no account to hazard an engagement until sustained by the body of the army. It was a case in which rashness would have been the best discretion. The headlong charge which the Duke had been about to make might possibly have cleared the path and have extricated the army, provided the Constable had followed up the movement by a rapid advance upon his part. As it was, the passage was soon blocked up by freshly advancing bodies of Spanish and Flemish cavalry, while Nevers slowly and reluctantly fell back upon the Prince of Condé, who was stationed with the light horse at the mill where the first skirmish had taken place. They were soon joined by the Constable, with the main body of the army. The whole French force now commenced its retrograde movement. It was, however, but too evident that they were enveloped. As they approached the fatal pass through which lay their only road to La Fère, and which was now in complete possession of the enemy, the signal of assault was given by Count Egmont. That general himself, at the head of two thousand light horse, led the charge upon the left flank. The other side was assaulted by the Dukes Eric and Henry of Brunswick, each with a thousand heavy dragoons, sustained by Count Horn, at the head of a regiment of mounted gendarmerie. Mansfeld, Lalain, Hoogstraaten, and Vilain at the same time made a furious attack upon the front. The French cavalry wavered with the shock so vigorously given. The camp-followers, sutlers, and pedlers, panic-struck, at once fled helter-skelter, and in their precipitate retreat carried confusion and dismay throughout all the ranks of the army. The rout was sudden and total. The onset and the victory were simultaneous. Nevers, riding through a hollow with some companies of cavalry, in the hope of making a detour and presenting a new front to the enemy, was overwhelmed at once by the retreating French and their furious pursuers. The day was lost, retreat hardly possible; yet by a daring and desperate effort the Duke, accompanied by a handful of followers, cut his way

through the enemy and effected his escape. The cavalry had been broken at the first onset and nearly destroyed. A portion of the infantry still held firm, and attempted to continue their retreat. Some pieces of artillery, however, now opened upon them, and before they reached Essigny the whole army was completely annihilated. The defeat was absolute. Half the French troops actually engaged in the enterprise lost their lives upon the field. The remainder of the army was captured or utterly disorganized. When Nevers reviewed, at Laon, the wreck of the Constable's whole force, he found some thirteen hundred French and three hundred German cavalry, with four companies of French infantry, remaining out of fifteen, and four thousand German foot remaining of twelve thousand. Of twenty-one or twenty-two thousand remarkably fine and well-appointed troops, all but six thousand had been killed or made prisoners within an hour. The Constable himself, with a wound in the groin, was a captive. The Duke of Enghien, after behaving with brilliant valor, and many times rallying the troops, was shot through the body, and brought into the enemy's camp only to expire. The Duc de Montpensier, the Maréchal de Saint André, the Duc de Longueville, Prince Ludovic of Mantua, the Baron Corton la Roche du Mayne, the Rhinegrave, the Counts de Rochefoucauld, d'Aubigné, de Rochefort, all were taken. The Duc de Nevers, the Prince of Condé, and a few others, escaped; although so absolute was the conviction that such an escape was impossible that it was not believed by the victorious army. When Nevers sent a trumpeter, after the battle, to the Duke of Savoy, for the purpose of negotiating concerning the prisoners, the trumpeter was pronounced an impostor and the Duke's letter a forgery; nor was it till after the whole field had been diligently searched for his dead body without success that Nevers could persuade the conquerors that he was still in existence.

Of Philip's army but fifty lost their lives. Lewis of Brederode was smothered in his armor; and the two counts Spiegelberg and Count Waldeck were also killed; besides these, no officer of distinction fell. All the French stand-

ards and all their artillery but two pieces were taken and placed before the King, who the next day came into the camp before Saint-Quentin. The prisoners of distinction were likewise presented to him in long procession. Rarely had a monarch of Spain enjoyed a more signal triumph than this which Philip now owed to the gallantry and promptness of Count Egmont.

Such was the brilliant victory of Saint-Quentin, worthy to be placed in the same list with the world-renowned combats of Crécy and Agincourt. Like those battles, also, it derives its main interest from the personal character of the leader, while it seems to have been hallowed by the tender emotions which sprang from his subsequent fate. The victory was but a happy move in a winning game. The players were kings, and the people were stakes—not parties. It was a chivalrous display in a war which was waged without honorable purpose, and in which no single lofty sentiment was involved. The Flemish frontier was, however, saved for the time from the misery which was now to be inflicted upon the French border. This was sufficient to cause the victory to be hailed as rapturously by the people as by the troops. From that day forth the name of the brave Hollander was like the sound of a trumpet to the army. "Egmont and Saint-Quentin!" rang through every mouth to the farthest extremity of Philip's realms. A deadly blow was struck to the very heart of France. The fruits of all the victories of Francis and Henry withered. The battle, and others which were to follow it won by the same hand, were soon to compel the signature of the most disastrous treaty which had ever disgraced the history of France.

The fame and power of the Constable faded—his misfortunes and captivity fell like a blight upon the ancient glory of the house of Montmorency—his enemies destroyed his influence and his popularity; while the degradation of the kingdom was simultaneous with the downfall of his illustrious name. On the other hand, the exultation of Philip was as keen as his cold and stony nature would permit. The magnificent palace-convent of the Escurial, dedicated to the saint on whose festival

the battle had been fought, and built in the shape of the gridiron on which that martyr had suffered, was soon afterwards erected in pious commemoration of the event. Such was the celebration of the victory. The reward reserved for the victor was to be recorded on a later page of history.

Philip, against the advice of his best military advisers, failed to seize the golden fruits of his triumphs by immediately advancing upon Paris. After mining and cannonade by the besiegers and a valiant defence by the besieged, Saint-Quentin was taken by assault on the 27th of August. The carnage was succeeded by sack and conflagration, and the work of killing, plundering, and burning lasted three days and nights.

The women, meantime, had been again driven into the cathedral, where they had housed during the siege, and where they now crouched together in trembling expectation of their fate. On the 29th of August, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Philip issued an order that every woman, without an exception, should be driven out of the city into the French territory. Saint-Quentin, which seventy years before had been a Flemish town, was to be reannexed, and not a single man, woman, or child who could speak the French language was to remain another hour in the place. The tongues of the men had been effectually silenced. The women, to the number of three thousand five hundred, were now compelled to leave the cathedral and the city.

The most distinguished captives upon this occasion were, of course, Coligny and his brother. Andelot was, however, fortunate enough to make his escape that night under the edge of the tent in which he was confined. The Admiral was taken to Antwerp. Here he lay for many weeks sick with a fever. Upon his recovery, having no better pastime, he fell to reading the Scriptures. The result was his conversion to Calvinism, and the world shudders yet at the fate in which that conversion involved him.

Saint-Quentin being thus reduced, Philip was not more disposed to push his fortune. The time was now wasted

in the siege of several comparatively unimportant places, so that the fruits of Egmont's valor were not yet allowed to ripen. Early in September Le Catelet was taken. On the 12th of the same month the citadel of Ham yielded, after receiving two thousand shots from Philip's artillery, while Nojon, Chanly, and some other places of less importance, were burned to the ground. After all this smoke and fire upon the frontier, productive of but slender consequences, Philip disbanded his army and retired to Brussels. He reached that city on the 12th of October. The English returned to their own country. The campaign of 1557 was closed without a material result, and the victory of Saint-Quentin remained for a season barren.

In the mean time the French were not idle. On the 1st of January, 1558, the Duc de Guise appeared before Calais. After a tremendous cannonade, which lasted a week and was heard in Antwerp, the city was taken by assault. Thus the last vestige of English dominion, the last substantial pretext of the English sovereign to wear the title and the lilies of France, was lost forever. King Henry visited Calais, which after two centuries of estrangement had now become a French town again, appointed Paul de Thermes governor of the place, and then returned to Paris to celebrate soon afterwards the marriage of the Dauphin with the niece of the Guises, Mary, Queen of Scots.

These events secured the ascendency of the Catholic party in the kingdom. Disastrous eclipse had come over the houses of Montmorency and Coligny, while the star of Guise, brilliant with the conquest of Calais, now culminated.

It was at this period that the memorable interview between the two ecclesiastics, the Bishop of Arras and the Cardinal de Lorraine, took place at Peronne. From this central point commenced the weaving of that wide-spread scheme in which the fate of millions was to be involved. The Duchess Christina de Lorraine, cousin of Philip, had accompanied him to Saint-Quentin. Permission had been obtained by the Duc de Guise and his brother, the Cardinal, to visit her at Peronne. The Duchess was accompanied by the Bishop of Arras, and the consequence was

a full and secret negotiation between the two priests. It may be supposed that Philip's short-lived military ardor had already exhausted itself. He had mistaken his vocation, and already recognized the false position in which he was placed. He was contending against the monarch in whom he might find the surest ally against the arch-enemy of both kingdoms, and of the world. The French monarch held heresy in horror, while for himself, Philip had already decided upon his life's mission.

The crafty Bishop was more than a match for the vain and ambitious Cardinal. That prelate was assured that Philip considered the captivity of Coligny and Montmorency a special dispensation of Providence, while the tutelar genius of France, notwithstanding the reverses sustained by that kingdom, was still preserved. The Cardinal and his brother, it was suggested, now held in their hands the destiny of the kingdom and of Europe. The interests of both nations, of religion, and of humanity, made it imperative upon them to put an end to this unnatural war, in order that the two monarchs might unite hand and heart for the extirpation of heresy. That hydra-headed monster had already extended its coils through France, while its pestilential breath was now wafted into Flanders from the German as well as the French border. Philip placed full reliance upon the wisdom and discretion of the Cardinal. It was necessary that these negotiations should for the present remain a profound secret, but in the mean time a peace ought to be concluded with as little delay as possible; a result which, it was affirmed, was as heartily desired by Philip as it could be by Henry. The Bishop was soon aware of the impression which his artful suggestions had produced. The Cardinal, inspired by the flattery thus freely administered, as well as by the promptings of his own ambition, lent a willing ear to the Bishop's plans. Thus was laid the foundation of a vast scheme, which time was to complete. A crusade with the whole strength of the French and Spanish crowns was resolved upon against their own subjects. The Bishop's task was accomplished. The Cardinal returned to France, determined to effect a peace with Spain. He was convinced

that the glory of his house was to be infinitely enhanced, and its power impregnably established, by a cordial co-operation with Philip in his dark schemes against religion and humanity. The negotiations were kept, however, profoundly secret. A new campaign and fresh humiliations were to precede the acceptance by France of the peace which was thus proffered.

Meantime Philip, who was at Brussels, had directed the Duke of Savoy to oppose the Duc de Guise with an army which had been hastily collected and organized at Maubeuge, in the province of Namur. He now desired, if possible, to attack and cut off the forces of De Thermes before he should extend the hand to Guise, or make good his retreat to Calais.

Flushed with victory over defenceless peasants, laden with the spoils of sacked and burning towns, the army of De Thermes was already on its homeward march. It was the moment for a sudden and daring blow. Egmont, in obedience to the King's command, threw himself at once into the field, taking up his position directly in the path of the French army. He posted his army at Gravelines, a small town lying near the sea-shore and about midway between Calais and Dunkirk.

On the 13th of July Egmont, having characteristically selected the post of danger in the very front of battle for himself, dashed upon the enemy. His horse was shot under him at the commencement of the action. Mounting another, he again cheered his cavalry to the attack. It was a wild, hand-to-hand conflict — general and soldier, cavalier and pikeman, lancer and musketeer, mingled together in one dark, confused, and struggling mass, foot to foot, breast to breast, horse to horse—a fierce, tumultuous battle on the sands, worthy the fitful pencil of the national painter Wouvermans. For a long time it was doubtful on which side victory was to incline, but at last ten English vessels unexpectedly appeared in the offing, and, ranging up soon afterwards as close to the shore as was possible, opened their fire upon the still unbroken lines of the French. The spirit of the enemy was broken by this attack upon their seaward side, which they had thought

impregnable. At the same time, too, a detachment of German cavalry, which had been directed by Egmont to make their way under the downs to the southward, now succeeded in turning their left flank. Egmont, profiting by their confusion, charged them again with redoubled vigor. The fate of the day was decided. The rout was total; horse and foot, French, Gascon, and German fled from the field together. Fifteen hundred fell in the action, as many more were driven into the sea, while great numbers were torn to pieces by the exasperated peasants, who now eagerly washed out their recent injuries in the blood of the dispersed, wandering, and wounded soldiers. The army of De Thermes was totally destroyed, and with it the last hope of France for an honorable and equal negotiation. She was now at Philip's feet, so that this brilliant cavalry action, although it has been surpassed in importance by many others in respect to the number of the combatants and the principles involved in the contest, was still, in regard to the extent both of its immediate and its permanent results, one of the most decisive and striking which have ever been fought. The French monarch was soon obliged to make the best terms which he could, and to consent to a treaty which was one of the most ruinous in the archives of France.

Whatever might have been the faults of De Thermes or of Guise, there could be little doubt as to the merit of Egmont. Thus within eleven months of the battle of Saint-Quentin had the Dutch hero gained another victory so decisive as to settle the fate of the war, and to elevate his sovereign to a position from which he might dictate the terms of a triumphant peace. The opening scenes of Philip's reign were rendered as brilliant as the proudest days of the Emperor's career, while the provinces were enraptured with the prospect of early peace. To whom, then, was the sacred debt of national and royal gratitude due but to Lamoral of Egmont? His countrymen gladly recognized the claim. He became the idol of the army; the familiar hero of ballad and story; the mirror of chivalry, and the god of popular worship. Throughout the Netherlands he was hailed as the right hand of the father-

land, the saviour of Flanders from devastation and outrage, the protector of the nation, the pillar of the throne.

The victor gained many friends by his victory, and one enemy. The bitterness of that foe was likely, in the future, to outweigh all the plaudits of his friends. The Duke of Alva had strongly advised against giving battle to De Thermes. He depreciated the triumph, after it had been gained, by reflections upon the consequences which would have flowed had a defeat been suffered instead. He even held this language to Egmont himself after his return to Brussels. The conqueror, flushed with his glory, was not inclined to digest the criticism, nor what he considered the venomous detraction of the Duke. More vain and arrogant than ever, he treated his powerful Spanish rival with insolence, and answered his observations with angry sarcasm, even in the presence of the King. Alva was not likely to forget the altercation, nor to forgive the triumph.

CHAPTER III

THE SPANISH KING LEAVES THE NETHERLANDS

The battle of Gravelines had decided the question. The intrigues of the two ecclesiastics at Peronne having been sustained by Egmont's victory, all parties were ready for a peace. King Henry was weary of the losing game which he had so long been playing; Philip was anxious to relieve himself from his false position, and to concentrate his whole mind and the strength of his kingdom upon his great enemy, the Netherlands heresy; while the Duke of Savoy felt that the time had at last arrived when an adroit diplomacy might stand him in stead, and place him in the enjoyment of those rights which the sword had taken from him, and which his own sword had done so much towards winning back. The sovereigns were inclined to peace, and as there had never been a national principle or instinct or interest involved in the dispute, it was very certain that peace would be popular everywhere, upon whatever terms it might be concluded.

Montmorency and the Prince of Orange were respectively empowered to open secret negotiations. Early in the autumn all the troops were disbanded, while the commissioners of both crowns met in open congress at the abbey of Cercamp, near Cambray, by the middle of October. The envoys on the part of Philip were the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Alva, the Bishop of Arras, Ruy Gomez de Silva, the president Viglius; on that of the French monarch, the Constable, the Maréchal de Saint André, the Cardinal de Lorraine, the Bishop of Orleans, and Claude l'Aubespine. There were also envoys sent by the Queen of England, but as the dispute concerning

Calais was found to hamper the negotiations at Cercamp, the English question was left to be settled by another congress, and was kept entirely separate from the arrangements concluded between France and Spain.

The death of Queen Mary, on the 17th of November, caused a temporary suspension of the proceedings. After the widower, however, had made a fruitless effort to obtain the hand of her successor, and had been unequivocally repulsed, the commissioners again met in February, 1559, at Câteau-Cambrésis. The English difficulty was now arranged by separate commissioners, and on the 3d of April a treaty between France and Spain was concluded.

By this important convention both Kings bound themselves to maintain the Catholic worship inviolate by all means in their power, and agreed that an œcumenical council should at once assemble, to compose the religious differences and to extinguish the increasing heresy in both kingdoms. Furthermore, it was arranged that the conquests made by each country during the preceding eight years should be restored. Thus all the gains of Francis and Henry were annulled by a single word, and the Duke of Savoy converted, by a dash of the pen, from a landless soldier of fortune into a sovereign again. He was to receive back all his estates, and was, moreover, to marry Henry's sister Margaret, with a dowry of three hundred thousand crowns. Philip, on the other hand, now a second time a widower, was to espouse Henry's daughter Isabella, already betrothed to the Infant Don Carlos, and to receive with her a dowry of four hundred thousand crowns. The restitutions were to be commenced by Henry, and to be completed within three months. Philip was to restore his conquests in the course of a month afterwards.

Most of the powers of Europe were included by both parties in this treaty—the Pope, the Emperor, all the Electors, the republics of Venice, Genoa, and Switzerland, the kingdoms of England, Scotland, Poland, Denmark, Sweden, the duchies of Ferrara, Savoy, and Parma, besides other inferior principalities. Nearly all Christendom, in short, was embraced in this most amicable com-

pact, as if Philip were determined that, henceforth and forever, Calvinists and Mohammedans, Turks and Flemings, should be his only enemies.

The King of France was to select four hostages from among Philip's subjects, to accompany him to Paris as pledges for the execution of all the terms of the treaty. The royal choice fell upon the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Alva, the Duke of Aerschot, and the Count of Egmont.

Such was the treaty of Câteau-Cambrésis. Thus was a termination put to a war between France and Spain which had been so wantonly undertaken.

Marshal Monluc wrote that a treaty so disgraceful and disastrous had never before been ratified by a French monarch. The accumulated plunder of years, which was now disgorged by France, was equal in value to one-third of that kingdom. One hundred and ninety-eight fortified towns were surrendered, making, with other places of greater or less importance, a total estimated by some writers as high as four hundred.

The well-known tragedy by which the solemnities of this pacification were abruptly concluded in Paris bore with it an impressive moral. The monarch who, in violation of his plighted word and against the interests of his nation and the world, had entered precipitately into a causeless war, now lost his life in fictitious combat at the celebration of peace. On the 10th of July, Henry the Second died of the wound inflicted by Montgomery in the tournament held eleven days before. Henry had lived long enough, however, after the conclusion of the secret agreement to reveal it to one whose life was to be employed in thwarting this foul conspiracy of monarchs against their subjects. William of Orange, then a hostage for the execution of the treaty of Câteau-Cambrésis, was the man with whom the King had the unfortunate conception to confer on the subject of the plot. The Prince, who had already gained the esteem of Charles the Fifth by his habitual discretion, knew how to profit by the intelligence and to bide his time; but his hostility to the policy of the French and Spanish courts was perhaps dated from that hour.

Pending the peace negotiations, Philip had been called upon to mourn for his wife and father. He did not affect grief for the death of Mary Tudor, but he honored the Emperor's departure with stately obsequies at Brussels. The ceremonies lasted two days (the 29th and 30th of December, 1558).

The early part of the year 1559 was spent by Philip in organizing the government of the provinces and in making the necessary preparations for his departure.

The Duchess Margaret of Parma, natural daughter of Charles the Fifth, was chosen by her brother, the King, Regent of the Netherlands. The boards of council organized to assist the new Regent were three in number—a state and privy council, and one of finance. They were not new institutions, having been originally established by the Emperor, and were now arranged by his successor upon the same nominal basis upon which they had before existed. The finance council, which had superintendence of all matters relating to the royal domains and to the annual budgets of the government, was presided over by Baron Berlaymont. The privy council, of which Viglius was president, was composed of ten or twelve learned doctors, and was especially intrusted with the control of matters relating to law, pardons, and the general administration of justice. The state council, which was far the most important of the three boards, was to superintend all high affairs of government—war, treaties, foreign intercourse, internal and inter-provincial affairs. The members of this council were the Bishop of Arras, Viglius, Berlaymont, the Prince of Orange, Count of Egmont, to which number were afterwards added the Seigneur de Glayon, the Duke of Aerschot, and Count Horn. The last-named nobleman, who was admiral of the provinces, had, for the present, been appointed to accompany the King to Spain, there to be specially intrusted with the administration of affairs relating to the Netherlands. He was destined, however, to return at the expiration of two years.

With the object, as it was thought, of curbing the power of the great nobles, it had been arranged that the three councils should be entirely distinct from one another, that

the members of the state council should have no participation in the affairs of the two other bodies; but, on the other hand, that the finance and privy councillors, as well as the Knights of the Fleece, should have access to the deliberations of the state council. In the course of events, however, it soon became evident that the real power of the government was exclusively in the hands of the consulta, a committee of three members of the state council, by whose deliberations the Regent was secretly instructed to be guided on all important occasions. The three—Viglius, Berlaymont, and Arras — who composed the secret conclave or cabinet were in reality but one. The Bishop of Arras was in all three, and the three together constituted only the Bishop of Arras.

There was no especial governor, or stadholder, appointed for the province of Brabant, where the Regent was to reside and to exercise executive functions in person. The stadholders for the other provinces were, for Flanders and Artois, the Count of Egmont; for Holland, Zealand, and Utrecht, the Prince of Orange; for Guelders and Zutfen, the Count of Meghen; for Friesland, Groningen, and Overyssel, Count Aremberg; for Hainault, Valenciennes, and Cambrai, the Marquis of Berghen; for Tournay and Tournaisis, Baron Montigny; for Namur, Baron Berlaymont; for Luxemburg, Count Mansfeld; for Ryssel, Douai, and Orchies, the Baron Courèires. All these stadholders were commanders-in-chief of the military forces in their respective provinces. With the single exception of the Count of Egmont, in whose province of Flanders the stadholders were excluded from the administration of justice, all were likewise supreme judges in the civil and criminal tribunal. The military force of the Netherlands in time of peace was small, for the provinces were jealous of the presence of soldiery. The only standing army which then legally existed in the Netherlands were the Bandes d'Ordonnance, a body of mounted gendarmerie — amounting in all to three thousand men—which ranked among the most accomplished and best disciplined cavalry of Europe. They were divided into fourteen squadrons, each under the command of a stadholder, or of a distinguished noble.

Besides these troops, however, there still remained in the provinces a foreign force amounting in the aggregate to four thousand men. These soldiers were the remainder of those large bodies which year after year had been quartered upon the Netherlands during the constant warfare to which they had been exposed. Living upon the substance of the country, paid out of its treasury, and as offensive by their licentious and ribald habits of life as were the enemies against whom they were enrolled, these troops had become an intolerable burden to the people. They were now disposed in different garrisons, nominally to protect the frontier. As a firm peace, however, had now been concluded between Spain and France, and as there was no pretext for compelling the provinces to accept this protection, the presence of a foreign soldiery strengthened a suspicion that they were to be used in the onslaught which was preparing against the religious freedom and the political privileges of the country. They were to be the nucleus of a larger army, it was believed, by which the land was to be reduced to a state of servile subjection to Spain. A low, constant, but generally unheeded murmur of dissatisfaction and distrust upon this subject was already perceptible throughout the Netherlands — a warning presage of the coming storm.

All the provinces were now convoked for the 7th of August (1559), at Ghent, there to receive the parting communication and farewell of the King. Previously to this day, however, Philip appeared in person upon several solemn occasions, to impress upon the country the necessity of attending to the great subject with which his mind was exclusively occupied. He came before the great council of Mechlin, in order to address that body with his own lips upon the necessity of supporting the edicts to the letter, and of trampling out every vestige of heresy, wherever it should appear, by the immediate immolation of all heretics, whoever they might be.

He likewise caused the estates of Flanders to be privately assembled, that he might harangue them upon the same great topic. In the latter part of July he proceeded to Ghent, where a great concourse of nobles, citizens, and

strangers had already assembled. Here, in the last week of the month, the twenty-third chapter of the Golden Fleece was held with much pomp, and with festivities which lasted three days. The fourteen vacancies which existed were filled with the names of various distinguished personages. With this last celebration the public history of Philip the Good's ostentatious and ambitious order of knighthood was closed. The subsequent nominations were made *ex indultu apostolico*, and without the assembling of a chapter.

The estates having duly assembled upon the day prescribed, Philip, attended by Margaret of Parma, the Duke of Savoy, and a stately retinue of ambassadors and grandees, made his appearance before them. After the customary ceremonies had been performed, the Bishop of Arras arose and delivered, in the name of his sovereign, an elaborate address of instructions and farewells. Full of pious commonplaces and expressions of affectionate solicitude for the welfare of his Netherlandish subjects, it concluded with the announcement that his Majesty had commanded the Regent Margaret of Parma, for the sake of religion and the glory of God, *accurately and exactly to cause to be enforced the edicts and decrees made by his imperial Majesty,* and renewed by his present Majesty, for the extirpation of all sects and heresies.* All governors,

* The edict of 1521, issued at Worms, described Martin Luther as "not a man, but a devil under the form of a man, and clothed in the dress of a priest the better to bring the human race to hell and damnation; therefore all his disciples and converts are to be punished with death and forfeiture of all their goods." Issued without pretence of sanction of the estates, it was immediately carried into effect. Though the Anabaptists furnished the first martyrs to the cause of truth as expressed in the Protestant Reformation, to Belgium belongs the honor of having given the first martyrs of evangelical Lutheranism in Henry Voes and John Esch, two Augustinian monks, who were burned at the stake in Brussels, July 1, 1523, reciting the Apostles' Creed and singing the "Te Deum." See Dr. Philip Schaff's *Creeds of Christendom*, Vol. I., page 503. Luther also sang the praises of these two martyrs in the song found in many of the old Lutheran hymn-books — "Ein neues Lied wir haben an." One verse in English begins: "Quiet their ashes will not lie," etc. Gieseler's *Church History*, Vol. IV., page 311.

councillors, and others having authority were also instructed to do their utmost to accomplish this great end.

The great object of the discourse was thus announced in the most impressive manner, and with all that conventional rhetoric of which the Bishop of Arras was considered a consummate master. Not a word was said on the subject which was nearest the hearts of the Netherlanders—the withdrawal of the Spanish troops. Not a hint was held out that a reduction of the taxation under which the provinces had so long been groaning was likely to take place; but, on the contrary, the King had demanded a new levy of considerable amount. A few well-turned paragraphs were added on the subject of the administration of justice — "without which the republic was a dead body without a soul"—in the Bishop's most approved style, and the discourse concluded with a fervent exhortation to the provinces to trample heresy and heretics out of existence, and with the hope that the Lord God, in such case, would bestow upon the Netherlands health and happiness.

After the address had been concluded, the deputies, according to ancient form, requested permission to adjourn, that the representatives of each province might deliberate among themselves on the point of granting or withholding the Request for the three millions. On the following day they again assembled in the presence of the King, for the purpose of returning their separate answers to the propositions.

The address first read was that of the estates of Artois. The chairman of the deputies from that province read a series of resolutions, drawn up, says a contemporary, "with that elegance which characterized all the public acts of the Artesians, bearing witness to the vivacity of their wits." The deputies spoke of the extreme affection which their province had always borne to his Majesty and to the Emperor. They had proved it by the constancy with which they had endured the calamities of war so long, and they now cheerfully consented to the Request, so far as their contingent went. They were willing to place at his Majesty's disposal, not only the remains of their property, but even the last drop of their blood.

As the eloquent chairman reached this point in his discourse, Philip, who was standing with his arm resting upon Egmont's shoulder, listening eagerly to the Artesian address, looked upon the deputies of the province with a smiling face, expressing by the unwonted benignity of his countenance the satisfaction which he received from these loyal expressions of affection and this dutiful compliance with his Request.

The deputy, however, proceeded to an unexpected conclusion by earnestly entreating his Majesty, as a compensation for the readiness thus evinced in the royal service, forthwith to order the departure of all foreign troops then in the Netherlands. Their presence, it was added, was now rendered completely superfluous by the ratification of the treaty of peace so fortunately arranged with all the world.

At this sudden change in the deputy's language, the King, no longer smiling, threw himself violently upon his chair of state, where he remained, brooding with a gloomy countenance upon the language which had been addressed to him. It was evident, said an eye-witness, that he was deeply offended. He changed color frequently, so that all present "could remark, from the working of his face, how much his mind was agitated."

The rest of the provinces were even more explicit than the deputies of Artois. All had voted their contingents to the Request, but all had made the withdrawal of the troops an express antecedent condition to the payment of their respective quotas.

The King did not affect to conceal his rage at these conditions, exclaiming bitterly to Count Egmont and other seigniors near the throne that it was very easy to estimate, by these proceedings, the value of the protestations made by the provinces of their loyalty and affection.

Besides, however, the answers thus addressed by the separate states to the royal address, a formal remonstrance had also been drawn up in the name of the states-general, and signed by the Prince of Orange, Count Egmont, and many of the leading patricians of the Netherlands. This document, which was formally presented to the King be-

fore the adjournment of the assembly, represented the infamous "pillaging, insults, and disorders" daily exercised by the foreign soldiery; stating that the burden had become intolerable, and that the inhabitants of Marienburg, and of many other large towns and villages, had absolutely abandoned their homes rather than remain any longer exposed to such insolence and oppression.

The King, already enraged, was furious at the presentation of this petition. He arose from his seat and rushed impetuously from the assembly, demanding of the members as he went whether he, too, as a Spaniard, was expected immediately to leave the land, and to resign all authority over it. The Duke of Savoy made use of this last occasion in which he appeared in public as Regent violently to rebuke the estates for the indignity thus offered to their sovereign.

It could not be forgotten, however, by nobles and burghers, who had not yet been crushed by the long course of oppression which was in store for them, that there had been a day when Philip's ancestors had been more humble in their deportment in the face of the provincial authorities. His great-grandfather, Maximilian, kept in durance by the citizens of Bruges; his great-grandmother, Mary of Burgundy, with streaming eyes and dishevelled hair, supplicating in the market-place for the lives of her treacherous ambassadors, were wont to hold a less imperious language to the delegates of the states.

This burst of ill-temper on the part of the monarch was, however, succeeded by a different humor. It was still thought advisable to dissemble, and to return rather an expostulatory than a peremptory answer to the remonstrance of the states-general. Accordingly a paper of a singular tone was, after the delay of a few days, sent into the assembly. In this message it was stated that the King was not desirous of placing strangers in the government—a fact which was proved by the appointment of the Duchess Margaret; that the Spanish infantry was necessary to protect the land from invasion; that the remnant of foreign troops only amounted to three or four

thousand men, who claimed considerable arrears of pay, but that the amount due would be forwarded to them immediately after his Majesty's return to Spain. It was suggested that the troops would serve as an escort for Don Carlos when he should arrive in the Netherlands, although the King would have been glad to carry them to Spain in his fleet, had he known the wishes of the estates in time. He would, however, pay for their support himself, although they were to act solely for the good of the provinces. He observed, moreover, that he had selected two seigniors of the provinces, the Prince of Orange and Count Egmont, to take command of these foreign troops, and he promised faithfully that, in the course of three or four months at furthest, they should all be withdrawn.

On the same day in which the estates had assembled at Ghent, Philip had addressed an elaborate letter to the grand council of Mechlin, the supreme court of the provinces, and to the various provincial councils and tribunals of the whole country. The object of the communication was to give his final orders on the subject of the edicts, and for the execution of all heretics in the most universal and summary manner. He gave stringent and unequivocal instructions that these decrees for burning, strangling, and burying alive should be fulfilled to the letter. He ordered all judicial officers and magistrates "to be curious to inquire on all sides as to the execution of the placards," stating his intention that "the utmost rigor should be employed, without any respect of persons," and that not only "the transgressors should be proceeded against, but also the judges who should prove remiss in their prosecution of heretics." He alluded to a false opinion which had gained currency that the edicts were only intended against Anabaptists.* Correcting this error, he stated

* The term "anabaptist," or rebaptizer, was little better than an opprobrious nickname invented by learned hirelings of political and ecclesiastical corporations, and intended to conceal the truth. These "Brethren," or "Believers," as they called themselves, were the pioneers in modern history of what now lies at the basis of the American religious, social, and political structure. Amid manifold variations of tenet and doctrine, their

that they were to be "enforced against all sectaries, without any distinction or mercy, who might be spotted merely with the errors introduced by Luther."

The King, notwithstanding the violent scenes in the assembly, took leave of the estates at another meeting with apparent cordiality. His dissatisfaction was sufficiently manifest, but it expressed itself principally against individuals. His displeasure at the course pursued by the leading nobles, particularly by the Prince of Orange, was already no secret.

Philip, soon after the adjournment of the assembly, had completed the preparations for his departure. At Middelburg he was met by the agreeable intelligence that the Pope had consented to issue a bull for the creation of the new bishoprics which he desired for the Netherlands.*

general basis of belief was as follows: They contended for the separation of Church and State; the right of private judgment and interpretation of the Holy Scriptures; self-governing churches, with the rights and powers of the congregation as set forth in the New Testament; no official intermeddling in matters of conscience or persecution on account of religion; no damnation of infants, baptized or unbaptized; the salvation of the pious heathen; the priesthood of all believers in Christ; the validity of ordination by the congregation of pastors and teachers, who were not necessarily a distinct class; honest translations of the Bible, and these to be put into the hands of the people; they believed in home and foreign missions, in congregational singing, in prison reform, and that all the commands of Christ were equally binding. Furthermore, they taught that the Bible was to be honored, but not worshipped; that the Holy Spirit was to be constantly sought for aid and guidance. These Bible-readers also believed in social and political reconstruction; in the abolition of the death penalty, of slavery, and of serfdom; in the education of women, and the equalization of the sexes in religious life and privilege.

Seeing these things, it is slight wonder that the political churches of Europe, both Roman and Reformed, and the practical politicians, both lay and clerical, were bent on the annihilation of those whom they not only put to death by thousands, but whose records they took diligent care to destroy. The writings of their enemies, copied into the popular works of reference, have made public the excesses and errors of a minority of these heralds of modern order and faith, while hiding the facts and true belief of these Christians—"the pariahs of history." See "The Anabaptists," in *The New World*, Boston, December 1895.

* That is, in the old system three bishops for the Belgic and one for the northern provinces; or, in the new expansion based on military force, five bishops for the southern and one bishop for the northern provinces. Of

He was escorted thither by the Duchess Regent, the Duke of Savoy, and by many of the most eminent personages of the provinces. Among others, William of Orange was in attendance to witness the final departure of the King, and to pay him his farewell respects. As Philip was proceeding on board the ship which was to bear him forever from the Netherlands, his eyes lighted upon the Prince. His displeasure could no longer be restrained. With angry face he turned upon him, and bitterly reproached him for having thwarted all his plans by means of his secret intrigues. William replied with humility that everything which had taken place had been done through the regular and natural movements of the states. Upon this the King, boiling with rage, seized the Prince by the wrist, and shaking it violently, exclaimed in Spanish, "No los estados, mas vos, vos, vos!" (Not the estates, but you, you, you!) repeating thrice the word "vos," which is as disrespectful and uncourteous in Spanish as "toi" in French.

After this severe and public insult, the Prince of Orange did not go on board his Majesty's vessel, but contented himself with wishing Philip, from the shore, a fortunate journey. It may be doubted, moreover, whether he would not have made a sudden and compulsory voyage to Spain had he ventured his person in the ship, and whether, under the circumstances, he would have been likely to effect as speedy a return. His caution served him then as it was destined to do on many future occasions, and Philip left the Netherlands with this parting explosion of hatred against the man who, as he perhaps instinctively felt, was destined to circumvent his measures and resist his tyranny to the last.

The fleet, which consisted of ninety vessels, so well provisioned that, among other matters, fifteen thousand capons were put on board, according to the Antwerp chronicler, set sail upon the 26th of August (1559) from Flushing. The voyage proved tempestuous, so that much

the three million inhabitants in the Netherlands, all except eight hundred thousand lived south of the Waal and the Scheldt.

of the rich tapestry and other merchandise which had been accumulated by Charles and Philip was lost. Some of the vessels foundered; to save others, it was necessary to lighten the cargo, and "to enrobe the roaring waters with the silks" for which the Netherlands were so famous; so that it was said that Philip and his father had impoverished the earth only to enrich the ocean. The fleet had been laden with much valuable property, because the King had determined to fix for the future the wandering capital of his dominions in Spain. Philip landed in safety, however, at Laredo, on the 8th of September. His escape from imminent peril confirmed him in the great purpose to which he had consecrated his existence. He believed himself to have been reserved from shipwreck only because a mighty mission had been confided to him, and lest his enthusiasm against heresy should languish, his eyes were soon feasted, upon his arrival in his native country, with the spectacle of an *auto-da-fé*.

Early in January of this year, the King being persuaded that it was necessary everywhere to use additional means to check the alarming spread of Lutheran opinions, had written to the Pope for authority to increase, if that were possible, the stringency of the Spanish inquisition. The Pontiff, nothing loath, had accordingly issued a bull directed to the Inquisitor-General, Valdez, by which he was instructed to consign to the flames all prisoners whatever, even those who were not accused of having "relapsed." Great preparations had been made to strike terror into the hearts of heretics by a series of horrible exhibitions, in the course of which the numerous victims, many of them persons of high rank, distinguished learning, and exemplary lives, who had long been languishing in the dungeons of the holy office, were to be consigned to the flames. The first *auto-da-fé* had been consummated at Valladolid on the 21st of May (1559), in the absence of the King, of course, but in the presence of the royal family and the principal notabilities, civil, ecclesiastical, and military. The Princess Regent, seated on her throne, close to the scaffold, had held on high the holy sword. The Archbishop of Seville, followed by the ministers of the

inquisition and by the victims, had arrived in solemn procession at the "cadahalso," where, after the usual sermon in praise of the holy office and in denunciation of heresy, he had administered the oath to the Infante, who had duly sworn upon the crucifix to maintain forever the sacred inquisition and the apostolic decrees. The Archbishop had then cried aloud, "So may God prosper your Highnesses and your estates"; after which the men and women who formed the object of the show had been cast into the flames. It being afterwards ascertained that the King himself would soon be enabled to return to Spain, the next festival was reserved as a fitting celebration for his arrival. Upon the 8th of October, accordingly, another *auto-da-fé* took place at Valladolid. The King, with his sister and his son, the high officers of state, the foreign ministers, and all the nobility of the kingdom, were present, together with an immense concourse of soldiery, clergy, and populace. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Cuença. When it was finished, Inquisitor-General Valdez cried, with a loud voice, "O God, make speed to help us!" The King then drew his sword. Valdez, advancing to the platform upon which Philip was seated, proceeded to read the protestation: "Your Majesty swears by the cross of the sword, whereon your royal hand reposes, that you will give all necessary favor to the holy office of the inquisition against heretics, apostates, and those who favor them, and will denounce and inform against all those who, to your royal knowledge, shall act or speak against the faith." The King answered aloud, "I swear it," and signed the paper. The oath was read to the whole assembly by an officer of the inquisition. Thirteen distinguished victims were then burned before the monarch's eyes, besides one body which a friendly death had snatched from the hands of the holy office, and the effigy of another person who had been condemned, although not yet tried or even apprehended. Among the sufferers was Carlos de Sessa, a young noble of distinguished character and abilities, who said to the King as he passed by the throne to the stake, "How can you thus look on and permit me to be burned?" Philip then made

the memorable reply, carefully recorded by his historiographer and panegyrist: "I would carry the wood to burn my own son withal, were he as wicked as you."

In Seville, immediately afterwards, another *auto-da-fé* was held, in which fifty living heretics were burned, besides the bones of Doctor Constantine Ponce de la Fuente, once the friend, chaplain, and almoner of Philip's father. This learned and distinguished ecclesiastic had been released from a dreadful dungeon by a fortunate fever. The holy office, however, not content with punishing his corpse, wreaked also an impotent and ludicrous malice upon his effigy. A stuffed figure, attired in his robes and with its arms extended in the attitude which was habitual with him in prayer, was placed upon the scaffold among the living victims, and then cast into the flames, that bigotry might enjoy a fantastic triumph over the grave.

Such were the religious ceremonies with which Philip celebrated his escape from shipwreck, and his marriage with Elizabeth of France, immediately afterwards solemnized. These human victims, chained and burning at the stake, were the blazing torches which lighted the monarch to his nuptial couch.

Part II

ADMINISTRATION OF THE DUCHESS MARGARET

1559–1567

CHAPTER I

THE SISTER OF PHILIP

Margaret of Parma, newly appointed Regent of the Netherlands, was the natural daughter of Charles the Fifth, and his eldest born child. Her mother, of a respectable family called Van der Genst, in Oudenarde, had been adopted and brought up by the distinguished house of Hoogstraaten. Peculiar circumstances, not necessary to relate at length, had palliated the fault to which Margaret owed her imperial origin, and gave the child almost a legitimate claim upon its father's protection. The claim was honorably acknowledged. Margaret was in her infancy placed by the Emperor in the charge of his paternal aunt, Margaret of Savoy, then Regent of the provinces. Upon the death of that princess, the child was intrusted to the care of the Emperor's sister, Mary, Queen Dowager of Hungary, who had succeeded to the government, and who occupied it until the abdication. The huntress-queen communicated her tastes to her youthful niece, and Margaret soon outrivalled her instructress in the ardor with which she pursued the stag and in courageous horsemanship. She was married at twelve to the Pope's nephew, Alexander de Medici, but was left a widow within a year, through the assassination of her profligate husband by his kinsman, Lorenzino de Medici. A few years later she was united to an immature youth of thirteen, Ottavio Farnese, nephew of Pope Paul the Third. Their union was blessed with twins, one of whom became the famous Alexander of Parma.

Various considerations pointed her out to Philip as a suitable person for the office of Regent, although there

seemed some mystery about the appointment which demanded explanation. It was thought that her birth would make her acceptable to the people; but perhaps the secret reason with Philip was that she alone of all other candidates would be amenable to the control of the churchman in whose hand he intended placing the real administration of the provinces. Moreover, her husband was very desirous that the citadel of Piacenza, still garrisoned by Spanish troops, should be surrendered to him. Philip was disposed to conciliate the Duke, but unwilling to give up the fortress. He felt that Ottavio would be flattered by the nomination of his wife to so important an office, and be not too much dissatisfied at finding himself relieved for a time from her imperious fondness. Her residence in the Netherlands would guarantee domestic tranquillity to her husband, and peace in Italy to the King. Margaret would be a hostage for the fidelity of the Duke, who had, moreover, given his eldest son to Philip to be educated in his service.

She was about thirty-seven years of age when she arrived in the Netherlands, with the reputation of possessing high talents, and a proud and energetic character. She was an enthusiastic Catholic, and had sat at the feet of Loyola, who had been her confessor and spiritual guide. She felt a greater horror for heretics than for any other species of malefactors, and looked up to her father's bloody edicts as if they had been special revelations from on high. She was most strenuous in her observance of Roman rites, and was accustomed to wash the feet of twelve virgins every holy week, and to endow them in marriage afterwards.

Carefully educated in the Machiavelian and Medicean school of politics, she was versed in that "dissimulation" to which liberal Anglo-Saxons give a shorter name, but which formed the main substance of statesmanship at the court of Charles and Philip. In other respects her accomplishments were but meagre, and she had little acquaintance with any language but Italian. Her personal appearance, which was masculine, but not without a certain grand and imperial fascination, harmonized with the opin-

MARGARET OF PARMA

ion generally entertained of her character. The famous mustache upon her upper lip was supposed to indicate authority and virility of purpose, an impression which was confirmed by the circumstance that she was liable to severe attacks of gout, a disorder usually considered more appropriate to the sterner sex.

The members of the state council, as already observed, were Berlaymont, Viglius, Arras, Orange, and Egmont.

The first was, likewise, chief of the finance department. Most of the Catholic writers describe him as a noble of loyal and highly honorable character. Those of the Protestant party, on the contrary, uniformly denounce him as greedy, avaricious, and extremly sanguinary. That he was a brave and devoted soldier, a bitter papist, and an inflexible adherent to the royal cause, has never been disputed. The Baron himself, with his four courageous and accomplished sons, were ever in the front ranks to defend the crown against the nation.

Viglius van Aytta van Zuichem was a learned Frisian, born, according to some writers, of "boors' degree, but having no inclination for boorish work." According to other authorities, which the president himself favored, he was of noble origin ; but, whatever his race, it is certain that whether gentle or simple, it derived its first and only historical illustration from his remarkable talents and acquirements. These in early youth were so great as to acquire the commendation of Erasmus. He had studied in Louvain, Paris, and Padua, had refused the tutorship of Philip when that prince was still a child, and had afterwards filled a professorship at Ingolstadt. After rejecting several offers of promotion from the Emperor, he had at last accepted in 1542 a seat in the council of Mechlin, of which body he had become president in 1545. He had been one of the peace commissioners to France in 1558, and was now president of the privy council, a member of the state council, and of the inner and secret committee of that board, called the Consulta. Much odium was attached to his name for his share in the composition of the famous edict of 1550. The rough draught was usually attributed to his pen, but he complained bitterly, in letters written

at this time, of injustice done him in this respect, and maintained that he had endeavored, without success, to induce the Emperor to mitigate the severity of the edict. One does not feel very strongly inclined to accept his excuses, however, when his general opinions on the subject of religion are remembered. He was most bigoted in precept and practice. Religious liberty he regarded as the most detestable and baleful of doctrines; heresy he denounced as the most unpardonable of crimes.

The president was naturally anxious that the fold of Christ should be intrusted to none but regular shepherds, for he looked forward to taking one of the most lucrative crooks into his own hand when he should retire from his secular career.

It is now necessary to say a few introductory words concerning the man who, from this time forth, begins to rise upon the history of his country with daily increasing grandeur and influence. William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, although still young in years, is already the central personage about whom the events and the characters of the epoch most naturally group themselves; destined as he is to become more and more with each succeeding year the vivifying source of light, strength, and national life to a whole people.

The Nassau family first emerges into distinct existence in the middle of the eleventh century. It divides itself almost as soon as known into two great branches. The elder remained in Germany, ascended the imperial throne in the thirteenth century in the person of Adolph of Nassau, and gave to the country many electors, bishops, and generals. The younger and more illustrious branch retained the modest property and petty sovereignty of Nassau-Dillenburg, but at the same time transplanted itself to the Netherlands, where it attained at an early period to great power and large possessions. The ancestors of William, as Dukes of Gueldres, had begun to exercise sovereignty in the provinces four centuries before the advent of the house of Burgundy. That overshadowing family afterwards numbered the Netherland Nassaus among its most stanch and powerful adherents. Engelbert the Sec-

ond was distinguished in the turbulent councils and in the battle-fields of Charles the Bold, and was afterwards the unwavering supporter of Maximilian in court and camp. Dying childless, he was succeeded by his brother John, whose two sons, Henry and William of Nassau, divided the great inheritance after their father's death. William succeeded to the German estates, became a convert to Protestantism, and introduced the Reformation into his dominions. Henry, the elder son, received the family possessions and titles in Luxemburg, Brabant, Flanders, and Holland, and distinguished himself as much as his uncle Engelbert in the service of the Burgundo-Austrian house. The confidential friend of Charles the Fifth, whose governor he had been in that emperor's boyhood, he was ever his most efficient and reliable adherent. It was he whose influence placed the imperial crown upon the head of Charles. In 1515 he espoused Claudia de Châlons, sister of Prince Philibert of Orange, "in order," as he wrote to his father, "to be obedient to his imperial Majesty, to please the King of France, *and more particularly for the sake of his own honor and profit.*" His son René de Nassau-Châlons succeeded Philibert. The little principality of Orange, so pleasantly situated between Provence and Dauphiny, but in such dangerous proximity to the seat of the "Babylonian captivity" of the Popes at Avignon, thus passed to the family of Nassau. The title was of high antiquity. Already in the reign of Charlemagne, Guillaume au Court-Nez, or "William with the Short Nose," had defended the little town of Orange against the assaults of the Saracens. The interest and authority acquired in the demesnes thus preserved by his valor became extensive, and in process of time hereditary in his race. The principality became an absolute and free sovereignty, and had already descended, in defiance of the Salic law, through the three distinct families of Orange, Baux, and Châlons.

In 1544, Prince René died at the Emperor's feet in the trenches of Saint Dizier. Having no legitimate children, he left all his titles and estates to his cousin-german, William of Nassau, son of his father's brother William, who thus at the age of eleven years became William the

Ninth of Orange. For this child, whom the future was to summon to such high destinies and such heroic sacrifices, the past and present seemed to have gathered riches and power together from many sources. He was the descendant of the Ottos, the Engelberts, and the Henrys, of the Netherlands; the representative of the Philiberts and the Renés of France; the chief of a house, humbler in resources and position in Germany, but still of high rank, and which had already done good service to humanity by being among the first to embrace the great principles of the Reformation.

His father, younger brother of the Emperor's friend Henry, was called William the Rich. He was, however, only rich in children. Of these he had five sons and seven daughters by his wife Juliana of Stolberg. She was a person of most exemplary character and unaffected piety. She instilled into the minds of all her children the elements of that devotional sentiment which was her own striking characteristic, and it was destined that the seed sown early should increase to an abundant harvest. Nothing can be more tender or more touching than the letters which still exist from her hand, written to her illustrious sons in hours of anxiety or anguish, and to the last recommending to them with as much earnest simplicity as if they were still little children at her knee, to rely always, in the midst of the trials and dangers which were to beset their paths through life, upon the great hand of God. Among the mothers of great men Juliana of Stolberg deserves a foremost place, and it is no slight eulogy that she was worthy to have been the mother of William of Orange and of Louis, Adolphus, Henry, and John of Nassau.

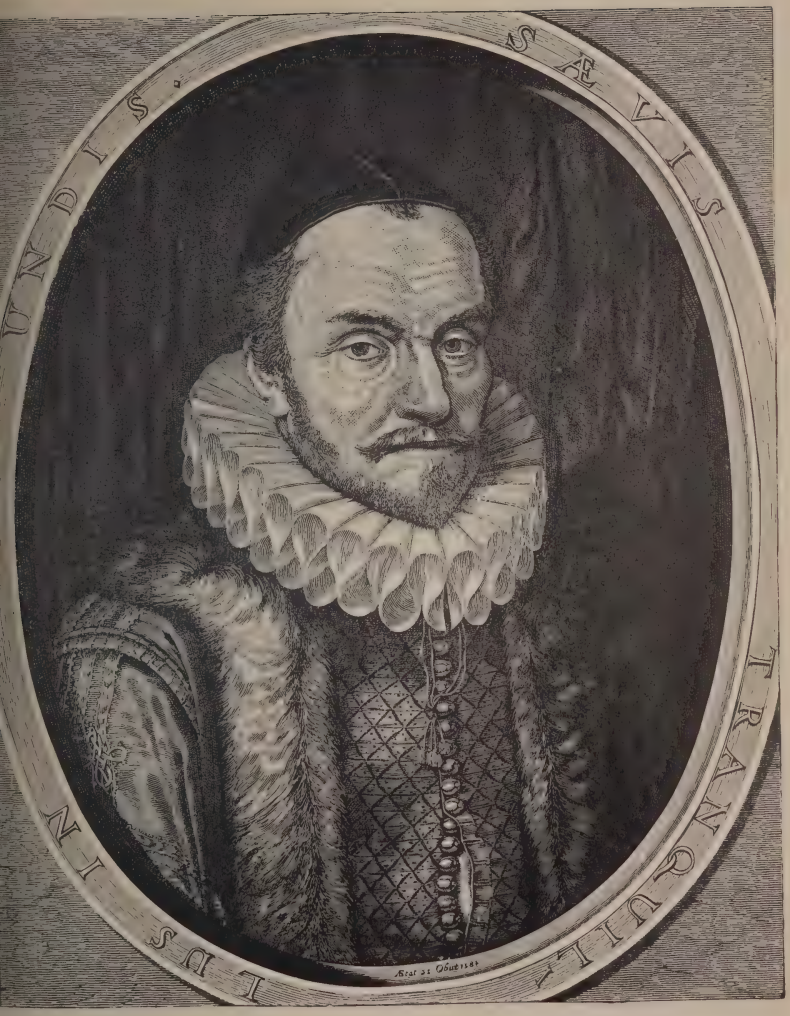
At the age of eleven years, William having thus unexpectedly succeeded to such great possessions, was sent from his father's roof to be educated in Brussels. No destiny seemed to lie before the young Prince but an education at the Emperor's court, to be followed by military adventures, embassies, viceroyalties, and a life of luxury and magnificence. At a very early age he came, accordingly, as a page into the Emperor's family. Charles recognized, with his customary quickness, the remarkable character

of the boy. At fifteen, William was the intimate, almost confidential, friend of the Emperor, who prided himself, above all other gifts, on his power of reading and of using men. The youth was so constant an attendant upon his imperial chief that even when interviews with the highest personages, and upon the gravest affairs, were taking place, Charles would never suffer him to be considered superfluous or intrusive. There seemed to be no secrets which the Emperor held too high for the comprehension or discretion of his page. His perceptive and reflective faculties, naturally of remarkable keenness and depth, thus acquired a precocious and extraordinary development. He was brought up behind the curtain of that great stage where the world's dramas were daily enacted. The machinery and the masks which produced the grand delusions of history had no deceptions for him. Carefully to observe men's actions, and silently to ponder upon their motives, was the favorite occupation of the Prince during his apprenticeship at court. As he advanced to man's estate, he was selected by the Emperor for the highest duties. Charles, whose only merit, so far as the provinces were concerned, was in having been born in Ghent, and that by an ignoble accident, was glad to employ this representative of so many great Netherland houses in the defence of the land. Before the Prince was twenty-one he was appointed general-in-chief of the army on the French frontier, in the absence of the Duke of Savoy. The young Prince acquitted himself of his high command in a manner which justified his appointment.

It was the Prince's shoulder upon which the Emperor leaned at the abdication; the Prince's hand which bore the imperial insignia of the discrowned monarch to Ferdinand, at Augsburg. With these duties his relations with Charles were ended and those with Philip begun. He was with the army during the hostilities which were soon after resumed in Picardy; he was the secret negotiator of the preliminary arrangement with France, soon afterwards confirmed by the triumphant treaty of April, 1559. He had conducted these initiatory conferences with the Constable Montmorency and Marshal de Saint André with

great sagacity, although hardly a man in years, and by so doing he had laid Philip under deep obligations.

With so great impatience for peace on the part of Philip, it certainly manifested diplomatic abilities of a high character in the Prince that the treaty negotiated by him amounted to a capitulation by France. He was one of the hostages selected by Henry for the due execution of the treaty, and while in France made that remarkable discovery which was to color his life. While hunting with the King in the forest of Vincennes, the Prince and Henry found themselves alone together, and separated from the rest of the company. The French monarch's mind was full of the great scheme which had just secretly been formed by Philip and himself, to extirpate Protestantism by a general extirpation of Protestants. Philip had been most anxious to conclude the public treaty with France, that he might be the sooner able to negotiate that secret convention by which he and his Most Christian Majesty were solemnly to bind themselves to massacre all the converts to the new religion in France and the Netherlands. This conspiracy of the two Kings against their subjects was the matter nearest the hearts of both. The Duke of Alva, a fellow hostage with William of Orange, was the plenipotentiary to conduct this more important arrangement. The French monarch, somewhat imprudently imagining that the Prince was also a party to the plot, opened the whole subject to him without reserve. He proceeded, with cynical minuteness, to lay before his discreet companion the particulars of the royal plot, and the manner in which all heretics, whether high or humble, were to be discovered and massacred at the most convenient season. For the furtherance of the scheme in the Netherlands, it was understood that the Spanish regiments would be exceedingly efficient. The Prince, although horror-struck and indignant at the royal revelations, held his peace and kept his countenance. The King was not aware that, in opening this delicate negotiation to Alva's colleague and Philip's plenipotentiary, he had given a warning of inestimable value to the man who had been born to resist the machinations of Philip and of Alva.



WILLIAM THE SILENT, PRINCE OF ORANGE

William of Orange earned the surname of The Silent from the manner in which he received these communications of Henry without revealing to the monarch, by word or look, the enormous blunder which he had committed. His purpose was fixed from that hour. A few days afterwards he obtained permission to visit the Netherlands, where he took measures to excite, with all his influence, the strongest and most general opposition to the continued presence of the Spanish troops, of which forces, much against his will, he had been, in conjunction with Egmont, appointed chief. He already felt, in his own language, that "an inquisition for the Netherlands had been resolved upon more cruel than that of Spain, since it would need but to look askance at an image to be cast into the flames." Although having as yet no spark of religious sympathy for the reformers, he could not, he said, "but feel compassion for so many virtuous men and women thus devoted to massacre," and he determined to save them if he could.

At the departure of Philip he had received instructions, both patent and secret, for his guidance as stadholder of Holland, Friesland, and Utrecht. He was ordered "most expressly to correct and extirpate the sects reprobated by our Holy Mother Church; to execute the edicts of his imperial Majesty, renewed by the King, with absolute rigor. He was to see that the judges carried out the edicts, *without infraction, alteration, or moderation,* since they were there to enforce, not to make or to discuss the law." In his secret instructions he was informed that the execution of the edicts was to be with all rigor, and without any respect of persons. He was also reminded that, whereas some persons had imagined the severity of the law "to be only intended against Anabaptists, on the contrary, the edicts were to be enforced on Lutherans and all other sectaries without distinction." Moreover, in one of his last interviews with Philip, the King had given him the names of several "excellent persons suspected of the new religion," and had commanded him to have them put to death. This, however, he not only omitted to do, but on the contrary gave them warning, so that they might

effect their escape, "thinking it more necessary to obey God than man."

William of Orange, at the departure of the King for Spain, was in his twenty-seventh year. He was a widower, his first wife, Anne of Egmont, having died in 1558, after seven years of wedlock. This lady, to whom he had been united when they were both eighteen years of age, was the daughter of the celebrated general, Count de Buren, and the greatest heiress in the Netherlands. William had thus been faithful to the family traditions, and had increased his possessions by a wealthy alliance. He had two children, Philip and Mary. The marriage had been more amicable than princely marriages arranged for convenience often prove. The letters of the Prince to his wife indicate tenderness and contentment.

We are not to regard William of Orange, thus on the threshold of his great career, by the light diffused from a somewhat later period. In no historical character more remarkably than in his is the law of constant development and progress illustrated. At twenty-six he is not the "*pater patriæ*," the great man struggling upward and onward against a host of enemies and obstacles almost beyond human strength, and along the dark and dangerous path leading through conflict, privation, and ceaseless labor to no repose but death. On the contrary, his foot was hardly on the first step of that difficult ascent which was to rise before him all his lifetime. He was still among the primrose paths. He was rich, powerful, of sovereign rank. He had only the germs within him of what was thereafter to expand into moral and intellectual greatness. He had small sympathy for the religious reformation, of which he was to be one of the most distinguished champions. He was a Catholic, nominally and in outward observance. With doctrines he troubled himself but little. He had given orders to enforce conformity to the ancient Church, not with bloodshed, yet with comparative strictness, in his principality of Orange. Beyond the compliance with rites and forms, thought indispensable in those days to a personage of such high degree, he did not occupy himself with theology. He was a Catholic,

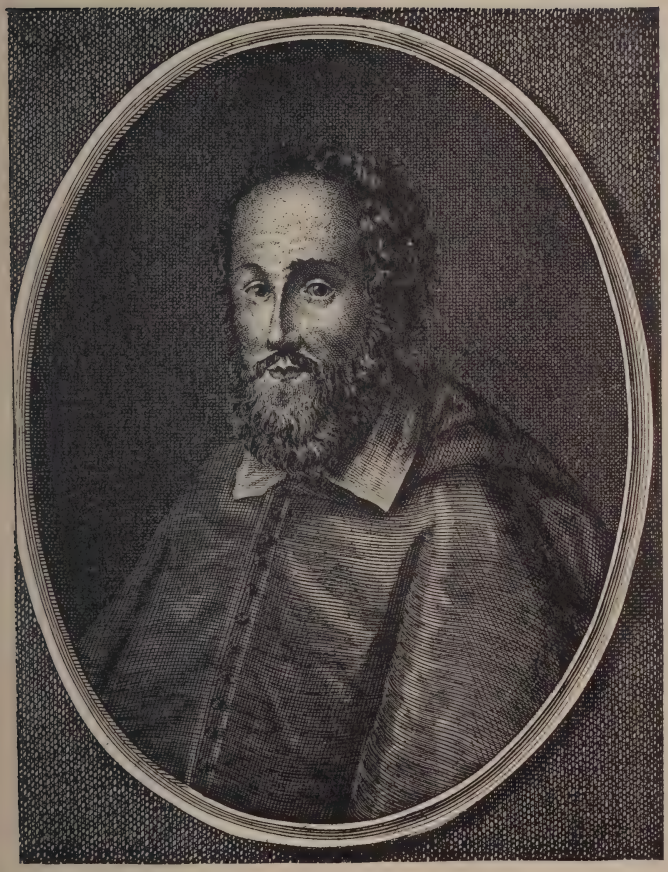
as Egmont and Horn, Berlaymont and Mansfeld, Montigny and even Brederode, were Catholic. It was only tanners, dyers, and apostate priests who were Protestants at that day in the Netherlands. His determination to protect a multitude of his harmless inferiors from horrible deaths did not proceed from sympathy with their religious sentiments, but merely from a generous and manly detestation of murder. He carefully averted his mind from sacred matters. If, indeed, the seed implanted by his pious parents were really the germ of his future conversion to Protestantism, it must be confessed that it lay dormant a long time. But his mind was in other pursuits. He was disposed for an easy, joyous, luxurious, princely life. Banquets, masquerades, tournaments, the chase, interspersed with the routine of official duties, civil and military, seemed likely to fill out his life. His hospitality, like his fortune, was almost regal. While the King and the foreign envoys were still in the Netherlands, his house, the splendid Nassau palace of Brussels, was ever open. He entertained for the monarch, who was, or who imagined himself to be, too poor to discharge his own duties in this respect, but he entertained at his own expense. This splendid household was still continued. Twenty-four noblemen and eighteen pages of gentle birth officiated regularly in his family.

Such, then, at the beginning of 1560, was William of Orange; a generous, stately, magnificent, powerful grandee. As a military commander he had acquitted himself very creditably of highly important functions at an early age. Nevertheless, it was the opinion of many persons that he was of a timid temperament. There is no doubt that caution was a predominant characteristic of the Prince. It was one of the chief sources of his greatness. At that period—perhaps at any period—he would have been incapable of such brilliant and dashing exploits as had made the name of Egmont so famous. It had even become a proverb, "the counsel of Orange, the execution of Egmont"; yet we shall have occasion to see how far this physical promptness which had been so felicitous upon the battlefield was likely to avail the hero of Saint-

Quentin in the great political combat which was approaching.

As to the talents of the Prince, there was no difference of opinion. His enemies never contested the subtlety and breadth of his intellect, his adroitness and capacity in conducting state affairs, his knowledge of human nature, and the profoundness of his views. In many respects it must be confessed that his surname of The Silent, like many similar appellations, was a misnomer. William of Orange was neither "silent" nor "taciturn," yet these are the epithets which will be forever associated with the name of a man who, in private, was the most affable, cheerful, and delightful of companions, and who on a thousand great public occasions was to prove himself, both by pen and by speech, the most eloquent man of his age. His mental accomplishments were considerable. He had studied history with attention, and he spoke and wrote with facility Latin, French, German, Flemish, and Spanish.

The man, however, in whose hands the administration of the Netherlands was in reality placed was Anthony Perrenot, then Bishop of Arras, soon to be known by the more celebrated title of Cardinal Granvelle. He was the chief of the Consulta, or secret council of three, by whose deliberations the Duchess Regent was to be governed. His father, Nicholas Perrenot, of an obscure family in Burgundy, had been long the favorite minister and man of business to the Emperor Charles. Anthony, the eldest of thirteen children, was born in 1517. He was early distinguished for his talents. He studied at Dôle, Padua, Paris, and Louvain. At the age of twenty he spoke seven languages with perfect facility, while his acquaintance with civil and ecclesiastical laws was considered prodigious. At the age of twenty-three he became a canon of Liege Cathedral. The necessary eight quarters of gentility produced upon that occasion have accordingly been displayed by his panegyrists in triumphant refutation of that theory which gave him a blacksmith for his grandfather. At the same period, although he had not reached the requisite age, the rich bishopric of Arras had already



CARDINAL GRANVELLE

been prepared for him by his father's care. Three years afterwards, in 1543, he distinguished himself by a most learned and brilliant harangue before the Council of Trent, by which display he so much charmed the Emperor that he created him councillor of state. A few years afterwards he rendered the unscrupulous Charles still more valuable proofs of devotion and dexterity by the part he played in the memorable imprisonment of the Landgrave of Hesse and the Saxon Dukes. He was thereafter constantly employed in embassies and other offices of trust and profit.

There was no doubt as to his profound and varied learning, nor as to his natural quickness and dexterity. He was ready-witted, smooth and fluent of tongue, fertile in expedients, courageous, resolute. He thoroughly understood the art of managing men, particularly his superiors. He knew how to govern under the appearance of obeying. He possessed exquisite tact in appreciating the characters of those far above him in rank and beneath him in intellect. He could accommodate himself with great readiness to the idiosyncrasies of sovereigns. He was a chameleon to the hand which fed him. In his intercourse with the King, he colored himself, as it were, with the King's character. He was not himself, but Philip; not the sullen, hesitating, confused Philip however, but Philip endowed with eloquence, readiness, facility. The King ever found himself anticipated with the most delicate obsequiousness, beheld his struggling ideas change into "winged words" without ceasing to be his own. No flattery could be more adroit. The Bishop accommodated himself to the King's epistolary habits. The silver-tongued and ready debater substituted protocols for conversations, in deference to a monarch who could not speak. He corresponded with Philip, with Margaret of Parma, with every one. He wrote folios to the Duchess when they were in the same palace. He would write letters forty pages long to the King, and send off another courier on the same day with two or three additional despatches of identical date. Such prolixity enchanted the King, whose greediness for business epistles was insatiable.

The aspect of the country and its inhabitants offered many sharp contrasts, and revealed many sources of future trouble.

The aristocracy of the Netherlands was excessively extravagant, dissipated, and already considerably embarrassed in circumstances. It had been the policy of the Emperor and of Philip to confer high offices, civil, military, and diplomatic, upon the leading nobles, by which enormous expenses were entailed upon them without any corresponding salaries. The case of Orange has been already alluded to, and there were many other nobles less able to afford the expense who had been indulged with these ruinous honors. During the war there had been, however, many chances of bettering broken fortunes. Victory brought immense prizes to the leading officers. The ransoms of so many illustrious prisoners as had graced the triumphs of Saint-Quentin and Gravelines had been extremly profitable. These sources of wealth had now been cut off; yet, on the departure of the King from the Netherlands, the luxury increased instead of diminishing. "Instead of one court," said a contemporary, "you would have said that there were fifty." A rivalry in hospitality and in display began among the highest nobles, and extended to those less able to maintain themselves in the contest. During the war there had been the valiant emulation of the battle-field; gentlemen had vied with one another how best to illustrate an ancient name with deeds of desperate valor, to repair the fortunes of a ruined house with the spoils of war. Each now sought to surpass the other in splendid extravagance. It was an eager competition who should build the stateliest palaces, have the greatest number of noble pages and gentlemen-in-waiting, the most gorgeous liveries, the most hospitable tables, the most scientific cooks. There was, also, much depravity as well as extravagance. The morals of high society were loose. Gaming was practised to a frightful extent. Drunkenness was a prevailing characteristic of the higher classes. Even the Prince of Orange himself, at this period, although never addicted to habitual excess, was extremely convivial in his tastes, tolerating scenes and

companions not likely at a later day to find much favor in his sight. "We kept Saint Martin's joyously," he wrote, at about this period, to his brother, "and in the most jovial company. Brederode was one day in such a state that I thought he would certainly die, but he has now got over it." Count Brederode, soon afterwards to become so conspicuous in the early scenes of the revolt, was, in truth, most notorious for his performances in these banqueting scenes. He appeared to have vowed as uncompromising hostility to cold water as to the inquisition, and always denounced both with the same fierce and ludicrous vehemence.

Their constant connection with Germany at that period did not improve the sobriety of the Netherlands nobles. The aristocracy of that country, as is well known, were most "potent at potting." "When the German finds himself sober," said the bitter Badovaro, "he believes himself to be ill." Gladly, since the peace, they had welcomed the opportunities afforded for many a deep carouse with their Netherlands cousins. The approaching marriage of the Prince of Orange with the Saxon princess—an episode which will soon engage our attention — gave rise to tremendous orgies. Count Schwartzburg, the Prince's brother-in-law, and one of the negotiators of the marriage, found many occasions to strengthen the bonds of harmony between the countries by indulgence of these common tastes. "I have had many princes and counts at my table," he wrote to Orange, "where a good deal more was drunk than eaten. The Rhinegrave's brother fell down dead after drinking too much malvoisie; but we have had him balsamed and sent home to his family."

If these were the characteristics of the most distinguished society, it may be supposed that they were reproduced with more or less intensity throughout all the more remote but concentric circles of life, as far as the seductive splendor of the court could radiate. The lesser nobles emulated the grandees, and vied with one another in splendid establishments, banquets, masquerades, and equipages. The natural consequences of such extravagance followed. Their estates were mortgaged, deeply

and more deeply; then, after a few years, sold to the merchants, or rich advocates and other gentlemen of the robe, to whom they had been pledged. The more closely ruin stared the victims in the face, the more heedlessly did they plunge into excesses. Many of the nobles being thus embarrassed, and some even desperate, in their condition, it was thought that they were desirous of creating disturbances in the commonwealth, that the payment of just debts might be avoided, that their mortgaged lands might be wrested by main force from the low-born individuals who had become possessed of them, that, in particular, the rich abbey lands held by idle priests might be appropriated to the use of impoverished gentlemen who could turn them to so much better account. It is quite probable that interested motives such as these were not entirely inactive among a comparatively small class of gentlemen.

These circumstances and sentiments had their influence among the causes which produced the great revolt now impending. Care should be taken, however, not to exaggerate that influence. It is a prodigious mistake to refer this great historical event to sources so insufficient as the ambition of a few great nobles, and the embarrassments of a larger number of needy gentlemen. The Netherlands revolt was not an aristocratic, but a popular, although certainly not a democratic movement. It was a great episode—the longest, the darkest, the bloodiest, the most important episode in the history of the religious reformation in Europe. The nobles, so conspicuous upon the surface at the outbreak, only drifted before a storm which they neither caused nor controlled.

For the state of the people was very different from the condition of the aristocracy. The period of martyrdom had lasted long, and was to last longer; but there were symptoms that it might one day be succeeded by a more active stage of popular disease. The tumults were long in ripening; when the final outbreak came it would have been more philosophical to inquire, not why it had occurred, but how it could have been so long postponed. In the Netherlands, where the attachment to Rome had

never been intense, where in the old times the Bishops of Utrecht had been rather Ghibelline than Guelph, where all the earlier sects of dissenters—Waldenses, Lollards, Hussites—had found numerous converts and thousands of martyrs, it was inevitable that there should be a response from the popular heart to the deeper agitation which now reached to the very core of Christendom. In those provinces, so industrious and energetic, the disgust was likely to be most easily awakened for a system under which so many friars battened in luxury upon the toil of others, contributing nothing to the taxation nor to the military defence of the country, exercising no productive avocation, except their trade in indulgences, and squandering in taverns and brothels the annual sums derived from their traffic in licenses to commit murder, incest, and every other crime known to humanity.

The people were numerous, industrious, accustomed for centuries to a state of comparative civil freedom, and to a lively foreign trade, by which their minds were saved from the stagnation of bigotry. It was natural that they should begin to generalize, and to pass from the concrete images presented them in the Flemish monasteries to the abstract character of Rome itself. The Flemish, above all their other qualities, were a commercial nation. Commerce was the mother of their freedom, so far as they had acquired it, in civil matters. It was struggling to give birth to a larger liberty, to freedom of conscience. The provinces were situated in the very heart of Europe. The blood of a world-wide traffic was daily coursing through the thousand arteries of that water-inwoven territory. There was a mutual exchange between the Netherlands and all the world, and ideas were as liberally interchanged as goods. Truth was imported as freely as less precious merchandise. The psalms of Marot were as current as the drugs of Molucca or the diamonds of Borneo. The prohibitory measures of a despotic government could not annihilate this intellectual trade, nor could bigotry devise an effective quarantine to exclude the religious pest which lurked in every bale of merchandise, and was wafted on every breeze from east and west.

The edicts of the Emperor had been endured but not accepted. The horrible persecution under which so many thousands had sunk had produced its inevitable result. Fertilized by all this innocent blood, the soil of the Netherlands became as a watered garden, in which liberty, civil and religious, was to flourish perennially. The scaffold had its daily victims, but did not make a single convert. The statistics of these crimes will perhaps never be accurately adjusted, nor will it be ascertained whether the famous estimate of Grotius was an exaggerated or an inadequate calculation.* Those who love horrible details may find ample material. The chronicles contain the lists of these obscure martyrs; but their names, hardly pronounced in their lifetime, sound barbarously in our ears, and will never ring through the trumpet of fame. Yet they were men who dared and suffered as much as men can dare and suffer in this world, and for the noblest cause which can inspire humanity.

Thus, the people of the Netherlands were already pervaded, throughout the whole extent of the country, with the expanding spirit of religious reformation. It was inevitable that sooner or later an explosion was to arrive. They were placed between two great countries where the new principles had already taken root. The Lutheranism of Germany and the Calvinism of France had each its share in producing the Netherland revolt, but a mistake is

* How many genuine martyrs suffered death in the Netherlands for conscience sake? How many were tortured, "not accepting deliverance"? The traditional statement of "one hundred thousand," and these "under one reign," copied in the popular books of reference, is from Grotius. It must either cover the cases of those slain in war at the massacres and sieges, or else it must be reduced by critical revision before acceptance by historical science. Even Gibbon declares that "the number of Protestants who were executed by the Spaniards in a single province and a single reign far exceeded that of the primitive martyrs in the space of three centuries and of the Roman Empire."—*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, end of Chapter XVI. The figures of Grotius need the elision of at least one cipher. Wilde and Blok, going to the opposite extreme, do not find one thousand genuine martyrs who suffered death simply on account of their belief! See P. J. Blok, *Geschiedenis der Nederlandsche Volk*, Vol. II., page 474.

perhaps often made in estimating the relative proportion of these several influences. The Reformation first entered the provinces, not through the Augsburg, but the Huguenot gate.* The fiery field-preachers from the south of France first inflamed the excitable hearts of the kindred population of the southwestern Netherlands. The Walloons were the first to rebel against and the first to reconcile themselves with papal Rome, exactly as their Celtic ancestors, fifteen centuries earlier, had been foremost in the revolt against imperial Rome, and precipitate in their submission to her overshadowing power. The Batavians, slower to be moved, but more steadfast, retained the impulse which they received from the same source which was already agitating their "Welsh" compatriots. There were already French preachers at Valenciennes and Tournai, to be followed, as we shall have occasion to see, by many others. Without undervaluing the influence of the German Churches, and particularly of the garrison-preaching of the German military chaplains in the Netherlands, it may be safely asserted that the early Reformers of the provinces were mainly Huguenots in their belief. The

* Whence and how were the Netherlands first leavened with the truth which appears to plain men reading the Bible? Or, who first brought the doctrines of the Reformation into the Low Countries? Were they the Anabaptists, Lutherans, or Calvinists? While Motley's statements are carefully made and accurate in the main, yet in reality there were three great streams of influence in the Dutch Reformation, and the first of all was that of the Anabaptists, so called. These plain readers of the Bible permeated the lower strata of society and furnished the larger number of martyrs in the first decade of persecution. The Lutheran movement was confined chiefly to the more prosperous mercantile classes. The Calvinistic doctrines, being in subtle harmony with the Dutch character, finally won the heart and mind of the nation at large, especially in the Dutch republic. The Anabaptists, so called, were more numerous in the northern Netherlands, but theirs was the pristine Protestantism. The first "Puritan Fathers of the Dutch republic" neither called themselves, nor were called, after Luther or Calvin, but by themselves were known as "Brethren," and by enemies as "Anabaptists." That "the Reformation first entered the provinces" not by the Augsburg or by the Geneva gate, but by that looking towards Switzerland, is demonstrated in Dr. J. G. de Hoop Scheffer's *Geschiedenis der Kerkhervorming in Nederland, van haar onstaan to* 1531. Amsterdam, 1873. See also pages 53–54.

Dutch Church became, accordingly, not Lutheran, but Calvinistic, and the founder of the commonwealth hardly ceased to be a nominal Catholic before he became an adherent to the same creed.

In the mean time, it is more natural to regard the great movement, psychologically speaking, as a whole, whether it revealed itself in France, Germany, the Netherlands, England, or Scotland. The policy of governments, national character, individual interest, and other collateral circumstances, modified the result; but the great cause was the same; the source of all the movements was elemental, natural, and single. The Reformation in Germany had been adjourned for half a century by the Augsburg religious peace, just concluded. It was held in suspense in France through the Machiavelian policy which Catharine de Medici had just adopted, and was for several years to prosecute, of balancing one party against the other, so as to neutralize all power but her own. The great contest was accordingly transferred to the Netherlands, to be fought out for the rest of the century, while the whole of Christendom was to look anxiously for the result. From the east and from the west the clouds rolled away, leaving a comparatively bright and peaceful atmosphere, only that they might concentrate themselves with portentous blackness over the devoted soil of the Netherlands. In Germany, the princes, not the people, had conquered Rome, and to the princes, not the people, were secured the benefits of the victory — the spoils of churches and the right to worship according to conscience. The people had the right to conform to their ruler's creed or to depart from his land. Still, as a matter of fact, many of the princes being Reformers, a large mass of the population had acquired the privilege for their own generation and that of their children to practise that religion which they actually approved. This was a fact, and a more comfortable one than the necessity of choosing between what they considered wicked idolatry and the stake—the only election left to their Netherland brethren. In France, the accidental splinter from Montgomery's lance had deferred the Huguenot massacre for a dozen

years. During the period in which the Queen Regent was resolved to play her fast-and-loose policy, all the persuasions of Philip and the arts of Alva were powerless to induce her to carry out the scheme which Henry had revealed to Orange in the forest of Vincennes. When the crime came at last it was as blundering as it was bloody; at once premeditated and accidental; the isolated execution of an interregal conspiracy, existing for half a generation, yet exploding without concert; a wholesale massacre, but a piecemeal plot.

The aristocracy and the masses being thus, from a variety of causes, in this agitated and dangerous condition, what were the measures of the government?

The edict of 1550 had been re-enacted immediately after Philip's accession to sovereignty.

"No one," said the edict, "shall print, write, copy, keep, conceal, sell, buy, or give in churches, streets, or other places, any book or writing made by Martin Luther, John Ecolampadius, Ulrich Zuinglius, Martin Bucer, John Calvin, or other heretics reprobated by the Holy Church; * * * nor break or otherwise injure the images of the holy virgin or canonized saints; * * * nor in his house hold conventicles or illegal gatherings, or be present at any such in which the adherents of the above-mentioned heretics teach, baptize, and form conspiracies against the Holy Church and the general welfare. * * * Moreover, we forbid," continues the edict in name of the sovereign, "all lay persons *to converse or dispute concerning* the Holy Scriptures, openly or secretly, especially on any doubtful or difficult matters, or *to read*, *teach*, or *expound* the *Scriptures*, unless they have duly studied theology and been approved by some renowned university; * * * or to preach secretly or openly, or to *entertain* any of *the opinions* of the above-mentioned heretics; * * * on pain, should any one be found to have contravened any of the points above-mentioned, as perturbators of our state and of the general quiet, of being punished.

"That such perturbators of the general quiet are to be executed, to wit: the men with the sword and the women to be buried alive, if they *do not* persist in their errors;

if they do persist in them, then they are to be executed with fire; all their property in both cases being confiscated to the crown."

Treachery to one's friends was encouraged by the provision, "that if any man being present at any secret conventicle shall afterwards come forward and betray his fellow-members of the congregation, he shall receive full pardon."

In order that neither the good people of the Netherlands nor the judges and inquisitors should delude themselves with the notion that these fanatic decrees were only intended to inspire terror, not for practical execution, the sovereign continued to ordain—"to the end that the judges and officers may have no reason, under pretext that the penalties are too great and heavy and only devised to terrify delinquents, to punish them less severely than they deserve—that the culprits be really punished by the penalties above declared; forbidding all judges to alter or moderate the penalties in any manner—*forbidding any one,* of whatsoever condition, to *ask of us,* or of any one having authority, *to grant pardon,* or to present any petition in favor of such heretics, exiles, or fugitives, on penalty of being declared forever incapable of civil and military office, and of being arbitrarily punished besides."

Such were the leading provisions of this famous edict, originally promulgated in 1550 as a recapitulation and condensation of all the previous ordinances of the Emperor upon religious subjects. By its style and title it was a perpetual edict, and, according to one of its clauses, was to be published forever, once in every six months, in every city and village of the Netherlands. It had been promulgated at Augsburg, where the Emperor was holding a diet, upon the 25th of September.

As an additional security for the supremacy of the ancient religion, it had been thought desirable that the number of bishops should be increased. There were but four sees in the Netherlands, those of Arras, Cambrai, Tournay, and Utrecht. That of Utrecht was within the archiepiscopate of Cologne; the other three were within that of Rheims. It seemed proper that the prelates of

the Netherlands should owe no extra-provincial allegiance. It was likewise thought that three millions of souls required more than four spiritual superintendents. At any rate, whatever might be the interest of the flocks, it was certain that those broad and fertile pastures would sustain more than the present number of shepherds.

Doctor Francis Sonnius had been sent on a mission to the Pope for the purpose of representing the necessity of an increase in the episcopal force of the Netherlands. Just as the King was taking his departure the commissioner arrived, bringing with him the Bull of Paul the Fourth, dated the 18th of May, 1559. This was afterwards confirmed by that of Pius the Fourth, in January of the following year. The document stated that "Paul the Fourth, slave of slaves, wishing to provide for the welfare of the provinces and the eternal salvation of their inhabitants, had determined to plant in that fruitful field several new bishoprics. The enemy of mankind being abroad," said the Bull, "in so many forms at that particular time, and the Netherlands, then under the sway of that beloved son of his holiness, Philip the Catholic, being compassed about with heretic and schismatic nations, it was believed that the eternal welfare of the land was in great danger. At the period of the original establishment of cathedral churches, the provinces had been sparsely peopled; they had now become filled to overflowing, so that the original ecclesiastical arrangement did not suffice. *The harvest was plentiful, but the laborers were few.*"

In consideration of these and other reasons, three archbishoprics were accordingly appointed. That of Mechlin was to be principal, under which were constituted six bishoprics—those, namely, of Antwerp, Bois-le-Duc, Roermond, Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres. That of Cambrai was second, with the four subordinate dioceses of Tournay, Arras, Saint-Omer, and Namur. The third archbishopric was that of Utrecht, with the five sees of Haarlem, Middelburg, Leeuwarden, Groningen, and Deventer.

The nomination of these important offices was granted to the King, subject to confirmation by the Pope. More-

over, it was ordained by the Bull that "each bishop should appoint *nine additional prebendaries*, who were to assist him in the matter of the *inquisition* throughout his bishopric, *two of whom were themselves to be inquisitors.*"

To sustain these two great measures, through which Philip hoped once and forever to extinguish the Netherland heresy, it was considered desirable that the Spanish troops still remaining in the provinces should be kept there indefinitely.

The force was not large, amounting hardly to four thousand men, but they were unscrupulous, and admirably disciplined. As the entering wedge, by which a military and ecclesiastical despotism was eventually to be forced into the very heart of the land, they were invaluable. The moral effect to be hoped from the regular presence of a Spanish standing army during a time of peace in the Netherlands could hardly be exaggerated. Philip was therefore determined to employ every argument and subterfuge to detain the troops.

CHAPTER II

KING, REGENT, CARDINAL, ELECTOR, AND PATRIOT

THE years 1560 and 1561 were mainly occupied with the agitation and dismay produced by the causes set forth in the preceding chapter.

Against the arbitrary policy embodied in the edicts, the new bishoprics, and the foreign soldiery, the Netherlanders appealed to their ancient constitutions. These charters were called "handvests" in the vernacular Dutch and Flemish, because the sovereign made them fast with his hand. As already stated, Philip had made them faster than any of the princes of his house had ever done, so far as oath and signature could accomplish that purpose, both as hereditary prince in 1549 and as monarch in 1555. The reasons for the extensive and unconditional manner in which he swore to support the provincial charters have been already indicated.

Of these constitutions, that of Brabant, known by the title of the *joyeuse entrée, blyde inkomst*, or blithe entrance, furnished the most decisive barrier against the present wholesale tyranny. First and foremost, the "joyous entry" provided "that the prince of the land should not elevate the clerical state higher than of old has been customary and by former princes settled; unless by consent of the other two estates — the nobility and the cities."

Again, "the prince can prosecute no one of his subjects, nor any foreign resident, civilly or criminally, except in the ordinary and open courts of justice in the province, where the accused may answer and defend himself with the help of advocates."

Further, "the prince shall appoint no foreigners to office in Brabant."

Lastly, "should the prince, by force or otherwise, violate any of these privileges, the inhabitants of Brabant, after regular protest entered, are discharged of their oaths of allegiance, and, as free, independent, and unbound people, may conduct themselves exactly as seems to them best."

Such were the leading features, so far as they regarded the points now at issue, of that famous constitution, which was so highly esteemed in the Netherlands that mothers came to the province in order to give birth to their children, who might thus enjoy, as a birthright, the privileges of Brabant. Yet the charters of the other provinces ought to have been as effective against the arbitrary course of the government. "No foreigner," said the constitution of Holland, "is eligible as councillor, financier, magistrate, or member of a court. Justice can be administered only by the ordinary tribunals and magistrates. The ancient laws and customs shall remain inviolable. Should the prince infringe any of these provisions, no one is bound to obey him."

On the reception in the provinces of the new and confirmatory Bull concerning the bishoprics, issued in January, 1560, the discontent was inevitable and universal. The ecclesiastical establishment, which was not to be enlarged or elevated but by consent of the estates, was suddenly expanded into three archiepiscopates and fifteen bishoprics. The administration of justice, which was only allowed in free and local courts, distinct for each province, was to be placed, so far as regarded the most important of human interests, in the hands of bishops and their creatures, many of them foreigners and most of them monks. The lives and property of the whole population were to be at the mercy of these utterly irresponsible conclaves. All classes were outraged. The nobles were offended because ecclesiastics, perhaps foreign ecclesiastics, were to be empowered to sit in the provincial estates and to control their proceedings in place of easy, indolent, ignorant abbots and friars, who had generally accepted

the influence of the great seigniors. The priests were enraged because the religious houses were thus taken out of their control and confiscated to a bench of bishops, usurping the places of those superiors who had formally been elected by and among themselves. The people were alarmed, because the monasteries, although not respected nor popular, were at least charitable and without ambition to exercise ecclesiastical cruelty; while, on the other hand, by the new episcopal arrangements, a force of thirty new inquisitors was added to the apparatus for enforcing orthodoxy already established. The odium of the measure was placed upon the head of that churchman, already appointed Archbishop of Mechlin, and soon to be known as Cardinal Granvelle.

Although the King had not consulted Anthony Perrenot with regard to the creation of the new bishoprics, deceiving for once the astute prelate, yet the people persisted in identifying the Bishop with the scheme. They saw that he was the head of the new institutions; that he was to receive the lion's share of the confiscated abbeys, and that he was foremost in defending and carrying through the measure, in spite of all opposition. That opposition waxed daily more bitter, till the Cardinal, notwithstanding that he characterized the arrangement to the King as "a holy work," and warmly assured Secretary Perez that he would contribute his fortune, his blood, and his life to its success, was yet obliged to exclaim in the bitterness of his spirit, "Would to God that the erection of these new sees had never been thought of. Amen! Amen!"

Foremost in resistance was the Prince of Orange. Although a Catholic, he had no relish for the horrible persecution which had been determined upon. The new bishoprics he characterized afterwards as parts "of one grand scheme for establishing the cruel inquisition of Spain; the said bishops to serve as inquisitors, burners of bodies, and tyrants of conscience: two prebendaries in each see being actually constituted inquisitors." For this reason he omitted no remonstrance on the subject to the Duchess, to Granvelle, and by direct letters to the King. His

efforts were seconded by Egmont, Berghen, and other influential nobles.

Though the Bishop tried to have the word "inquisitor" kept out of the text of the new decree, it was difficult, with all his eloquence and dexterity, to construct an agreeable inquisition. The people did not like it in any shape, and there were indications, not to be mistaken, that one day there would be a storm which it would be beyond human power to assuage. At present the people directed their indignation only upon a part of the machinery devised for their oppression. The Spanish troops were considered as a portion of the apparatus by which the new bishoprics and the edicts were to be forced into execution. Moreover, men were weary of the insolence and the pillage which these mercenaries had so long exercised in the land. When the King had been first requested to withdraw them, we have seen that he had burst into a violent passion. He had afterwards dissembled. Promising, at last, that they should all be sent from the country within three or four months after his departure, he had determined to use every artifice to detain them in the provinces. He had succeeded, by various subterfuges, in keeping them there fourteen months; but it was at last evident that their presence would no longer be tolerated. Towards the close of 1560 they were quartered in Walcheren and Brill. The Zealanders, however, had become so exasperated by their presence that they resolutely refused to lay a single hand upon the dikes, which, as usual at that season, required great repairs. Rather than see their native soil profaned any longer by these hated foreign mercenaries, they would see it sunk forever in the ocean. They swore to perish—men, women, and children together—in the waves, rather than endure longer the outrages which the soldiery daily inflicted. Such was the temper of the Zealanders that it was not thought wise to trifle with their irritation. The Bishop felt that it was no longer practicable to detain the troops, and that all the pretexts devised by Philip and his government had become ineffectual. In a session of the state council, held on the 25th of October, 1560, he represented

in the strongest terms to the Regent the necessity for the final departure of the troops. Viglius, who knew the character of his countrymen, strenuously seconded the proposal. Orange briefly but firmly expressed the same opinion, declining any longer to serve as commander of the legion, an office which, in conjunction with Egmont, he had accepted provisionally, with the best of motives, and on the pledge of Philip that the soldiers should be withdrawn. The Duchess urged that the order should at least be deferred until the arrival of Count Egmont, then in Spain, but the proposition was unanimously negatived.

Fortunately for the dignity of the government, or for the repose of the country, a respectable motive was found for employing the legion elsewhere. The important loss with which Spain had recently met in the capture of Zerby made a reinforcement necessary in the army engaged in the southern service. Thus, the disaster in Barbary at last relieved the Netherlands of the pest which had afflicted them so long. For a brief breathing space the country was cleared of foreign mercenaries.

The growing unpopularity of the royal government, still typified, however, in the increasing hatred entertained for the Bishop, was not materially diminished by the departure of the Spaniards.

The popularity of the churchman, not increased by his desperate exertions to force an inhuman policy upon an unfortunate nation, received likewise no addition from his new elevation in rank. During the latter part of the year 1560, Margaret of Parma, who still entertained a profound admiration of the prelate, and had not yet begun to chafe under his smooth but imperious dominion, had been busy in preparing for him a delightful surprise. Without either his knowledge or that of the King, she had corresponded with the Pope, and succeeded in obtaining, as a personal favor to herself, the Cardinal's hat for Anthony Perrenot. In February, 1561, Cardinal Borromeo wrote to announce that the coveted dignity had been bestowed. The Duchess hastened, with joyous alacrity, to communicate the intelligence to the Bishop, but was extremely hurt to find that he steadily refused to assume

his new dignity until he had written to the King to announce the appointment, and to ask his permission to accept the honor.

The prelate, having thus reached the dignity to which he had long aspired, did not grow more humble in his deportment, or less zealous in the work through which he had already gained so much wealth and preferment. His conduct with regard to the edicts and bishoprics had already brought him into relations which were far from amicable with his colleagues in the council. More and more he began to take the control of affairs into his own hand. The consulta, or secret committee of the state council, constituted the real government of the country. Here the most important affairs were decided upon without the concurrence of the other seigniors, Orange, Egmont, and Glayon, who, at the same time, were held responsible for the action of government. The Cardinal was smooth in manner, plausible of speech, generally even-tempered, but he was overbearing and blandly insolent. Accustomed to control royal personages, under the garb of extreme obsequiousness, he began, in his intercourse with those of less exalted rank, to omit a portion of the subserviency while claiming a still more undisguised authority. To nobles like Egmont and Orange, who looked down upon the son of Nicolas Perrenot and Nicola Bonvalot as a person immeasurably beneath themselves in the social hierarchy, this conduct was sufficiently irritating. The Cardinal, placed as far above Philip, and even Margaret, in mental power as he was beneath them in worldly station, found it comparatively easy to deal with them amicably. With such a man as Egmont it was impossible for the churchman to maintain friendly relations. The Count, who, notwithstanding his romantic appearance, his brilliant exploits, and his interesting destiny, was but a commonplace character, soon conceived a mortal aversion to Granvelle. A rude soldier, entertaining no respect for science or letters, ignorant and overbearing, he was not the man to submit to the airs of superiority which pierced daily more and more decidedly through the conventional exterior of the Cardinal. Granvelle, on the other hand, enter-

tained a gentle contempt for Egmont, which manifested itself in all his private letters to the King, and was sufficiently obvious in his deportment. There had also been distinct causes of animosity between them, arising from disputes concerning the appointments of subordinates in office. On one occasion Egmont drew his dagger upon Granvelle in the presence of the Regent herself, "and," says a contemporary, "would certainly have sent the Cardinal into the next world had he not been forcibly restrained by the Prince of Orange and other persons present, who warmly represented to him that such griefs were to be settled by deliberate advice, not by choler." At the same time, while scenes like these were occurring in the very bosom of the state council, Granvelle, in his confidential letters to Secretary Perez, asserted warmly that all reports of a want of harmony between himself and the other seigniors and councillors were false, and that the best relations existed among them all. It was not his intention, before it should be necessary, to let the King doubt his ability to govern the council according to the secret commission with which he had been invested.

His relations with Orange were longer in changing from friendship to open hostility. In the Prince the Cardinal met his match. He found himself confronted by an intellect as subtle, an experience as fertile in expedients, a temper as even, and a disposition sometimes as haughty as his own. He never affected to undervalue the mind of Orange. "'Tis a man of profound genius, vast ambition —dangerous, acute, politic," he wrote to the King at a very early period. The relations between himself and the Prince had been very amicable. There had been great intimacy, founded upon various benefits mutually conferred; for it could hardly be asserted that the debt of friendship was wholly upon one side.

When Orange arrived in Brussels from a journey, he would go to the Bishop's before alighting at his own house. When the churchman visited the Prince, he entered his bedchamber without ceremony, before he had risen; for it was William's custom through life to receive intimate

acquaintances, and even to attend to important negotiations of state, while still in bed.

The show of this intimacy had lasted longer than its substance. Granvelle was the most politic of men, and the Prince had not served his apprenticeship at the court of Charles the Fifth to lay himself bare prematurely to the criticism or the animosity of the Cardinal with the recklessness of Horn and Egmont. An explosion came at last, however, and very soon after an exceedingly amicable correspondence between the two upon the subject of an edict of religious amnesty which Orange was preparing for his principality, and which Granvelle had recommended him not to make too lenient. A few weeks after this the Antwerp magistracy was to be renewed. The Prince, as hereditary burgrave of that city, was entitled to a large share of the appointing power in these political arrangements, which at the moment were of great importance. The citizens of Antwerp were in a state of excitement on the subject of the new bishops. They openly, and, in the event, successfully, resisted the installation of the new prelate for whom their city had been constituted a diocese. When the nominations for the new magistracy came before the Regent, she disposed of the whole matter in the secret consulta, without the knowledge, and in a manner opposed to the views, of Orange. He was then furnished with a list of the new magistrates, and was informed that he had been selected as commissioner along with Count Aremberg, to see that the appointments were carried into effect. The indignation of the Prince was extreme. There was a violent altercation—Orange vehemently resenting his appointment merely to carry out decisions in which he claimed an original voice. His ancestors, he said, had often changed the whole of the Antwerp magistracy by their own authority. Granvelle, on his side, was also in a rage. Thus began the open state of hostilities between the great nobles and the Cardinal, which had been brooding so long.

In truth, Granvelle, with all his keenness, could not see that Orange, Egmont, Berghen, Montigny, and the rest, were no longer pages and young captains of cavalry, while

EGMONT

he was the politician and the statesman. By six or seven years the senior of Egmont, and by sixteen years of Orange, he did not divest himself of the superciliousness of superior wisdom, not unjust nor so irritating when they had all been boys. In his deportment towards them, and in the whole tone of his private correspondence with Philip, there was revealed, almost in spite of himself, an affectation of authority against which Egmont rebelled and which the Prince was not the man to acknowledge. Philip answered the letter of the two nobles in his usual procrastinating manner. The Count of Horn, who was about leaving Spain (whither he had accompanied the King) for the Netherlands, would be intrusted with the resolution which he should think proper to take upon the subject suggested. In the mean time he assured them that he did not doubt their zeal in his service.

As to Count Horn, Granvelle had already prejudiced the King against him. Horn and the Cardinal had never been friends. A brother of the prelate had been an aspirant for the hand of the Admiral's sister, and had been somewhat contemptuously rejected. Horn, a bold, vehement, and not very good-tempered personage, had long kept no terms with Granvelle, and did not pretend a friendship which he had never felt. Granvelle had just written to instruct the King that Horn was opposed bitterly to that measure which was nearest the King's heart — the new bishoprics. He had been using strong language, according to the Cardinal, in opposition to the scheme, while still in Spain. He therefore advised that his Majesty, *concealing, of course, the source* of the information, and speaking as it were out of the royal mind itself, should expostulate with the Admiral upon the subject. Thus prompted, Philip was in no gracious humor when he received Count Horn, then about to leave Madrid for the Netherlands, and to take with him the King's promised answer to the communication of Orange and Egmont. His Majesty had rarely been known to exhibit so much anger towards any person as he manifested upon that occasion. After a few words from the Admiral, in which he expressed his sympathy with the other Nether-

land nobles and his aversion to Granvelle, in general terms, and in reply to Philip's interrogatories, the King fiercely interrupted him: "What! miserable man!" he vociferated—"You all complain of this Cardinal, and always in vague language. Not one of you, in spite of all my questions, can give me a single reason for your dissatisfaction." With this the royal wrath boiled over in such unequivocal terms that the Admiral changed color and was so confused with indignation and astonishment that he was scarcely able to find his way out of the room.

This was the commencement of Granvelle's long mortal combat with Egmont, Horn, and Orange. This was the first answer which the seigniors were to receive to their remonstrances against the churchman's arrogance. Philip was enraged that any opposition should be made to his coercive measures, particularly to the new bishoprics, the "holy work" which the Cardinal was ready to "consecrate his fortune and his blood" to advance. Granvelle fed his master's anger by constant communications as to the efforts made by distinguished individuals to delay the execution of the scheme.

Philip was determined that no remonstrance from great nobles or from private citizens should interfere with the thorough execution of the grand scheme on which he was resolved, and of which the new bishoprics formed an important part. Opposition irritated him more and more, till his hatred of the opponents became deadly; but it at the same time confirmed him in his purpose. "'Tis no time to temporize," he wrote to Granvelle; "we must inflict chastisement with full rigor and severity. These rascals can only be made to do right through fear, and not always even by that means."

At the same time, the royal finances did not admit of any very active measures to enforce obedience to a policy which was already so bitterly opposed. A rough estimate, made in the King's own handwriting, of the resources and obligations of his exchequer, a kind of balance-sheet for the years 1560 and 1561, drawn up much in the same manner as that in which a simple individual would make a note of his income and expenditure, gave but a dismal

picture of his pecuniary condition. It served to show how intelligent a financier is despotism, and how little available are the resources of a mighty empire when regarded merely as private property, particularly when the owner chances to have the vanity of attending to all details himself. "Twenty millions of ducats," began the memorandum, "will be required to disengage my revenues. But of this," added the King, with whimsical pathos for an account-book, "we will not speak at present, as the matter is so entirely impossible." He then proceeded to enter the various items of expense which were to be met during the two years—such as so many millions due to the Fuggers (the Rothschilds of the sixteenth century), so many to merchants in Flanders, Seville, and other places, so much for Prince Doria's galleys, so much for three years' pay due to his guards, so much for his household expenditure, so much for the tuition of Don Carlos and Don John of Austria, so much for salaries of ambassadors and councillors — mixing personal and state expenses, petty items and great loans, in one singular jumble, but arriving at a total demand upon his purse of ten million nine hundred and ninety thousand ducats.

To meet this expenditure, he painfully enumerated the funds upon which he could reckon for the two years. His ordinary rents and taxes being all deeply pledged, he could only calculate from that source upon two hundred thousand ducats. The Indian revenue, so called, was nearly spent; still it might yield him four hundred and twenty thousand ducats. The quicksilver mines would produce something, but so little as hardly to require mentioning. As to the other mines, they were equally unworthy of notice, being so very uncertain, and not doing as well as they were wont. The licenses accorded by the crown to carry slaves to America were put down at fifty thousand ducats for the two years. The product of the "crozada" and "cuarta," or money paid to him in small sums by individuals, with the permission of his holiness, for the liberty of abstaining from the Church fasts, was estimated at five hundred thousand ducats. These and a few more meagre items only sufficed to stretch his income

to a total of one million three hundred and thirty thousand for the two years, against an expenditure calculated at near eleven millions. "Thus there are nine millions, less three thousand ducats, deficient," he concluded, ruefully (*and making a mistake in his figures in his own favor of six hundred and sixty-three thousand besides*), "which I may look for in the sky, or try to raise by inventions already exhausted."

Thus the man who owned all America and half of Europe could only raise a million ducats a year from his estates. The possessor of all Peru and Mexico could reckon on "nothing worth mentioning" from his mines, and derived a precarious income mainly from permissions granted his subjects to carry on the slave-trade and to eat meat on Fridays. This was certainly a gloomy condition of affairs for a monarch on the threshold of a war which was to outlast his own life and that of his children ; a war in which the mere army expenses were to be half a million florins monthly, in which about seventy per cent. of the annual disbursements was to be regularly embezzled or appropriated by the hands through which it passed, and in which for every four men on paper, enrolled and paid for, only one, according to the average, was brought into the field.

It is necessary, before concluding this chapter, which relates the events of the years 1560 and 1561, to allude to an important affair which occupied much attention during the whole of this period. This is the celebrated marriage of the Prince of Orange with the Princess Anna of Saxony. By many superficial writers, a moving cause of the great Netherland revolt was found in the connection of the great chieftain with this distinguished Lutheran house. One must have studied the characters and the times to very little purpose, however, to believe it possible that much influence could be exerted on the mind of William of Orange by such natures as those of Anna of Saxony, or of her uncle the Elector Augustus, surnamed "the Pious."

The Prince had become a widower in 1558, at the age of twenty-five. After a year of mourning, Granvelle proposed to him an alliance with Renée, the Princess of Lorraine, which would connect him with the royal houses of

both Spain and France. Agreeable as this was to the Prince of Orange, it was circumvented by the opposition of Philip, who ordered the young lady's mother, the Duchess of Lorraine, to decline the proposal.

Soon after this William turned his attentions to Germany. Anna of Saxony, daughter of the celebrated Elector Maurice, lived at the court of her uncle, the Elector Augustus. A musket-ball, perhaps a traitorous one, in an obscure action with Albert of Brandenburg, had closed the adventurous career of her father seven years before. The young lady, who was thought to have inherited much of his restless, stormy character, was sixteen years of age. She was far from handsome, was somewhat deformed, and limped. Her marriage-portion was deemed, for the times, an ample one ; she had seventy-thousand rix dollars in hand, and the reversion of thirty thousand on the death of John Frederic the Second, who had married her mother after the death of Maurice. Her rank was accounted far higher in Germany than that of William of Nassau, and in this respect, rather than for pecuniary considerations, the marriage seemed a desirable one for him. The man who held the great Nassau-Châlons property, together with the heritage of Count Maximilian de Buren, could hardly have been tempted by one hundred thousand thalers. His own provision for the children who might spring from the proposed marriage was to be a settlement of seventy thousand florins annually. The fortune which permitted of such liberality was not one to be very materially increased by a dowry which might seem enormous to many of the pauper princes of Germany. "The bride's portion," says a contemporary, "after all, scarcely paid for the banquets and magnificent festivals which celebrated the marriage. When the wedding was paid for, there was not a thaler remaining of the whole sum." Nothing, then, could be more puerile than to accuse the Prince of mercenary motives in seeking this alliance ; an accusation, however, which did not fail to be brought.

There were difficulties on both sides to be arranged before this marriage could take place. The bride was a Lutheran, the Prince was a Catholic. After much opposition

from the Landgrave Philip and from Philip of Spain, with correspondence between the King and the Cardinal, William of Orange made a visit to Dresden in December, 1560, where he was received by the Elector Augustus with great cordiality.

The appearance and accomplishments of the distinguished suitor made a profound impression upon the lady. Her heart was carried by storm. Finding, or fancying, herself very desperately enamored of the proposed bridegroom, she soon manifested as much eagerness for the marriage as did her uncle, and expressed herself frequently with the violence which belonged to her character. "What God had decreed," she said, "the devil should not hinder."

The wedding had been fixed to take place on Sunday, the 24th of August, 1561. This was St. Bartholomew's, a nuptial day which was not destined to be a happy one in the sixteenth century. The Landgrave and his family declined to be present at the wedding, but a large and brilliant company were invited. The King of Spain sent a bill of exchange to the Regent, that she might purchase a ring worth three thousand crowns, as a present on his part to the bride. Besides this liberal evidence that his opposition to the marriage was withdrawn, he authorized his sister to appoint envoys from among the most distinguished nobles to represent him on the occasion. The Baron de Montigny, accordingly, with a brilliant company of gentlemen, was deputed by the Duchess, although she declined sending all the governors of the provinces, according to the request of the Prince. The marriage was to take place at Leipsic.

On Saturday, the day before the wedding, the guests had all arrived at Leipsic, and the Prince of Orange, with his friends, at Merseburg. On Sunday, the 24th of August, the Elector, at the head of his guests and attendants, in splendid array, rode forth to receive the bridegroom. His cavalcade numbered four thousand. William of Orange had arrived, accompanied by one thousand mounted men. The whole troop now entered the city together, escorting the Prince to the town-house. Here he dismounted, and

was received on the staircase by the Princess Anna, attended by her ladies. She immediately afterwards withdrew to her apartments.

It was at this point, between 4 and 5 P. M., that the Elector and Electress, with the bride and bridegroom, accompanied also by the Dame Sophia von Miltitz and the Councillors Hans von Ponika and Ulrich Woltersdorff upon one side, and by Count John of Nassau and Heinrich von Wiltberg upon the other, as witnesses, appeared before Wolf Seidel, notary, in a corner room of the upper story of the town-house. One of the councillors, on the part of the Elector, then addressed the bridegroom. He observed that his highness would remember, no doubt, the contents of a memorandum or billet, sent by the Elector on the 14th of April of that year, by the terms of which the Prince was to agree that he would, neither by threat nor persuasion, prevent his future wife from continuing in the Augsburg Confession ; that he would allow her to go to places where she might receive the Augsburg sacraments ; that in case of extreme need she should receive them in her chamber ; and that the children who might spring from the marriage should be instructed as to the Augsburg doctrines. As, however, continued the councillor, his highness the Prince of Orange has, for various reasons, declined giving any such agreement in writing, as therefore it had been arranged that before the marriage ceremony the Prince should, in the presence of the bride and of the other witnesses, make a verbal promise on the subject, and as the parties were now to be immediately united in marriage, therefore the Elector had no doubt that the Prince would make no objection in the presence of those witnesses to give his consent to maintain the agreements comprised in the memorandum or note. The note was then read. Thereupon the Prince answered verbally. "Gracious Elector : I remember the writing which you sent me on the 14th of April. All the points just narrated by the Doctor were contained in it. I now state to your highness that I will keep it all as becomes a Prince, and conform to it." Thereupon he gave the Elector his hand.

After the delay occasioned by these private formalities,

the bridal procession, headed by the court musicians, followed by the court marshals, councillors, great officers of state, and the electoral family, entered the grand hall of the town-house. The nuptial ceremony was then performed by "the Superintendent Doctor Pfeffinger. Immediately afterwards, and in the same hall, the bride and bridegroom were placed publicly upon a splendid, gilded bed, with gold-embroidered curtains, the Princess being conducted thither by the Elector and the Electress. Confects and spiced drinks were then served to them and to the assembled company. After this ceremony they were conducted to their separate chambers to dress for dinner. Before they left the hall, however, Margrave Hans of Brandenburg, on part of the Elector of Saxony, solemnly recommended the bride to her husband, exhorting him to cherish her with faith and affection, and "to leave her undisturbed in the recognized truth of the Holy Gospel and the right use of the sacraments."

Five round tables were laid in the same hall immediately afterwards—each accommodating ten guests. As soon as the first course of twenty-five dishes had been put upon the chief table, the bride and bridegroom, the Elector and Electress, the Spanish and Danish envoys and others, were escorted to it, and the banquet began. During the repast, the Elector's choir and all the other bands discoursed the "merriest and most ingenious music." The noble vassals handed the water, the napkins, and the wine, and everything was conducted decorously and appropriately. As soon as the dinner was brought to a close, the tables were cleared away, and the ball began in the same apartment. Dances, previously arranged, were performed, after which "confects and drinks" were again distributed, and the bridal pair were then conducted to the nuptial chamber.

The wedding, according to the Lutheran custom of the epoch, had thus taken place not in a church, but in a private dwelling; the hall of the town-house, representing, on this occasion, the Elector's own saloons. On the following morning, however, a procession was formed at seven o'clock to conduct the newly married couple to the church of St. Nicholas, there to receive an additional exhortation

and benediction. Two separate companies of gentlemen, attended by a great number of "fifers, drummers, and trumpeters," escorted the bride and the bridegroom, "twelve counts, wearing each a scarf of the Princess Anna's colors, with golden garlands on their heads and lighted torches in their hands," preceding her to the choir, where seats had been provided for the more illustrious portion of the company. The church had been magnificently decked in tapestry, and as the company entered a full orchestra performed siveral fine mottettos. After listening to a long address from Doctor Pfeffinger, and receiving a blessing before the altar, the Prince and Princess of Orange returned, with their attendant processions, to the town-house.

Then followed three days of revelry and feasting, with a tournament every day and mummeries or masquerades in the evenings. From the moment of her marriage the Princess lived catholically, exactly as Orange had stated to the Duchess Margaret, and as the Elector knew would be the case. The first and the following children born of the marriage were baptized by Catholic priests, with very elaborate Catholic ceremonies, and this with the full consent of the Elector, who sent deputies and officiated as sponsor on one remarkable occasion.

While William of Orange was thus employed in Germany, Granvelle seized the opportunity to make his entry into the city of Mechlin as Archbishop, believing that such a step would be better accomplished in the absence of the Prince from the country. The Cardinal found no one in the city to welcome him. None of the great nobles were there. The people looked upon the procession with silent hatred. No man cried, "God bless him!" He wrote to the King that he should push forward the whole matter of the bishoprics as fast as possible, adding the ridiculous assertion that the opposition came entirely from the nobility, and that "if the seigniors did not talk so much, not a man of the people would open his mouth on the subject."

The remonstrance offered by the three estates of Brabant against the scheme had not influenced Philip. He

had replied in a peremptory tone. He had assured them that he had no intention of receding, and that the province of Brabant ought to feel itself indebted to him for having given them prelates instead of abbots to take care of their eternal interests, and for having erected their religious houses into episcopates. The abbeys made what resistance they could, but were soon fain to come to a compromise with the bishops, who, according to the arrangement thus made, were to receive a certain portion of the abbey revenues, while the remainder was to belong to the institutions, together with a continuance of their right to elect their own chiefs, subordinate, however, to the approbation of the respective prelates of the diocese. Thus was the episcopal matter settled in Brabant. In many of the other bishoprics the new dignitaries were treated with disrespect, as they made their entrance into their cities, while they experienced endless opposition and annoyance on attempting to take possession of the revenue assigned to them.

CHAPTER III

CHURCH DISCIPLINE—THE INQUISITION

The great cause of the revolt which, within a few years, was to break forth throughout the Netherlands, was the inquisition. It is almost puerile to look farther or deeper, when such a source of convulsion lies at the very outset of any investigation. During the war there had been, for reasons already indicated, an occasional pause in the religious persecution. Philip had now returned to Spain, having arranged, with great precision, a comprehensive scheme for exterminating that religious belief which was already accepted by a very large portion of his Netherland subjects.

The Spanish inquisition, strictly so called, that is to say, the modern or later institution established by Pope Alexander the Sixth and Ferdinand the Catholic, was doubtless invested with a more complete apparatus for inflicting human misery, and for appalling human imagination, than any of the other less artfully arranged inquisitions, whether papal or episcopal. It had been originally devised for Jews or Moors, whom the Christianity of the age did not regard as human beings, but who could not be banished without depopulating certain districts. It was soon, however, extended from pagans to heretics. The Dominican Torquemada was the first Moloch to be placed upon this pedestal of blood and fire, and from that day forward the "holy office" was almost exclusively in the hands of that band of brothers. In the eighteen years of Torquemada's administration, ten thousand two hundred and twenty individuals were burned alive, and ninety-seven thousand

three hundred and twenty-one punished with infamy, confiscation of property, or perpetual imprisonment, so that the total number of families destroyed by this one friar alone amounted to one hundred and fourteen thousand four hundred and one. In course of time the jurisdiction of the office was extended. It taught the savages of India and America to shudder at the name of Christianity. The fear of its introduction froze the earlier heretics of Italy, France, and Germany into orthodoxy. It was a court owning allegiance to no temporal authority, superior to all other tribunals. It was a bench of monks without appeal, having its familiars in every house, diving into the secrets of every fireside, judging and executing its horrible decrees without responsibility. It condemned not deeds, but thoughts. It affected to descend into individual conscience, and to punish the crimes which it pretended to discover. Its process was reduced to a horrible simplicity. It arrested on suspicion, tortured till confession, and then punished by fire. Two witnesses, and those to separate facts, were sufficient to consign the victim to a loathsome dungeon. Here he was sparingly supplied with food, forbidden to speak, or even to sing — to which pastime it could hardly be thought he would feel much inclination — and then left to himself till famine and misery should break his spirit. When that time was supposed to have arrived he was examined. Did he confess and forswear his heresy, whether actually innocent or not, he might then assume the sacred shirt, and escape with confiscation of all his property. Did he persist in the avowal of his innocence, two witnesses sent him to the stake, one witness to the rack. He was informed of the testimony against him, but never confronted with the witness. That accuser might be his son, father, or the wife of his bosom, for all were enjoined, under the death-penalty, to inform the inquisitors of every suspicious word which might fall from their nearest relatives. The indictment being thus supported, the prisoner was tried by torture. The rack was the court of justice; the crim-

inal's only advocate was his fortitude — for the nominal counsellor, who was permitted no communication with the prisoner, and was furnished neither with documents nor with power to procure evidence, was a puppet, aggravating the lawlessness of the proceedings by the mockery of legal forms. The torture took place at midnight, in a gloomy dungeon, dimly lighted by torches. The victim—whether man, matron, or tender virgin —was stripped naked, and stretched upon the wooden bench. Water, weights, fires, pulleys, screws — all the apparatus by which the sinews could be strained without cracking, the bones crushed without breaking, and the body racked exquisitely without giving up its ghost, was now put into operation. The executioner, enveloped in a black robe from head to foot, with his eyes glaring at his victim through holes cut in the hood which muffled his face, practised successively all the forms of torture which the devilish ingenuity of the monks had invented.

The period during which torture might be inflicted from day to day was unlimited in duration. It could only be terminated by confession ; so that the scaffold was the sole refuge from the rack. Individuals have borne the torture and the dungeon fifteen years, and have been burned at the stake at last.

Execution followed confession, but the number of condemned prisoners was allowed to accumulate, that a multitude of victims might grace each great gala-day. The *auto-da-fé* was a solemn festival. The monarch, the high functionaries of the land, the reverend clergy, the populace, regarded it as an inspiring and delightful recreation. When the appointed morning arrived, the victim was taken from his dungeon. He was then attired in a yellow robe without sleeves, like a herald's coat, embroidered all over with black figures of devils. A large conical paper mitre was placed upon his head, upon which was represented a human being in the midst of flames, surrounded by imps. His tongue was then painfully gagged, so that he could neither open nor shut his mouth. After he was thus accoutred, and just as he was leaving his cell, a breakfast.

consisting of every delicacy, was placed before him, and he was urged, with ironical politeness, to satisfy his hunger. He was then led forth into the public square. The procession was formed with great pomp. It was headed by the little school children, who were immediately followed by the band of prisoners, each attired in the horrible yet ludicrous manner described. Then came the magistrates and nobility, the prelates and other dignitaries of the Church; the holy inquisitors, with their officials and familiars, followed, all on horseback, with the blood-red flag of the "sacred office" waving above them, blazoned upon each side with the portraits of Alexander and of Ferdinand, the pair of brothers who had established the institution. After the procession came the rabble. When all had reached the neighborhood of the scaffold, and had been arranged in order, a sermon was preached to the assembled multitude. It was filled with laudations of the inquisition, and with blasphemous revilings against the condemned prisoners. Then the sentences were read to the individual victims and the clergy chanted the fifty-first psalm, the whole vast throng uniting in one tremendous *miserere*. If a priest happened to be among the culprits, he was now stripped of the canonicals which he had hitherto worn, while his hands, lips, and shaven crown were scraped with a bit of glass, by which process the oil of his consecration was supposed to be removed. He was then thrown into the common herd. Those of the prisoners who were reconciled, and those whose execution was not yet appointed, were now separated from the others. The rest were compelled to mount a scaffold, where the executioner stood ready to conduct them to the fire. The inquisitors then delivered them into his hands, with an ironical request that he would deal with them tenderly, and without blood-letting or injury. Those who remained steadfast to the last were then burned at the stake; they who in the last extremity renounced their faith were strangled before being thrown into the flames. It was, according to the biographer of Philip the Second, a "heavenly remedy, a guardian angel of paradise, a lions' den in which Daniel and other just men could sustain no injury,

but in which perverse sinners were torn to pieces." It was a tribunal superior to all human law, without appeal, and certainly owing no allegiance to the powers of earth or heaven. No rank, high or humble, was safe from its jurisdiction. The royal family were not sacred, nor the pauper's hovel. Even death afforded no protection. The holy office invaded the prince in his palace and the beggar in his shroud. The corpses of dead heretics were mutilated and burned. The inquisitors preyed upon carcasses and rifled graves.

The news of these tremendous *autos-da-fé*, in which so many illustrious victims had been sacrificed before their sovereign's eyes, had reached the Netherlands almost simultaneously with the bulls creating the new bishoprics in the provinces. It was not likely that the measure would be rendered more palatable by this intelligence of the royal amusements.

Previously to the accession of Charles the Fifth, it cannot be said that an inquisition had ever been established in the provinces. Isolated instances to the contrary, adduced by the canonists who gave their advice to Margaret of Parma, rather proved the absence than the existence of the system.

A special edict had been issued on the 26th of April, 1550, according to which all judicial officers, at the requisition of the inquisitors, were to render them all assistance in the execution of their office, by arresting and detaining all persons suspected of heresy, according to the instructions issued to said inquisitors; and this *notwithstanding any privileges or charters to the contrary*. In short, the inquisitors were not subject to the civil authority, but the civil authority to them. The imperial edict empowered them "to chastise, degrade, denounce, and deliver over heretics to the secular judges for punishment; to make use of jails, and to make arrests, without ordinary warrant, but merely with notice given to a single counsellor, *who was obliged to give sentence according to their desire*, without application to the ordinary judge."

These instructions to the inquisitors had been renewed and confirmed by Philip, *in the very first month of his reign*

(28th of November, 1555). As in the case of the edicts, it had been thought desirable by Granvelle to make use of the supposed magic of the Emperor's name to hallow the whole machinery of persecution. The action of the system during the greater part of the imperial period had been terrible. Suffered for a time to languish during the French war, it had lately been renewed with additional vigor. Among all the inquisitors, the name of Peter Titelmann was now pre-eminent. He executed his infamous functions throughout Flanders, Douai, and Tournay, the most thriving and populous portions of the Netherlands, with a swiftness, precision, and even with a jocularity which hardly seemed human. There was a kind of grim humor about the man. The woman who, according to Lear's fool, was wont to thrust her live eels into the hot paste, "rapping them o' the coxcombs with a stick and crying reproachfully, Wantons, lie down!" had the spirit of a true inquisitor. Even so dealt Titelmann with his heretics writhing on the rack or in the flames. Contemporary chronicles give a picture of him as of some grotesque yet terrible goblin, careering through the country by night or day, alone, on horseback, smiting the trembling peasants on the head with a great club, spreading dismay far and wide, dragging suspected persons from their firesides or their beds, and thrusting them into dungeons, arresting, torturing, strangling, burning, with hardly the shadow of warrant, information, or process.

At the epoch which now engages our attention, Titelmann felt stimulated by the avowed policy of the government to fresh exertions, by which all his previous achievements should be cast into the shade. In one day he broke into a house in Ryssel, seized John de Swarte, his wife and four children, together with two newly married couples and two other persons, convicted them of reading the Bible and of praying in their own doors, and had them all immediately burned.

Are these things related merely to excite superfluous horror? Are the sufferings of these obscure Christians beneath the dignity of history? Is it not better to deal with murder and oppression in the abstract, without en-

tering into trivial details? The answer is, that these things *are* the history of the Netherlands at this epoch; that these hideous details furnish the causes of that immense movement out of which a great republic was born and an ancient tyranny destroyed; and that Cardinal Granvelle was ridiculous when he asserted that the people would not open their mouths if the seigniors did not make such a noise. Because the great lords "owed their very souls"—because convulsions might help to pay their debts, and furnish forth their masquerades and banquets—because the Prince of Orange was ambitious, and Egmont jealous of the Cardinal—therefore superficial writers found it quite natural that the country should be disturbed, although that "vile and mischievous animal, the people," might have no objection to a continuance of the system which had been at work so long. On the contrary, it was exactly because the movement was a popular and a religious movement that it will always retain its place among the most important events of history.

The nobles, no doubt, were conspicuous, and it was well for the cause of right that, as in the early hours of English liberty, the crown and mitre were opposed by the baron's sword and shield. Had all the seigniors made common cause with Philip and Granvelle, instead of setting themselves against the inquisition, the cause of truth and liberty would have been still more desperate. Nevertheless they were directed and controlled, under Providence, by humbler, but more powerful, agencies than their own. The nobles were but the gilded hands on the outside of the dial—the hour to strike was determined by the obscure but weighty movements within.

Nor is it, perhaps, always better to rely upon abstract phraseology to produce a necessary impression. Upon some minds declamation concerning liberty of conscience and religious tyranny makes but a vague impression, while an effect may be produced upon them, for example, by a dry, concrete, cynical entry in an account-book, such as the following, taken at hazard from the register of mu-

nicipal expenses at Tournay during the years with which we are now occupied :

"To Mr. Jacques Barra, executioner, for having tortured, twice, Jean de Lannoy, ten sous.

"To the same, for having executed, by fire, said Lannoy, sixty sous. For having thrown his cinders into the river, eight sous."

This was the treatment to which thousands, and tens of thousands, had been subjected in the provinces. Men, women, and children were burned, and their "cinders" thrown away, for idle words against Rome spoken years before, for praying alone in their closets, for not kneeling to a wafer when they met it in the streets, for thoughts to which they had never given utterance, but which, on inquiry, they were too honest to deny. Certainly, with this work going on year after year in every city in the Netherlands, and now set into renewed and vigorous action by a man who wore a crown only that he might the better torture his fellow-creatures, it was time that the very stones in the streets should be moved to mutiny.

The system of religious persecution commenced by Charles was perfected by Philip. The King could not claim the merit of the invention, which justly belonged to the Emperor. At the same time, his responsibility for the unutterable woe caused by the continuance of the scheme is not a jot diminished. There was a time when the whole system had fallen into comparative desuetude. It was utterly abhorent to the institutions and the manners of the Netherlanders. Even a great number of the Catholics in the provinces were averse to it. Many of the leading grandees, every one of whom was Catholic, were foremost in denouncing its continuance. In short, the inquisition had been partially endured, but never accepted. Moreover, it had never been introduced into Luxemburg or Groningen. In Gelderland it had been prohibited by the treaty through which that province had been annexed to the Emperor's dominions, and it had been uniformly and successfully resisted in Brabant. Therefore, although Philip, taking the artful advice of Granvelle, had sheltered himself under the Emperor's name by re-enacting word for

word his decrees and reissuing his instructions, he cannot be allowed any such protection at the bar of history.

Granvelle was most resolute in carrying out the intentions of his master. We have seen how vigorously he had already set himself to the inauguration of the new bishopries, despite of opposition and obloquy. He was now encouraging or rebuking the inquisitors in their "pious office" throughout all the provinces. Notwithstanding his exertions, however, heresy continued to spread. In the Walloon provinces the infection was most prevalent, while judges and executioners were appalled by the mutinous demonstrations which each successive sacrifice provoked. The victims were cheered on their way to the scaffold. The hymns of Marot were sung in the very faces of the inquisitors.

Two ministers, Faveau and Mallart, were particularly conspicuous at this moment at Valenciennes. The governor of the province, Marquis Berghen, was constantly absent, for he hated with his whole soul the system of persecution. For this negligence Granvelle denounced him secretly and perpetually to Philip. "The Marquis says openly," said the Cardinal, "that 'tis not right to shed blood for matters of faith. With such men to aid us, your Majesty can judge how much progress we can make." It was, however, important, in Granvelle's opinion, that these two ministers at Valenciennes should be at once put to death. The prisoners were condemned in the autumn of 1561. The magistrates were, however, afraid to carry the sentence into effect. Granvelle did not cease to censure them for their pusillanimity, and wrote almost daily letters, accusing the magistrates of being themselves the cause of the tumults by which they were appalled. The popular commotion was, however, not lightly to be braved. Six or seven months long the culprits remained in confinement, while daily and nightly the people crowded the streets, hurling threats and defiance at the authorities, or pressed about the prison windows, encouraging their beloved ministers, and promising to rescue them in case the attempt should be made to fulfil the sentence. At last Granvelle sent down a peremptory order to execute the

culprits by fire. On the 27th of April, 1562, Faveau and Mallart were accordingly taken from their jail and carried to the market-place. In a popular tumult the prisoners were rescued, and succeeded in making their escape from the city. The day on which the execution had been thus prevented was called, thenceforward, the "day of the ill-burned" (journée des mau-brulez). One of the ministers, however, Simon Faveau, not discouraged by this near approach to martyrdom, persisted in his heretical labors, and was a few years afterwards again apprehended. "He was then," says the chronicler cheerfully, "burned well and finally" in the same place whence he had formerly been rescued.

This desperate resistance to tyranny was for a moment successful, because, notwithstanding the murmurs and menaces by which the storm had been preceded, the authorities had not believed the people capable of proceeding to such lengths. Had not the heretics—in the words of Inquisitor Titelmann—allowed themselves, year after year, to be taken and slaughtered like lambs? The consternation of the magistrates was soon succeeded by anger. The government at Brussels was in a frenzy of rage when informed of the occurrence. A bloody vengeance was instantly prepared, to vindicate the insult to the inquisition. On the 29th of April, detachments of Bossu's and of Berghen's "Bande d'Ordonnance" were sent into Valenciennes, together with a company of the Duke of Aerschot's regiment. The prisons were instantly filled to overflowing with men and women arrested for actual or suspected participation in the tumult. Orders had been sent down from the capital to make a short process and the sharp execution of all the criminals. On the 16th of May the slaughter commenced. Some were burned at the stake, some were beheaded: the number of victims was frightful. "Nothing was left undone by the magistrates," says an eye-witness, with great approbation, "which could serve for the correction and amendment of the poor people." It was long before the judges and hangmen rested from their labors. When at last the havoc was complete, it might be supposed that a sufficient vengeance had been

taken for the "day of the ill-burned," and an adequate amount of "amendment" provided for the "poor people."

Such scenes as these did not tend to increase the loyalty of the nation nor the popularity of the government. On Granvelle's head was poured a daily increasing torrent of hatred. He was looked upon in the provinces as the impersonation of that religious oppression which became every moment more intolerable. The King and the Regent escaped much of the odium which belonged to them, because the people chose to bestow all their maledictions upon the Cardinal. There was, however, no great injustice in this embodiment. Granvelle was the government. As the people of that day were extremely reverent to royalty, they vented all their rage upon the minister, while maintaining still a conventional respect for the sovereign. The prelate had already become the constant butt of the "Rhetoric Chambers." These popular clubs for the manufacture of homespun poetry and street farces out of the raw material of public sentiment, occupied the place which has been more effectively filled in succeeding ages and in free countries by the daily press. Before the invention of that most tremendous weapon which liberty has ever wielded against tyranny, these humble but influential associations shared with the pulpit the only power which existed of moving the passions or directing the opinions of the people. They were eminently liberal in their tendencies. The authors and the actors of their comedies, poems, and pasquils were mostly artisans or tradesmen, belonging to the class out of which proceeded the early victims and the later soldiers of the Reformation. Their bold farces and truculent satire had already effected much in spreading among the people a detestation of Church abuses. The rhetoric comedies were not admirable from an æsthetic point of view, but they were wrathful and sincere. Therefore they cost many thousand lives; but they sowed the seed of resistance to religious tyranny, to spring up one day in a hundredfold harvest. It was natural that the authorities should have long sought to suppress these perambulating dramas. "There was at that tyme," wrote honest Richard Clough to Sir Thomas Gresham, "syche

playes (of Reteryke) played thet hath cost many a 1000 man's lyves, for in these plays was the Word of God first opened in thys country. Weche playes were and are forbidden moche more strictly than any of the bookes of Martin Luther."

Granvelle was on no better terms with the nobles than with the people. The great seigniors—Orange, Egmont, Horn, and others—openly avowed their hostility to him, and had already given their reasons to the King. Mansfeld and his son at that time were both with the opposition. Aerschot and Aremberg kept aloof from the league which was forming against the prelate, but had small sympathy for his person. Even Berlaymont began to listen to overtures from the leading nobles, who, among other inducements, promised to supply his children with bishoprics. There were none truly faithful and submissive to the Cardinal but such men as the Prévot Morillon, who had received much advancement from him. This distinguished pluralist was popularly called "double A, B, C," to indicate that he had twice as many benefices as there were letters in the alphabet. He had, however, no objection to more, and was faithful to the dispensing power. The same course was pursued by Secretary Bave, Esquire Bordey, and other expectants and dependants.

Viglius, always remarkable for his pusillanimity, was at this period already anxious to retire. The erudite and opulent Frisian preferred a less tempestuous career. He urgently solicited the King to release him, and pleaded his infirmities of body in excuse. Philip, however, would not listen to his retirement, and made use of the most convincing arguments to induce him to remain. An income of four hundred and fifty annual florins, secured by good reclaimed swamps in Friesland, two thousand more in hand, with a promise of still larger emoluments when the King should come to the Netherlands, were reasons which the learned doctor honestly confessed himself unable to resist. Fortified by these arguments, he remained at his post, continued the avowed friend and adherent of Granvelle, and sustained with magnanimity the invectives of nobles and people. To do him justice, he did what he

could to conciliate antagonists and to compromise principles. If it had ever been possible to find the exact path between right and wrong, the president would have found it, and walked in it with respectability and complacency.

In the council, however, the Cardinal continued to carry it with a high hand, turning his back on Orange and Egmont, and retiring with the Duchess and president to consult after every session. Proud and important personages, like the Prince and the Count, could ill brook such insolence; moreover, they suspected the Cardinal of prejudicing the mind of their sovereign against them.

Moreover, there is no doubt that frequent threats of personal violence were made against the Cardinal. Granvelle informed the King that his life was continually menaced by the nobles, but that he feared them little, for he believed them too prudent to attempt anything of the kind. Bold as he was arrogant, he affected at this time to look down with a forgiving contempt on their animosity. He passed much of his time alone, writing his eternal despatches to the King. He had a country-house, called La Fontaine, surrounded by beautiful gardens, a little way outside the gates of Brussels, where he generally resided, and whence, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his friends, he often returned to town, after sunset, alone, or with but a few attendants. He avowed that he feared no attempts at assassination, for, if the seigniors took his life, they would destroy the best friend they ever had. This villa, where most of his plans were matured and his state papers drawn up, was called by the people, in derision of his supposed ancestry, "The Smithy." Here, as they believed, was the anvil upon which the chains of their slavery were forged; here, mostly deserted by those who had been his earlier associates, he assumed a philosophical demeanor which exasperated, without deceiving, his adversaries.

The Regent was well aware of the anger excited in the breasts of the leading nobles by the cool manner in which they had been thrust out of their share in the administration of affairs. She defended herself with acrimony in her letters to the King. She confined herself, as Philip

had always intended, exclusively to the consulta. It was not difficult to recognize the hand which wrote the letter thus signed by Margaret of Parma.

Both nobles and people were at this moment irritated by another circumstance. The civil war having again broken out in France, Philip, according to the promise made by him to Catharine de Medici when he took her daughter in marriage, was called upon to assist the Catholic party with auxiliaries. He sent three thousand infantry, accordingly, which he had levied in Italy, as many more collected in Spain, and gave immediate orders that the Duchess of Parma should despatch at least two thousand cavalry from the Netherlands. Great was the indignation in the council when the commands were produced. Sore was the dismay of Margaret. It was impossible to obey the King. Under the advice of Granvelle she had recourse to a trick. A private and confidential letter of Philip was read to the council, but with alterations suggested and interpolated by the Cardinal. Philip sent fifteen hundred troopers from Spain to his Medicean mother-in-law, drawing upon the Duchess of Parma for the money to pay their expenses. Thus was the industry of the Netherlands taxed that the French might be persecuted by their own monarch.

The Regent had been forbidden by her brother to convoke the states-general ; a body which the Prince of Orange, sustained by Berghen, Montigny, and other nobles, was desirous of having assembled. It may be easily understood that Granvelle would take the best care that the royal prohibition should be enforced. The Duchess, however, who, as already hinted, was beginning to feel somewhat uncomfortable under the Cardinal's dominion, was desirous of consulting some larger council than that with which she held her daily deliberations. A meeting of the Knights of the Fleece was accordingly summoned. They assembled in Brussels in the month of May, 1562. The learned Viglius addressed them in a long and eloquent speech, in which the fundamental topic was thus conscientiously omitted. The meeting adjourned, after a few additional words from the Duchess, in which she

begged the knights to ponder well the causes of the increasing discontent, and to meet her again, prepared to announce what, in their opinion, would be the course best adapted to maintain the honor of the King, the safety of the provinces, and the glory of God.

Soon after the separation of the assembly, the Prince of Orange issued invitations to most of the knights, to meet at his house for the purpose of private deliberation. The president and Cardinal were not included in these invitations. The meeting was, in fact, what we should call a caucus, rather than a general gathering. Nevertheless, there were many of the government party present—men who differed from the Prince, and were inclined to support Granvelle. The meeting was a stormy one. Two subjects were discussed. The first was the proposition of the Duchess, to investigate the general causes of the popular dissatisfaction; the second was an inquiry how it could be rendered practicable to discuss political matters in future—a proceeding now impossible, in consequence of the perverseness and arrogance of certain functionaries, and one which, whenever attempted, always led to the same inevitable result. This direct assault upon the Cardinal produced a furious debate. His enemies were delighted with the opportunity of venting their long-suppressed spleen. They indulged in savage invectives against the man whom they so sincerely hated. His adherents, on the other hand—Bossu, Berlaymont, Courieres—were as warm in his defence. They replied by indignant denials of the charge against him, and by bitter insinuations against the Prince of Orange. They charged him with nourishing the desire of being appointed governor of Brabant, an office considered inseparable from the general stadholderate of all the provinces. The adjourned meeting of the Chevaliers of the Fleece took place a few days afterwards, but nothing of importance was accomplished by the assembly, though it was decided that an application should be made to the different states for a grant of money, and that, furthermore, a special envoy should be despatched to Spain, and Florence de Montmorency, Seigneur de Montigny, was se-

lected by the Regent. This gentleman was brother to Count Horn, but possessed of higher talents and a more amiable character than those of the Admiral. He was a warm friend of Orange and a bitter enemy to Granvelle. He was a sincere Catholic, but a determined foe to the inquisition.

It has been shown that there was an open, avowed hostility on the part of the grand seigniors and most of the lesser nobility to the Cardinal and his measures. The people fully and enthusiastically sustained the Prince of Orange in his course. There was nothing underhand in the opposition made to the government. The Netherlands did not constitute an absolute monarchy. They did not even constitute a monarchy. There was no king in the provinces. Philip was King of Spain, Naples, Jerusalem, but he was only Duke of Brabant, Count of Flanders, Lord of Friesland, hereditary chief, in short, under various titles, of seventeen states, each one of which, although not republican, possessed constitutions as sacred as, and much more ancient than, the crown. The resistance to the absolutism of Granvelle and Philip was, therefore, logical, legal, constitutional. It was no cabal, no secret league, as the Cardinal had the effrontery to term it, but a legitimate exercise of powers which belonged of old to those who wielded them, and which only an unrighteous innovation could destroy.

Granvelle's course was secret and subtle. During the whole course of the proceedings which have just been described, he was in daily confidential correspondence with the King, besides being the actual author of the multitudinous despatches which were sent with the signature of the Duchess. He openly asserted his right to monopolize all the powers of the government; he did his utmost to force upon the reluctant and almost rebellious people the odious measures which the King had resolved upon, while in his secret letters he uniformly represented the nobles who opposed him as being influenced, not by an honest hatred of oppression and attachment to ancient rights, but by resentment, and jealousy of their own importance.

As a matter of course, Granvelle attributed the resistance on the part of the great nobles, every man of whom was Catholic, to base motives. They were mere demagogues, who refused to burn their fellow-creatures not from any natural repugnance to the task, but in order to gain favor with the populace. "This talk about the inquisition," said he, "is all a pretext. 'Tis only to throw dust in the eyes of the vulgar, and to persuade them into tumultuous demonstrations, while the real reason is that they choose that your Majesty should do nothing without their permission and through their hands."

Of Egmont, especially, he often spoke in terms of vague, but somewhat condescending, commendation. He described him, in general, as a man whose principles, in the main, were good, but who was easily led by his own vanity and the perverse counsels of others. He represented him as having been originally a warm supporter of the new bishoprics, and as having expressed satisfaction that two of them, those of Bruges and Ypres, should have been within his own stadholderate. Notwithstanding these vague expressions of approbation, Granvelle never failed to transmit to the monarch every fact, every rumor, every innuendo which might prejudice the royal mind against that nobleman or against any of the noblemen, whose characters he at the same time protested he was most unwilling to injure.

Nor did Granville at this period advise the King to avenge him by any public explosion of wrath. He remembered, he piously observed, that vengeance belonged to God, and that He would repay. Therefore he passed over insults meekly, because that comported best with his Majesty's service. Therefore, too, he instructed Philip to make no demonstration at that time, in order not to damage his own affairs. He advised him to dissemble, and to pretend not to know what was going on in the provinces. Knowing that his master looked to him daily for instructions, always obeyed them with entire docility, and, in fact, could not move a step in Netherland matters without them, he proceeded to dictate to him the terms in which he was to write to the nobles, and especially laid

down rules for his guidance in his coming interviews with the Seigneur de Montigny. Philip, whose only talent consisted in the capacity to learn such lessons with laborious effort, was at this juncture particularly in need of tuition. The Cardinal instructed him, accordingly, that he was to disabuse all men of the impression that the *Spanish* inquisition was to be introduced into the provinces. He was to write to the seigniors, promising to pay them their arrears of salary ; he was to exhort them to do all in their power for the advancement of religion and maintenance of the royal authority ; and he was to suggest to them that, by his answer to the Antwerp deputation, it was proved that there was no intention of establishing the inquisition of Spain, under pretext of the new bishoprics. The King was furthermore to signify his desire that all the nobles should exert themselves to efface this false impression from the popular mind. He was also to express himself to the same effect concerning the Spanish inquisition, the bishoprics, and the religious question, in the *public* letters to Madame de Parma, which were to be read in full council.

At about the same time it was decided by Granvelle and the Regent, in conjunction with the King, to sow distrust and jealousy among the nobles, by giving greater "mercedes" to some than to others, although large sums were really due to all. In particular, the attempt was made in this paltry manner to humiliate William of Orange. A considerable sum was paid to Egmont and a trifling one to the Prince, in consideration of their large claims upon the treasury. Moreover, the Duke of Aerschot was selected as envoy to the Frankfort Diet, where the King of the Romans was to be elected, with the express intention, as Margaret wrote to Philip, of creating divisions among the nobles, as he had suggested. The Duchess at the same time informed her brother that, according to Berlaymont, the Prince of Orange was revolving some great design prejudicial to his Majesty's service.

Philip, who already began to suspect that a man who thought so much must be dangerous, was eager to find out the scheme over which William the Silent was sup-

posed to be brooding, and wrote for fresh intelligence to the Duchess. Neither Margaret nor the Cardinal, however, could discover anything against the Prince—who, meantime, although disappointed of the mission to Frankfort, had gone to that city in his private capacity—saving that he had been heard to say, "One day we shall be the stronger." Granvelle and Madame de Parma both communicated this report upon the same day, but this was all that they were able to discover of the latent plot.

In the autumn of this year (1562) Montigny made his visit to Spain as confidential envoy from the Regent. The King being fully prepared as to the manner in which he was to deal with him, received the ambassador with great cordiality.

The amount of satisfaction derived from the mission of Montigny was next to nothing. There was to be no diminution of the religious persecution, but the people were assured upon royal authority that the inquisition, by which they were daily burned and beheaded, could not be logically denominated the Spanish inquisition. In addition to the comfort, whatever it might be, which the nation could derive from this statement, they were also consoled with the information that Granvelle was not the inventor of the bishoprics.

Solicited by the King, at their parting interview, to express his candid opinion as to the causes of the dissatisfaction in the provinces, Montigny very frankly and most imprudently gave vent to his private animosity towards the Cardinal. He spoke of his licentiousness, greediness, ostentation, despotism, and assured the monarch that nearly all the inhabitants of the Netherlands entertained the same opinion concerning him. He then dilated upon the general horror inspired by the inquisition and the great repugnance felt to the establishment of the new episcopates. These three evils—Granvelle, the inquisition, and the bishoprics—he maintained, were the real and sufficient causes of the increasing popular discontent.

Montigny returned late in December. His report concerning the results of his mission was made in the state council, and was received with great indignation. The

professions of benevolent intentions on the part of the sovereign made no impression on the mind of Orange, who was already in the habit of receiving secret information from Spain with regard to the intentions of the government. He knew very well that the plot revealed to him by Henry the Second in the wood of Vincennes was still the royal programme, so far as the Spanish monarch was concerned. Moreover, his anger was heightened by information received from Montigny that the names of Orange, Egmont, and their adherents, were cited to him, as he passed through France, as the avowed defenders of the Huguenots in politics and religion. The Prince, who was still a sincere Catholic, while he hated the persecutions of the inquisition, was furious at the statement. A violent scene occurred in the council. Orange openly denounced the report as a new slander of Granvelle's, while Margaret defended the Cardinal and denied the accusation, but at the same time endeavored with the utmost earnestness to reconcile the conflicting parties.

It had now become certain, however, that the government could no longer be continued on its present footing. Either Granvelle or the seigniors must succumb. The Prince of Orange was resolved that the Cardinal should fall or that he would himself withdraw from all participation in the affairs of government. In this decision he was sustained by Egmont, Horn, Montigny, Berghen, and the other leading nobles.

CHAPTER IV

CARDINAL GRANVELLE RETIRED

On the 11th of March, 1563, Orange, Horn, and Egmont united in a remarkable letter to the King. They said that as their longer "taciturnity" might cause the ruin of his Majesty's affairs, they were at last compelled to break silence. They hoped that the King would receive with benignity a communication which was pure, frank, and free from all passion. The leading personages of the province, they continued, having thoroughly examined the nature and extent of Cardinal Granvelle's authority, had arrived at the conclusion that everything was in his hands. The King was therefore implored to consider the necessity of remedying the evil. The royal affairs, it was affirmed, would never be successfully conducted so long as they were intrusted to Granvelle, because he was so odious to very many people. If the danger were not imminent, they should not feel obliged to write to his Majesty with so much vehemence. By so doing, his many grand seigniors, governors, and others, had thought it necessary to give this notice in order that the King might prevent the ruin of the country. If, however, his Majesty were willing, as they hoped, to avoid discontenting all for the sake of satisfying one, it was possible that affairs might yet prosper. That they might not be thought influenced by ambition or by hope of private profit, the writers asked leave to retire from the state council. Neither their reputation, they said, nor the interests of the royal service would permit them to act with the Cardinal. They professed themselves dutiful subjects and Catholic vassals. In conclusion, the writers begged his Majesty not to

throw the blame upon them if mischance should follow the neglect of this warning.

This memorable letter was signed by Guillaume de Nassau, Lamoral d'Egmond, and Philippes de Montmorency (Count Horn). It was despatched under cover to Charles de Tisnacq, a Belgian, and procurator for the affairs of the Netherlands at Madrid, a man whose relations with Count Egmont were of a friendly character. It was impossible, however, to keep the matter a secret from the person most interested. The Cardinal wrote to the King the day before the letter was written, and many weeks before it was sent, to apprise him that it was coming, and to instruct him as to the answer he was to make. Nearly all the leading nobles and governors had adhered to the substance of the letter save the Duke of Aerschot, Count Aremberg, and Baron Berlaymont. The Duke and the Count had refused to join the league, violent scenes having occurred upon the subject between them and the leaders of the opposition party.

Egmont, in the presence of Madame de Parma, openly charged Aremberg with having divulged the secret which had been confided to him. The Count fiercely denied that he had uttered a syllable on the subject to a human being, but added that any communication on his part would have been quite superfluous while Egmont and his friends were daily boasting of what they were to accomplish.

The famous epistle of the 11th of March, 1563, although a most reasonable and manly statement of an incontrovertible fact, was nevertheless a document which it required much boldness to sign. The minister at that moment seemed omnipotent, and it was obvious that the King was determined upon a course of political and religious absolutism. It is, therefore, not surprising that, although many sustained its principles, few were willing to affix their names to a paper which might prove a death-warrant to the signers. Even Montigny and Berghen, although they had been active in conducting the whole cabal, if cabal it could be called, refused subscription to the letter. Egmont and Horn were men of reckless daring, but they

were not keen-sighted enough to perceive fully the consequences of their acts. Orange was often accused by his enemies of timidity, but no man ever doubted his profound capacity to look quite through the deeds of men. His political foresight enabled him to measure the dangerous precipice which they were deliberately approaching, while the abyss might perhaps be shrouded to the vision of his companions. He was too tranquil of nature to be hurried by passion into a grave political step which, in cooler moments, he might regret. He resolutely, therefore, and with his eyes open, placed himself in open and recorded enmity with the most powerful and dangerous man in the whole Spanish realm, and incurred the resentment of a King who never forgave. It may be safely averred that as much courage was requisite thus to confront a cold and malignant despotism, and to maintain afterwards without flinching during a whole lifetime the cause of national rights and liberty of conscience, as to head the most brilliant charge of cavalry that ever made hero famous.

Philip answered the letter of the three nobles on the 6th of June following. In this reply, which was brief, he acknowledged the zeal and affection by which the writers had been actuated. He suggested, nevertheless, that, as they had mentioned no particular cause for adopting the advice contained in their letter, it would be better that one of them should come to Madrid to confer with him. Such matters, he said, could be better treated by word of mouth. He might thus receive sufficient information to enable him to form a decision, for, said he in conclusion, it was not his custom to aggrieve any of his ministers without cause.

At the same time that the King sent his answer to the nobles, he wrote an explanatory letter to the Regent. He informed her that he had received the communication of the three seigniors, but instructed her that she was to appear to know nothing of the matter until Egmont should speak to her upon the subject. He added that, although he had signified his wish to the three nobles that one of them, without specifying which, should come to Madrid, he in reality desired that Egmont, who seemed the most

tractable of the three, should be the one deputed. The King added that his object was to divide the nobles, *and to gain time.* He also transmitted to Egmont a private note, in his own handwriting, expressing his desire that he should visit Spain in person, that they might confer together upon the whole subject.

These letters, as might be supposed, produced anything but a satisfactory effect. The discontent and rage of the gentlemen who had written or sustained the 11th of March communication were much increased. The answer was, in truth, no answer at all. "'Tis a cold and bad reply," wrote Louis of Nassau, "to send after so long a delay. 'Tis easy to see that the letter came from the Cardinal's smithy. In *summâ,* it is a vile business, if the gentlemen are all to be governed by one person. I hope to God his power will come soon to an end. Nevertheless," added Louis, "the gentlemen are all wide awake, for they trust the red fellow not a bit more than he deserves."

Egmont soon afterwards wrote to Philip, declining to visit Spain expressly on account of the Cardinal. He added that he was ready to undertake the journey should the King command his presence for any other object. The same decision was formally communicated to the Regent by those Chevaliers of the Fleece who had approved the 11th of March letter—Montigny, Berghen, Meghem, Mansfeld, Ligne, Hoogstraaten, Orange, Egmont, and Horn. The Prince of Orange, speaking in the name of all, informed her that they did not consider it consistent with their reputation, nor with the interest of his Majesty, that any one of them should make so long and troublesome a journey in order to accuse the Cardinal. For any other purpose, they all held themselves ready to go to Spain at once.

Four days after this interview with the Regent, Orange, Egmont, and Horn addressed a second letter to the King. They disclaimed any intention of making themselves parties to a process against the Cardinal. They had thought that their simple, brief announcement would suffice to induce his Majesty to employ that personage in other places where his talents would be more fruitful. As to "aggriev-

ing the Cardinal without cause," there was no question of aggrieving him at all, but of relieving him of an office which could not remain in his hands without disaster.

On the 4th of August, Count Horn also addressed a private letter to the King, written in the same spirit as that which characterized the joint letter just cited. He assured his Majesty that the Cardinal could render no valuable service to the crown, on account of the hatred which the whole nation bore him, but that, as far as regarded the maintenance of the ancient religion, all the nobles were willing to do their duty.

The Regent now despatched, according to promise, her private secretary, Thomas de Armenteros, to Spain. He was a man of low, mercenary, and deceitful character, but a favorite of the Regent, and already beginning to acquire that influence over her mind which was soon to become so predominant; he was no friend of the Cardinal. His instructions, which were very elaborate, showed that Granvelle was not mistaken when he charged her with being entirely changed in regard to him, and when he addressed her a reproachful letter protesting his astonishment that his conduct had become suspicious, and his inability to divine the cause of the weariness and dissatisfaction which she manifested in regard to him.

From the tenor of her instructions, it was sufficiently obvious that Margaret of Parma was not anxious to retain the Cardinal, but that, on the contrary, she was beginning already to feel alarm at the dangerous position in which she found herself. A few days after the three nobles had despatched their last letter to the King, they had handed her a formal remonstrance. In this document they stated their conviction that the country was on the high road to ruin both as regarded his Majesty's service and the common weal. The exchequer was bare, the popular discontent daily increasing, the fortresses on the frontier in a dilapidated condition. It was to be apprehended daily that merchants and other inhabitants of the provinces would be arrested in foreign countries to satisfy the debts owed by his Majesty. To provide against all these evils, but one course, it was suggested, remained to the government

—to summon the states-general, and to rely upon their counsel and support. The nobles begged her highness not to take it amiss if, so long as the King was indisposed to make other arrangements for the administration of the provinces, they should abstain from appearing at the state council. They preferred to cause the shadow at last to disappear which they had so long personated. In conclusion, however, they expressed their determination to do their duty in their several governments, and to serve the Regent to the best of their abilities.

After their remonstrance had been delivered, the Prince of Orange, Count Horn, and Count Egmont abstained entirely from the sessions of the state council. She was left alone with the Cardinal, whom she already hated, and with his two shadows, Viglius and Berlaymont.

Armenteros, after a month spent on his journey, arrived in Spain, and was soon admitted to an audience by Philip. In his first interview, which lasted four hours, he read to the King all the statements and documents with which he had come provided, and humbly requested a prompt decision. Philip transmitted the letters of the nobles, together with the other papers, to the Duke of Alva, and requested his opinion on the subject. Alva replied with the roar of a wild beast.

With regard to persons who had so richly deserved such chastisement, he recommended "that their heads should be taken off; but, until this could be done, that the King should dissemble with them." He advised Philip not to reply to their letters, but merely to intimate, through the Regent, that their reasons for the course proposed by them did not seem satisfactory. In the mean time, and before it should be practicable to proceed "to that vigorous chastisement already indicated," he advised separating the nobles as much as possible by administering flattery and deceitful caresses to Egmont, who might be entrapped more easily than the others.

While this had been the course pursued by the seigniors, the Regent, and the King, in regard to that all-absorbing subject of Netherland politics — the struggle against Granvelle—the Cardinal, in his letters to Philip,

had been painting the situation by minute daily touches, in a manner of which his pencil alone possessed the secret.

Still maintaining the attitude of an injured but forgiving Christian, he spoke of the nobles in a tone of gentle sorrow. He represented them as broken spendthrifts, wishing to create general confusion in order to escape from personal liabilities; as conspirators who had placed themselves within the reach of the attorney-general; as ambitious malcontents who were disposed to overthrow the royal authority and to substitute an aristocratic republic upon its ruins. He instructed Philip how to reply to the letter addressed to him, but begged his Majesty not to hesitate to sacrifice him if the interests of his crown should seem to require it.

With regard to religious matters, he repeatedly deplored that, notwithstanding his own exertions and those of Madame de Parma, things were not going on as he desired, but, on the contrary, very badly—"For the love of God and the service of the holy religion," he cried out fervently, "put your royal hand valiantly to the work, otherwise we have only to exclaim, Help, Lord, for we perish!" Having uttered this pious exhortation in the ear of a man who needed no stimulant in the path of persecution, he proceeded to express his regrets that the judges and other officers were not taking in hand the chastisement of heresy with becoming vigor.

Yet, at that very moment Peter Titelmann was raging through Flanders, tearing whole families out of bed and burning them to ashes, with such utter disregard to all laws or forms as to provoke in the very next year a solemn protest from the four estates of Flanders; and Titelmann was but one of a dozen inquisitors.

Granvelle, however, could find little satisfaction in the exertions of subordinates so long as men in high station were remiss in their duties. He intimated, moreover, that pretences of clemency were mere hypocrisy, and that self-interest was at the bottom of their compassion. "'Tis very black," said he, "when interest governs; but these men are all in debt, so deeply that they owe their

very souls. They are seeking every means of escaping from their obligations, and are most desirous of creating general confusion." As to the Prince of Orange, the Cardinal asserted that he owed nine hundred thousand florins, and had hardly twenty-five thousand a year clear income, while he spent ninety thousand, having counts, barons, and gentlemen in great numbers, in his household. At this point he suggested that it might be well to find employment for some of these grandees in Spain and other dominions of his Majesty, adding that perhaps Orange might accept the viceroyalty of Sicily.

He chronicled the sayings and doings of the principal personages in the Netherlands, for the instruction of the King, with great regularity, insinuating suspicions when unable to furnish evidence, and adding charitable apologies, which he knew would have but small effect upon the mind of his correspondent.

He omitted nothing in the way of anecdote or innuendo which could injure the character of the leading nobles, with the exception, perhaps, of Count Egmont. With this important personage, whose character he well understood, he seemed determined, if possible, to maintain friendly relations. "They intend," said he, "to reduce the state into the form of a republic, in which the King shall have no power except to do their bidding." He added that he saw with regret so many German troops gathering on the borders; for he believed them to be in the control of the disaffected nobles of the Netherlands. As for the Prince of Orange, he was described as eternally boasting of his influence in Germany, and the great things which he could effect by means of his connections there, "so that," added the Cardinal, "we hear no other song."

The seigniors, in order to gain favor with the people and with the estates, had allowed them to acquire so much power that they would respond to any request for subsidies by a general popular revolt. "This is the simple truth," said Granvelle, "and, moreover, by the same process, in a very few days there will likewise be no religion left in the land." When the deputies of some of

the states, a few weeks later, had been irregularly convened in Brussels for financial purposes, the Cardinal informed the monarch that the nobles were endeavoring to conciliate their good-will by offering them a splendid series of festivities and banquets.

Granvelle's letters were filled, for the greater part, with pictures of treason, stratagem, and bloody intentions, fabricated mostly out of reports, table-talk, disjointed chat in the careless freedom of domestic intercourse, while at the same time a margin was always left to express his own wounded sense of the injurious suspicions uttered against him by the various subjects of his letters.

In short, the Cardinal, little by little, during the last year of his residence in the Netherlands, was enabled to spread a canvas before his sovereign's eye, in which certain prominent figures, highly colored by patiently accumulated touches, were represented as driving a whole nation, against its own will, into manifest revolt.

The remedy that he recommended was that his Majesty should come in person to the provinces. The monarch would cure the whole disorder as soon as he appeared, said the Cardinal, by merely making the sign of the cross.

The Cardinal, just before his departure, which was now imminent, wrote to warn his sovereign of the seditious character of the men who were then placing their breasts between the people and their butchers. He assured Philip that upon the movement of those nobles depended the whole existence of the country. It was time that they should be made to open their eyes. They should be solicited in every way to abandon their evil courses, since the liberty which they thought themselves defending was but abject slavery, but subjection to a thousand base and contemptible personages, and to that "vile animal called the people."

It is sufficiently obvious, from the picture which we have now presented of the respective attitudes of Granvelle, of the seigniors, and of the nation during the whole of the year 1563 and the beginning of the following year, that a crisis was fast approaching. Granvelle was, for

the moment, triumphant; Orange, Egmont, and Horn had abandoned the state council; Philip could not yet make up his mind to yield to the storm; and Alva howled defiance at the nobles and the whole people of the Netherlands. Nevertheless, Margaret of Parma was utterly weary of the minister, the Cardinal himself was most anxious to be gone, and the nation—for there was a nation, however vile the animal might be—was becoming daily more enraged at the presence of a man in whom, whether justly or falsely, it beheld the incarnation of the religious oppression under which it groaned. Meantime, at the close of the year, a new incident came to add to the gravity of the situation. Caspar Schetz, Baron of Grobbendonck, gave a great dinner-party, in the month of December, 1563. This personage, whose name was prominent for many years in the public affairs of the nation, was one of the four brothers who formed a very opulent and influential mercantile establishment. He was the King's principal factor and financial agent. He was one of the great pillars of the Bourse at Antwerp.

At the treasurer-general's memorable banquet to a distinguished party of noblemen, the conversation during dinner turned, as was inevitable, upon the Cardinal. His ostentation, greediness, insolence, were fully canvassed. The wine flowed freely, as it always did in those Flemish festivities—the brains of the proud and reckless cavaliers became hot with excitement, while still the odious ecclesiastic was the topic of their conversation, the object alternately of fierce invective or of scornful mirth. It was proposed, by way of showing contempt for Granvelle, that a livery should be invented, as different as possible from his in general effect, and that all the gentlemen present should indiscriminately adopt it for their own menials. Thus would the people whom the Cardinal wished to dazzle with his finery learn to estimate such gauds at their true value. It was determined that something extremely plain and in the German fashion should be selected. At the same time the company, now thoroughly inflamed with wine, and possessed by the spirit of mockery, determined that a symbol

should be added to the livery, by which the universal contempt for Granvelle should be expressed. The proposition was hailed with acclamation—but who should invent the hieroglyphical costume? All were reckless and ready enough, but ingenuity of device was required. At last it was determined to decide the question by hazard. Amid shouts of hilarity, the dice were thrown. Those men were staking their lives, perhaps, upon the issue, but the reflection gave only a keener zest to the game. Egmont won. It was the most fatal victory which he had ever achieved, a more deadly prize even than the trophies of Saint-Quentin and Gravelines.

In a few days afterwards, the retainers of the house of Egmont surprised Brussels by making their appearance in a new livery. Doublet and hose of the coarsest gray, and long hanging sleeves, without gold or silver lace, and having but a single ornament, comprised the whole costume. An emblem which seemed to resemble a monk's cowl, or a fool's cap and bells, was embroidered upon each sleeve. The device pointed at the Cardinal, as did, by contrast, the affected coarseness of the dress. There was no doubt as to the meaning of the hood, but they who saw in the symbol more resemblance to the jester's cap, recalled certain biting expressions which Granvelle had been accustomed to use. He had been wont, in the days of his greatest insolence, to speak of the most eminent nobles as zanies, lunatics, and buffoons. The embroidered fool's cap was supposed to typify the gibe, and to remind the arrogant priest that a Brutus, as in the olden time, might be found lurking in the costume of the fool. However witty or appropriate the invention, the livery had an immense success. According to agreement, the nobles who had dined with the treasurer ordered it for all their servants. Never did a new dress become so soon the fashion. The unpopularity of the minister assisted the quaintness of the device. The fool's-cap livery became the rage. Never was such a run upon the haberdashers, mercers, and tailors since Brussels had been a city. All the frieze-cloth in Brabant was exhausted. All the serge in Flanders was clipped into monastic cowls. The Duchess at first laughed

with the rest, but the Cardinal took care that the King should be at once informed upon the subject. The Regent was, perhaps, not extremely sorry to see the man ridiculed whom she so cordially disliked, and she accepted the careless excuses made on the subject by Egmont and by Orange without severe criticism. She wrote to her brother that, although the gentlemen had been influenced by no evil intention, she had thought it best to exhort them not to push the jest too far. Already, however, she found that two thousand pairs of sleeves had been made, and the most she could obtain was that the fools' caps, or monks' hoods, should in future be omitted from the livery. A change was accordingly made in the costume, at about the time of the Cardinal's departure. A bundle of arrows, or, in some instances, a wheat-sheaf, was substituted for the cowls. Various interpretations were placed upon this new emblem. According to the nobles themselves, it denoted the union of all their hearts in the King's service, while their enemies insinuated that it was obviously a symbol of conspiracy. The costume thus amended was worn by the gentlemen themselves, as well as by their servants. Egmont dined at the Regent's table, after the Cardinal's departure, in a camlet doublet, with hanging sleeves, and buttons stamped with the bundle of arrows.

For the present, the Cardinal affected to disapprove of the fashion only from its rebellious tendency. The fools' caps and cowls, he meekly observed to Philip, were the least part of the offence, for an injury to himself could be easily forgiven. The wheat-sheaf and the arrow-bundles, however, were very vile things, for they betokened and confirmed the existence of a conspiracy such as never could be tolerated by a prince who had any regard for his own authority.

This incident of the livery occupied the public attention and inflamed the universal hatred during the later months of the minister's residence in the country. Meantime the three seigniors had become very impatient at receiving no answer to their letter. Philip, on his part, was conning Granvelle's despatches, filled with hints of con-

PHILIP II. OF SPAIN

spiracy, and holding counsel with Alva, who had already recommended the taking off several heads for treason. The Prince of Orange, who already had secret agents in the King's household, and was supplied with copies of the most private papers in the palace, knew better than to be deceived by the smooth representations of the Regent. Philip had, however, at last begun secretly to yield. He asked Alva's advice, whether on the whole it would not be better to let the Cardinal leave the Netherlands, at least for a time, on pretence of visiting his mother in Burgundy, and to invite Count Egmont to Madrid, by way of striking one link from the chain, as Granvelle had suggested.

The King, who was never so thoroughly happy or at home as when elaborating the ingredients of a composite falsehood, now busily employed himself in his cabinet. He measured off in various letters to the Regent, to the three nobles, to Egmont alone, and to Granvelle, certain proportionate parts of his whole plan, which, taken separately, were intended to deceive, and did deceive, nearly every person in the world, not only in his own generation, but for three centuries afterwards, but which, arranged synthetically, as can now be done, in consequence of modern revelations, formed one complete and considerable lie.

The courier who was to take Philip's letters to the three nobles was detained three weeks, in order to allow Armenteros, who was charged with the more important and secret despatches for the Duchess and Granvelle, to reach Brussels first. All the letters, however, were ready at the same time. Armenteros, who travelled but slowly on account of the state of his health, arrived in Brussels towards the end of February. Five or six days afterwards—namely, on the 1st of March, the courier arrived bringing the despatches for the seigniors. In his letter to Orange, Egmont, and Horn, the King expressed his astonishment at their resolution to abstain from the state council. "Nevertheless," said he, imperatively, "fail not to return thither and to show how much more highly you regard my service and the good of the country than any other particularity whatever. As to Granvelle," continued

Philip, "since you will not make any specifications, my intention is to think over the matter longer, in order to arrange it as may seem most fitting."

This letter was dated the 19th of February (1564), nearly a month later therefore than the secret letter to Granvelle, brought by Armenteros, although all the despatches had been drawn up at the same time and formed parts of the same plan. "*It would be well,*" wrote the King, "in order to give time and breathing space to the hatred and rancor which those persons entertain towards you, and in order to see what course they will take in preparing the necessary remedy for the provinces, *for you to leave the country* for some days, in order to visit your mother, and this with the knowledge of the Duchess, my sister, and with her permission, which you will request, and which I have written to her that she must give, without allowing it to appear that you have received orders to that effect from me. You will also beg her to write to me requesting my approbation of what she is to do. By taking this course neither my authority nor yours will suffer prejudice; and, according to the turn which things may take, measures may be taken for your return when expedient, and for whatever else there may be to arrange."

Thus, while the King refused to give any weight to the representations of the nobles, and affected to be still deliberating whether or not he should recall the Cardinal, he had in reality already recalled him. All the minute directions according to which permission was to be asked of the Duchess to take a step which had already been prescribed by the monarch, and Philip's indulgence craved for obeying his own explicit injunctions, were fulfilled to the letter.

As soon as the Cardinal received the royal order, he privately made preparations for his departure. The Regent, on the other hand, delivered to Count Egmont the one of Philip's two letters in which that gentleman's visit was declined, the Duchess believing that, in the present position of affairs, she should derive more assistance from him than from the rest of the seigniors. As Granvelle, how-

ever, still delayed his departure, even after the arrival of the second courier, she was again placed in a situation of much perplexity. There was no help for it; and on the 13th of March the Cardinal took his departure. A wag posted a large placard upon the door of Granvelle's palace in Brussels as soon as the minister's departure was known, with the inscription, in large letters, "For sale, immediately." In spite of the royal ingenuity, therefore, many shrewdly suspected the real state of the case, although but very few actually knew the truth.

The Cardinal left Brussels with a numerous suite, stately equipages, and much parade.

Philip had sustained his part in the farce with much ability. Viglius, Berlaymont, Morillon, and all the lesser cardinalists were entirely deceived by the letters which were formally despatched to the Duchess in reply to her own and the Cardinal's notification. The Duchess, as in duty bound, denied flatly, on all occasions, that Armenteros had brought any letters recommending or ordering the minister's retreat. She conscientiously displayed the letters of his Majesty, proving the contrary; and yet, said Viglius, it was very hard to prevent people talking as they liked. Granvelle omitted no occasion to mystify every one of his correspondents on the subject, referring, of course, to the same royal letters which had been written for public reading, expressly to corrobrate these statements.

Granvelle remained month after month in seclusion, doing his best to philosophize. In a fine strain of eloquent commonplace, the fallen minister had already begun to moralize upon the vanity of human wishes. When he was established at his charming retreat in Burgundy, he had full leisure to pursue the theme. He remained in retirement till his beard grew to his waist, having vowed, according to report, that he would not shave till recalled to the Netherlands. If the report were true, said some of the gentlemen in the provinces, it would be likely to grow to his feet.

The Cardinal was no ascetic. His hermitage contained other appliances save those for study and devotion. His

retired life was, in fact, that of a voluptuary. While he affected to be blind and deaf to politics, he had eyes and ears for nothing else. Worldly affairs were his element, and he was shipwrecked upon the charming solitude which he affected to admire. He was most anxious to return to the world again, but he had difficult cards to play. It is probable that he nourished for a long time a hope that the storm would blow over in the provinces, and his resumption of power become possible.

William of Orange, although more than half convinced that no attempt would be made to replace the minister, felt it necessary to keep strict watch on his movements. The Prince never committed the error of undervaluing the talents of his great adversary, and he felt the necessity of being on the alert in the present emergency. Nevertheless, the chances of that return became daily fainter. Margaret of Parma hated the Cardinal with great cordiality. She fell out of her servitude to him into far more contemptible hands, but for a brief interval she seemed to take a delight in the recovery of her freedom. According to Viglius, the court, after Granvelle's departure, was like a school of boys and girls when the pedagogue's back is turned. The Duchess soon afterwards entertained her royal brother with very detailed accounts of various acts of simony, peculation, and embezzlement committed by Viglius, which the Cardinal had aided and abetted, and by which he had profited. At the same time it was characteristic of the Duchess that while she was thus painting the portrait of the Cardinal for the private eye of his sovereign, she should address the banished minister himself in a secret strain of condolence, and even of penitence.

As the historical scholar now sees, there was certainly a discrepancy between the language used simultaneously by the Duchess to Granvelle and to Philip, but Margaret had been trained in the school of Machiavelli, and had sat at the feet of Loyola.

Weary of his retirement, Granvelle at last abandoned all intention of returning to the Netherlands, and towards the end of 1565 departed for Rome, where he participated

in the election of Pope Pius the Fifth. Five years afterwards he was employed by Philip to negotiate the tripartite treaty, Spain, Rome, and Venice against the Turk. He was afterwards Viceroy of Naples, and in 1575 he removed to Madrid to take an active part in the management of public business, "the disorder of which," says the Abbé Boisot, "could be no longer arrested by men of mediocre capacity." He died in that city on the 21st of September, 1586, at the age of seventy, and was buried at Besançon.

CHAPTER V

A NATION CONDEMNED TO DEATH

The remainder of the year in the spring of which the Cardinal had left the Netherlands was one of anarchy, confusion, and corruption. At first there had been a sensation of relief. Philip had exchanged letters of exceeding amity with Orange, Egmont, and Horn. These three seigniors had written, immediately upon Granvelle's retreat, to assure the King of their willingness to obey the royal commands, and to resume their duties at the state council. They had, however, assured the Duchess that the appearance of the Cardinal in the country would be the signal for their instantaneous withdrawal. They appeared at the council daily, working with the utmost assiduity often till late into the night. Orange had three great objects in view, by attaining which the country, in his opinion, might yet be saved and the threatened convulsions averted. These were to convoke the states-general, to moderate or abolish the edicts, and to suppress the council of finance and the privy council, leaving only the council of state. The two first of these points, if gained, would, of course, subvert the whole absolute policy which Philip and Granvelle had enforced; it was, therefore, hardly probable that any impression would be made upon the secret determination of the government in these respects. As to the council of state, the limited powers of that body, under the administration of the Cardinal, had formed one of the principal complaints against that minister. The justice and finance councils were sinks of iniquity. The most barefaced depravity reigned supreme. A gangrene had spread through the whole gov-

ernment. The public functionaries were notoriously and outrageously venal. The administration of justice had been poisoned at the fountain, and the people were unable to slake their daily thirst at the polluted stream. There was no law but the law of the longest purse. The highest dignitaries of Philip's appointment had become the most mercenary hucksters who ever converted the divine temple of justice into a den of thieves. Law was an article of merchandise, sold by judges to the highest bidder. A poor customer could obtain nothing but stripes and imprisonment, or, if tainted with suspicion of heresy, the fagot or the sword, but for the rich everything was attainable. Pardons for the most atrocious crimes, passports, safe-conducts, offices of trust and honor were disposed of at auction to the highest bidder. Against all this sea of corruption did the brave William of Orange set his breast, undaunted and unflinching. Of all the conspicuous men in the land, he was the only one whose worst enemy had never hinted, through the whole course of his public career, that his hands had known contamination. His honor was ever untarnished by even a breath of suspicion. The Cardinal could accuse him of pecuniary embarrassment, by which a large proportion of his revenues were necessarily diverted to the liquidation of his debts, but he could not suggest that the Prince had ever freed himself from difficulties by plunging his hands into the public treasury, when it might easily have been opened to him.

It was soon, however, sufficiently obvious that as desperate a struggle was to be made with the many-headed monster of general corruption as with the Cardinal, by whom it had been so long fed and governed. The Prince of Orange was already, although but just turned thirty years of age, vastly changed from the brilliant and careless grandee as he stood at the hour of the imperial abdication. He was becoming careworn in face, thin of figure, sleepless of habit. The wrongs of which he was the daily witness, the absolutism, the cruelty, the rottenness of the government, had marked his face with premature furrows. He continued assiduous at the council, and he did his best,

by entertaining nobles and citizens at his hospitable mansion, to cultivate good relations with large numbers of his countrymen. He soon, however, had become disgusted with the court. Egmont was more lenient to the foul practices which prevailed there, and took almost a childish pleasure in dining at the table of the Duchess, dressed, as were many of the younger nobles, in short camlet doublet with the wheat-sheaf buttons.

The Prince felt more unwilling to compromise his personal dignity by countenancing the flagitious proceedings and the contemptible supremacy of Armenteros. When his business led him to the palace, he was sometimes forced to wait in the antechamber for an hour while the clerk Armenteros was engaged in private consultation with Margaret upon the most important matters of administration. The name of this infamous peculator was popularly converted into Argenteros, in order to symbolize the man who was made of public money. His confidential intimacy with the Duchess procured for him also the name of "Madam's barber," in allusion to the famous ornaments of Margaret's upper lip, and to the celebrated influence enjoyed by the barbers of the Duke of Savoy and of Louis the Eleventh. This man sold dignities and places of high responsibility at public auction. The Regent not only connived at these proceedings, which would have been base enough, but she was full partner in the disgraceful commerce. Through the agency of the Secretary, she, too, was amassing a large private fortune.

Berlaymont was treated by the Duchess with studied insult. "What is the man talking about?" she would ask with languid superciliousness, if he attempted to express his opinion in the state council. Viglius, whom Berlaymont accused of doing his best, without success, to make his peace with the seigniors, was in even still greater disgrace than his fellow-cardinalists. When other councillors were summoned to a session at three o'clock, the president was invited at four. It was quite impossible for him to have an audience of the Duchess except in the presence of the inevitable Armenteros. He was not allowed to open his mouth, even when he occasionally

plucked up heart enough to attempt the utterance of his opinions. His authority was completely dead.

Viglius was anxious to retire, but unwilling to have the appearance of being disgraced. He felt instinctively, although deceived as to the actual facts, that his great patron had been defeated and banished. He did not wish to be placed in the same position. He had, however, with the sagacity of an old navigator, already thrown out his anchor into the best holding-ground during the storms which he foresaw were soon to sweep the state. Before the close of the year which now occupies us, the learned doctor of laws had become a doctor of divinity also; and had already secured, by so doing, the wealthy prebend of Saint-Bavon of Ghent.

Philip lent a greedy ear to the scandalous hints of Margaret concerning Viglius and his friends. It is an instructive lesson in human history to look through the cloud of dissimulation in which the actors of this remarkable epoch were ever enveloped, and to watch them all stabbing fiercely at one another in the dark, with no regard to previous friendship, or even present professions. It is edifying to see the Cardinal, with all his genius and all his grimace, corresponding on familiar terms with Armenteros, who was holding him up to obloquy upon all occasions; to see Philip inclining his ear in pleased astonishment to Margaret's disclosures concerning the Cardinal, whom he was at the very instant assuring of his undiminished confidence; and to see Viglius, the author of the edict of 1550, and the uniform opponent of any mitigation in its horrors, silently becoming involved, without the least suspicion of the fact, in the meshes of the inquisitor Titelmann.

A remarkable tumult occurred in October of this year at Antwerp. A Carmelite monk, Christopher Smith, commonly called Fabricius, had left a monastery in Bruges, adopted the principles of the Reformation, and taken to himself a wife. He had resided for a time in England, but, invited by his friends, he had afterwards undertaken the dangerous charge of gospel-teacher in the commercial metropolis of the Netherlands. He was, however, soon

betrayed to the authorities by a certain bonnet dealer, popularly called Long Margaret, who had pretended, for the sake of securing the informer's fee, to be a convert to his doctrines. He was seized, and immediately put to the torture. When this humble imitator of Christ was led through the streets of Antwerp to the stake, the popular emotion was at once visible. The crowd, as they followed the procession of hangmen, halberdsmen, and magistrates, sang the hundred and thirtieth psalm in full chorus. As the victim arrived upon the market-place, he knelt upon the ground to pray, for the last time. He was, however, rudely forced to rise by the executioner, who immediately chained him to the stake, and fastened a leathern strap around his throat. At this moment the popular indignation became uncontrollable ; stones were showered upon the magistrates and soldiers, who, after a slight resistance, fled for their lives. The foremost of the insurgents dashed into the enclosed arena to rescue the prisoner. It was too late. The executioner, even as he fled, had crushed the victim's head with a sledge-hammer, and pierced him through and through with a poniard. Some of the by-standers maintained afterwards that his fingers and lips were seen to move, as if in feeble prayer, for a little time longer, until, as the fire mounted, he fell into the flames. For the remainder of the day, after the fire had entirely smouldered to ashes, the charred and half-consumed body of the victim remained on the market-place, a ghastly spectacle to friend and foe. It was afterwards bound to a stone and cast into the Scheldt. Such was the doom of Christopher Fabricius, for having preached Christianity in Antwerp.

It was precisely at this epoch that the burgomasters, senators, and council of the city of Bruges (all Catholics) humbly petitioned the Duchess Regent that Peter Titelmann, Inquisitor of the Faith, might be compelled to make use of preparatory examinations with the co-operation of the senators of the city, to suffer that witnesses should make their depositions without being intimidated by menace, and to conduct all his subsequent proceedings according to legal forms, which he had uniformly violated, pub-

licly declaring that he would conduct himself according to his own pleasure.

Despite a solemn address of the four estates of Flanders to the King, and advice from Margaret to Titelmann to conduct himself in office "with discretion and modesty," he continued unchecked in his infamous career until death, which did not occur till several years afterwards.

Philip, so far from having the least disposition to yield in the matter of the great religious persecution, was more determined as to his course than ever. He had already, as early as August of this year, despatched orders to the Duchess that the decrees of the Council of Trent should be published and enforced throughout the Netherlands.

The decrees were to be proclaimed and enforced without delay. They related to three subjects—the doctrines to be inculcated by the Church, the reformation of ecclesiastical morals, and the education of the people. General police regulations were issued at the same time, by which heretics were to be excluded from all share in the usual conveniences of society, and were, in fact, to be strictly excommunicated. Inns were to receive no guests, schools no children, almshouses no paupers, graveyards no dead bodies, unless guests, children, paupers, and dead bodies were furnished with most satisfactory proofs of orthodoxy. Midwives of unsuspected Romanism were alone to exercise their functions, and were bound to give notice within twenty-four hours of every birth which occurred; the parish clerks were as regularly to record every such addition to the population, and the authorities to see that Catholic baptism was administered in each case with the least possible delay. Births, deaths, and marriages could only occur with validity under the shadow of the Church. No human being could consider himself born or defunct unless provided with a priest's certificate. The heretic was excluded, so far as ecclesiastical dogma could exclude him, from the pale of humanity, from consecrated earth, and from eternal salvation.

The decrees contained many provisions which not only conflicted with the privileges of the provinces but with the prerogatives of the sovereign. For this reason many of

the lords in council thought that at least the proper exceptions should be made upon their promulgation. This was also the opinion of the Duchess, but the King, by his letters of October and November (1564), expressly prohibited any alteration in the ordinances, and transmitted a copy of the form according to which the canons had been published in Spain, together with the expression of his desire that a similar course should be followed in the Netherlands. Margaret of Parma was in great embarrassment. It was evident that the publication could no longer be deferred.

In the dilemma to which the Duchess was reduced, she again bethought herself of a special mission to Spain. At the end of the year (1564) it was determined that Egmont should be the envoy. Montigny excused himself on account of private affairs; Marquis Berghen, "because of his indisposition and corpulence." There was a stormy debate in council after Egmont had accepted the mission and immediately before his departure. Viglius had been ordered to prepare the Count's instructions. Having finished the rough draught, he laid it before the board. The paper was conceived in general terms, and might mean anything or nothing. No criticism upon its language was, however, offered until it came to the turn of Orange to vote upon the document. Then, however, William the Silent opened his lips, and poured forth a long and vehement discourse, such as he rarely pronounced, but such as few except himself could utter. There was no shuffling, no disguise, no timidity in his language. He took the ground boldly that the time had arrived for speaking out. The object of sending an envoy of high rank and European reputation like the Count of Egmont was to tell the King the truth. Let Philip know it now. Let him be unequivocally informed that this whole machinery of placards and scaffolds, of new bishops and old hangmen, of decrees, inquisitors, and informers, must once and forever be abolished. Their day was over. The Netherlands were free provinces, they were surrounded by free countries, they were determined to vindicate their ancient privileges. Moreover, his Majesty was to

be plainly informed of the frightful corruption which made the whole judicial and administrative system loathsome. The venality which notoriously existed everywhere — on the bench, in the council-chamber, in all public offices, where purity was most essential—was denounced by the Prince in scathing terms. He tore the mask from individual faces, and openly charged the Chancellor of Brabant, Engelbert Maas, with knavery and corruption. He insisted that the King should be informed of the necessity of abolishing the two inferior councils, and of enlarging the council of state by the admission of ten or twelve new members, selected for their patriotism, purity, and capacity. Above all, it was necessary plainly to inform his Majesty that the canons of the Council of Trent, spurned even by the Catholic princes of Germany, could never be enforced in the Netherlands, and that it would be ruinous to make the attempt. He proposed and insisted that the Count of Egmont should be instructed accordingly. He avowed, in conclusion, that he was a Catholic himself and intended to remain in the Faith, but that he could not look on with pleasure when princes strove to govern the souls of men, and to take away their liberty in matters of conscience and religion.

Here certainly was no daintiness of phraseology, and upon these leading points, thus slightly indicated, William of Orange poured out his eloquence, bearing conviction upon the tide of his rapid invective. His speech lasted till seven in the evening, when the Duchess adjourned the meeting. The council broke up, the Regent went to supper, but the effect of the discourse upon nearly all the members was not to be mistaken. Viglius was in a state of consternation, perplexity, and despair. After a feverish and uncomfortable night, a stroke of apoplexy stretched him senseless upon the floor. His servants, when they soon afterwards entered the apartment, found him rigid, and to all appearance dead. After a few days, however, he recovered his physical senses in part, but his reason remained for a longer time shattered, and was never perhaps fully restored to its original vigor.

The place of Viglius was temporarily supplied by his

friend and countryman, Joachim Hopper, like himself a Frisian doctor of ancient blood and extensive acquirements, well versed in philosophy and jurisprudence, a professor of Louvain and a member of the Mechlin council. He was likewise the original founder and projector of Douai University, an institution which at Philip's desire he had successfully organized in 1556, in order that a French university might be furnished for Walloon youths, as a substitute for the seductive and poisonous Paris. For the rest, Hopper was a mere man of routine. He never opposed the Duchess, so that his colleagues always called him Councillor "Yes, Madam," and he did his best to be friends with all the world.

In deference to the arguments of Orange, the instructions for Egmont were accordingly considerably modified from the original draughts of Viglius. As drawn up by the new president, they contained at least a few hints to his Majesty as to the propriety of mitigating the edicts and extending some mercy to his suffering people. The document was, however, not very satisfactory to the Prince, nor did he perhaps rely very implicitly upon the character of the envoy.

Egmont set forth upon his journey early in January (1565). He travelled in great state. He was escorted as far as Cambrai by several nobles of his acquaintance, who improved the occasion by a series of tremendous banquets during the Count's sojourn, which was protracted till the end of January. The most noted of these gentlemen were Hoogstraaten, Brederode, the younger Mansfeld, Culemburg, and Noircarmes.

In the revelry at one of these banquets in the citadel of Cambrai, the Archbishop, who was a cardinalist, and who had been invited only to be insulted, was the object of much banter and coarse pleasantry. His episcopal bonnet was snatched off and passed from hand to hand and head to head of a line of the bacchanal crew. Hoogstraaten hurled a gilt laver of water at the Archbishop, wetting him, but not breaking his head. Mansfeld snapped his fingers under the prelate's nose. In various other ways the Bishop was badgered. The next day, by the efforts of

Egmont, a reconciliation was apparently effected. Nevertheless, although the scandalous scene made a great impression throughout the country, little sympathy with this cardinalist was shown by the people, who detested the persecuting and murderous prelate.

Egmont departed from Cambrai upon the 30th of January, his friends taking a most affectionate farewell of him, and Brederode assuring him, with a thousand oaths, that he would forsake God for his service. His reception at Madrid was most brilliant. When he made his first appearance at the palace, Philip rushed from his cabinet into the grand hall of reception, and fell upon his neck, embracing him heartily before the Count had time to drop upon his knee and kiss the royal hand. During the whole period of his visit he dined frequently at the King's private table, an honor rarely accorded by Philip, and was feasted and flattered by all the great dignitaries of the court as never a subject of the Spanish crown had been before.

Thus feasted, flattered, and laden with presents amounting to one hundred thousand crowns, Egmont hardly broached the public matters which had brought him to Madrid. Intoxicated by the incense offered to him at the Spanish court, he was a different man from Egmont in the Netherlands, subject to the calm but piercing glance and the irresistible control of Orange. He made no effort to obtain any relaxation of those religious edicts which he had himself declared worthy of approbation and fit to be maintained. As to the question of enlarging the state council, Philip dismissed the subject with a few vague observations, which Egmont, not very zealous on the subject at the moment, perhaps misunderstood. The punishment of heretics by some new method, so as to secure the pains but to take away the glories of martyrdom, was also slightly discussed, and here again Egmont was so unfortunate as to misconceive the royal meaning, and to interpret an additional refinement of cruelty into an expression of clemency.

Amicably passed the hours of that mission, the preliminaries for which had called forth so much eloquence from

the Prince of Orange and so nearly carried off with apoplexy the President, Viglius. On his departure Egmont received a letter of instructions from Philip as to the report which he was to make upon his arrival in Brussels to the Duchess. After many things personally flattering to himself, the envoy was directed to represent the King as overwhelmed with incredible grief at hearing the progress made by the heretics, but as immutably determined to permit no change of religion within his dominions, even were he to die a thousand deaths in consequence. The King, he was to state, requested the Duchess forthwith to assemble an extraordinary session of the council, at which certain bishops, theological doctors, and very orthodox lawyers, were to assist, in which, under pretence of discussing the Council of Trent matter, it was to be considered whether there could not be some "new way devised for executing heretics; *not, indeed, one by which any deduction should be made from their sufferings* (which certainly was not the royal wish, nor likely to be grateful to God or salutary to religion), but by which all hopes of glory—that powerful incentive to their impiety —might be precluded." With regard to any suggested alterations in the council of state, or in the other two councils, the King was to be represented as unwilling to form any decision until he should hear, at length, from the Duchess Regent upon the subject.

Egmont reached Brussels at the end of April. Upon the 5th of May he appeared before the council, and proceeded to give an account of his interview with the King, together with a statement of the royal intentions and opinions. These were already sufficiently well known. Letters written after the envoy's departure had arrived before him, in which, while in the main presenting the same views as those contained in the instructions to Egmont, Philip had expressed his decided prohibition of the project to enlarge the state council and to suppress the authority of the other two.

It is hardly necessary to state that so meagre a result to the mission of Egmont was not likely to inspire the hearts of Orange and his adherents with much confidence.

No immediate explosion of resentment, however, occurred. Egmont went to his government immediately after his return, assembled the states of Artois in the city of Arras, and delivered the letters sent to that body by the King. He described Philip as the most liberal and debonair of princes; his council in Spain as cruel and sanguinary. Egmont's language, used before the estates of Artois, varied materially from his observation to the Dowager Duchess of Aerschot, denouncing as enemies the men who accused him of having requested a moderation of the edicts. In truth, this most vacillating, confused, and unfortunate of men perhaps scarcely comprehended the purport of his recent negotiations in Spain, nor perceived the drift of his daily remarks at home. He was, however, somewhat vainglorious immediately after his return, and excessively attentive to business. "He talks like a king," said Morillon, spitefully, "negotiates night and day, and makes all bow before him." His house was more thronged with petitioners, courtiers, and men of affairs than even the palace of the Duchess.

It was but a very short time, however, before a total change was distinctly perceptible in his demeanor. The most stringent instructions to keep the whole machinery of persecution constantly at work were transmitted to the Duchess, and aroused the indignation of Orange and his followers. They avowed that they could no longer trust the royal word, since, so soon after Egmont's departure, the King had written despatches so much at variance with his language, as reported by the envoy. There was nothing, they said, clement and debonair in these injunctions upon gentlemen of their position and sentiments to devote their time to the encouragement of hangmen and inquisitors. The Duchess was unable to pacify the nobles. Egmont was beside himself with rage. With his usual recklessness and wrath, he expressed himself at more than one session of the state council in most unmeasured terms. His anger had been more inflamed by information which he had received from the second son of Berlaymont, a young and indiscreet lad, who had most unfortunately communicated many secrets which he had learned from

his father, but which were never intended for Egmont's ear.

In truth, Egmont had been an easy dupe. He had been dazzled by royal smiles, intoxicated by court incense, contaminated by yet baser bribes. He had been turned from the path of honor and the companionship of the wise and noble to do the work of those who were to compass his destruction. The Prince of Orange reproached him to his face with having forgotten, when in Spain, to represent the views of his associates and the best interests of the country, while he had well remembered his own private objects, and accepted the lavish bounty of the King. Egmont, stung to the heart by the reproof from one whom he honored and who wished him well, became sad and sombre for a long time, abstained from the court and from society, and expressed frequently the intention of retiring to his estates. He was, however, much governed by his secretary, the Seigneur de Bakerzeel, a man of restless, intriguing, and deceitful character, who at this period exercised as great influence over the Count as Armenteros continued to maintain over the Duchess, whose unpopularity from that and other circumstances was daily increasing.

In obedience to the commands of the King, the canons of the Council of Trent had been published. They were nominally enforced at Cambrai, but a fierce opposition was made by the clergy themselves to the innovation in Mechlin, Utrecht, and many other places. This matter, together with other more vitally important questions, came before the assembly of bishops and doctors, which, according to Philip's instructions, had been convoked by the Duchess. The opinion of the learned theologians was, on the whole, that the views of the Trent Council, with regard to reformation of ecclesiastical morals and popular education, were sound. There was some discordancy between the clerical and lay doctors upon other points. The seigniors, lawyers, and deputies from the estates *were all in favor of repealing the penalty of death for heretical* offences of any kind. President Viglius, with all the bishops and doctors of divinity, including the prelates of Saint Omer, Namur, and Ypres, and four theological professors from Louvain,

stoutly maintained the contrary opinion. After sitting for the greater part of six days, the bishops and doctors of divinity reduced their sentiments to writing, and affixed their signatures to the document.

It was settled beyond peradventure that there was to be no compromise with heresy.

The uneasiness, the terror, the wrath of the people seemed rapidly culminating to a crisis. Nothing was talked of but the edicts and the inquisition. Nothing else entered into the minds of men. In the streets, in the shops, in the taverns, in the fields; at market, at church, at funerals, at weddings; in the noble's castle, at the farmer's fireside, in the mechanic's garret, upon the merchant's exchange, there was but one perpetual subject of shuddering conversation. It was better, men began to whisper to each other, to die at once than to live in perpetual slavery. It was better to fall with arms in hand than to be tortured and butchered by the inquisition. Who could expect to contend with such a foe in the dark?

They reproached the municipal authorities with lending themselves as instruments to the institution. On the other hand, the inquisitors were clamorous in abuse of the languor and the cowardice of the secular authorities. They wearied the ear of the Duchess with complaints of the difficulties which they encountered in the execution of their functions—of the slight alacrity on the part of the various officials to assist them in the discharge of their duties. Thus the Duchess, exposed at once to the rising wrath of a whole people and to the shrill blasts of inquisitorial anger, was tossed to and fro, as upon a stormy sea.

In accordance with Philip's suggestion, orders were now given that the heretics should be executed at midnight in their dungeons, by binding their heads between their knees, and then slowly suffocating them in tubs of water. Secret drowning was substituted for public burning, in order that the heretic's crown of vainglory, which was thought to console him in his agony, might never be placed upon his head.

In the course of the summer, Margaret wrote to her brother that the popular frenzy was becoming more and more intense. The people were crying aloud, she said, that the Spanish inquisition, or a worse than Spanish inquisition, had been established among them by means of bishops and ecclesiastics. She urged Philip to cause the instructions for the inquisitors to be revised. Egmont, she said, was vehement in expressing his dissatisfaction at the discrepancy between Philip's language to him by word of mouth and that of the royal despatches on the religious question. The other seigniors were even more indignant.

The celebrated interview between Catharine de Medici and her daughter, the Queen of Spain, through which the massacre of St. Bartholomew was simply postponed for seven years, added to the prevailing discontent in the Netherlands. It occurred in the middle of the month of June, at Bayonne. The darkest suspicions as to the results to humanity of the plots to be engendered in this famous conference between the representatives of France and Spain were universally entertained.

In the course of November, fresh letters from Philip arrived in the Netherlands, confirming everything which he had previously written. He wrote personally to the inquisitors-general, Tiletanus and De Bay, encouraging them, commending, promising them his support, and urging them not to be deterred by any consideration from thoroughly fulfilling their duties. He wrote Peter Titelmann a letter, in which he applauded the pains taken by that functionary to remedy the ills which religion was suffering, assured him of his gratitude, exhorted him to continue in his virtuous course, and avowed his determination to spare neither pains nor expense—not even his own life—to sustain the Catholic Faith. To the Duchess he wrote at great length, and in most unequivocal language.

To Egmont, the King wrote with his own hand, applauding much that was contained in the recent decisions of the assembly of bishops and doctors of divinity, and commanding the Count to assist in the execution of the royal determination. In affairs of religion, Philip ex-

pressed the opinion that dissimulation and weakness were entirely out of place.

When these decisive letters came before the state council the consternation was extreme. The Duchess had counted, in spite of her inmost convictions, upon less peremptory instructions. The Prince of Orange, the Count of Egmont, and the Admiral were loud in their denunciations of the royal policy. There was a violent and protracted debate. The excitement spread at once to the people. Inflammatory hand-bills were circulated. Placards were posted every night upon the doors of Orange, Egmont, and Horn, calling upon them to come forth boldly as champions of the people and of liberty in religious matters. Banquets were held daily at the houses of the nobility, in which the more ardent and youthful of their order, with brains excited by wine and anger, indulged in flaming invectives against the government, and interchanged vows to protect one another and the cause of the oppressed provinces.

Meanwhile the privy council, to which body the Duchess had referred the recent despatches from Madrid, made a report upon the whole subject to the state council during the month of November, sustaining the royal views, and insisting upon the necessity of carrying them into effect. The edicts and inquisition having been so vigorously insisted upon by the King, nothing was to be done but to issue new proclamations throughout the country, together with orders to bishops, councils, governors, and judges, that every care should be taken to enforce them to the full.

This report came before the state council, and was sustained by some of its members. The Prince of Orange expressed the same uncompromising hostility to the inquisition which he had always manifested, but observed that the commands of the King were so precise and absolute as to leave no possibility of discussing that point. There was nothing to be done, he said, but to obey, but he washed his hands of the fatal consequences which he foresaw. There was no longer any middle course between obedience and rebellion. This opinion, the soundness of which could

scarcely be disputed, was also sustained by Egmont and Horn.

Viglius was disposed to temporize, but his eloquence was in vain. The Duchess, although terrified at the probable consequences, felt the impossibility of disobeying the deliberate decree of her brother. A proclamation was accordingly prepared, by which it was ordered that the dogmas of the Council of Trent, the edicts, and the inquisition, should be published in every town and village in the provinces immediately, and once in six months forever afterwards. The deed was done, and the Prince of Orange, stooping to the ear of his next neighbor as they sat at the council-board, whispered that they were now about to witness the commencement of the most extraordinary tragedy which had ever been enacted.

The fiat went forth. In the market-place of every town and village of the Netherlands the inquisition was again formally proclaimed. Every doubt which had hitherto existed as to the intention of the government was swept away. No argument was thenceforward to be permissible as to the constitutionality of the edicts—as to the compatibility of their provisions with the privileges of the land. The cry of a people in its agony ascended to Heaven.

There was almost a cessation of the ordinary business of mankind. Commerce was paralyzed. Antwerp shook as with an earthquake. A chasm seemed to open, in which her prosperity and her very existence were to be forever engulfed. The foreign merchants, manufacturers, and artisans fled from her gates as if the plague was raging within them. Thriving cities were likely soon to be depopulated. The metropolitan heart of the whole country was almost motionless.

Men high in authority sympathized with the general indignation. The Marquis Berghen, the younger Mansfeld, and the Baron Montigny openly refused to enforce the edicts within their governments. Men of eminence inveighed boldly and bitterly against the tyranny of the government, and counselled disobedience. The Netherlanders, it was stoutly maintained, were not such senseless brutes as to be ignorant of the mutual relation of prince

and people. They knew that the obligation of a king to his vassals was as sacred as were the duties of the subjects to the sovereign.

Towards the end of the year (1565), which was closing in such universal gloom, the contemporary chronicles are enlivened with a fitful gleam of sunshine. The light enlivens only the more elevated regions of the Flemish world, but it is pathetic to catch a glimpse of those nobles, many of whose lives were to be so heroic and whose destinies so tragic, as, amid the shadows projected by coming evil, they still found time for the chivalrous festivals of their land and epoch. A splendid tournament was held at the Château d'Antoing to celebrate the nuptials of Baron Montigny with the daughter of Prince d'Espinoy. Orange, Horn, and Hoogstraaten were the challengers, and maintained themselves against all comers, Egmont and other distinguished knights being among the number.

Meantime, upon the 11th of November, 1565, the marriage of Prince Alexander and Donna Maria was celebrated with great solemnity by the Archbishop of Cambrai, in the chapel of the court at Brussels. On the following Sunday the wedding banquet was held in the great hall, where, ten years previously, the memorable abdication of the bridegroom's imperial grandfather had taken place.

The walls were again hung with the magnificent tapestry of Gideon, while the Knights of the Fleece, with all the other grandees of the land, were assembled to grace the spectacle. The King was represented by his envoy in England, Don Guzman de Silva, who came to Brussels for the occasion, and who had been selected for this duty because, according to Armenteros, "he was endowed, besides his prudence, with so much witty gracefulness with ladies in matters of pastime and entertainment." Early in the month of December a famous tournament was held in the great market-place of Brussels, the Duke of Parma, the Duke of Aerschot, and Count Egmont being judges of the jousts. Count Mansfeld was the challenger, assisted by his son Charles, celebrated among the gentry of the land for his dexterity in such sports. To Count

Charles was awarded upon this occasion the silver cup from the lady of the lists. Count Bossu received the prize for breaking best his lances; the Seigneur de Beauvoir, for the most splendid entrance; Count Louis of Nassau, for having borne himself most gallantly in the *mêlée*. On the same evening the nobles, together with the bridal pair, were entertained at a splendid supper given by the city of Brussels in the magnificent Hôtel de Ville. On this occasion the prizes gained at the tournament were distributed, amid the applause and hilarity of all the revellers.

Thus, with banquet, tourney, and merry marriage bells, with gayety gilding the surface of society, while a deadly hatred to the inquisition was eating into the heart of the nation, and while the fires of civil war were already kindling, of which no living man was destined to witness the extinction, ended the year 1565.

CHAPTER VI

THE NOBLES' COMPROMISE AND "THE BEGGARS"

The most remarkable occurrence in the earlier part of the year 1566 was the famous Compromise. This document, by which the signers pledged themselves to oppose the inquisition and to defend one another against all consequences of such a resistance, was probably the work of Philip de Marnix, Lord of Sainte-Aldegonde. Much obscurity, however, rests upon the origin of this league. Its foundations had already been laid in the latter part of the preceding year. The nuptials of Parma with the Portuguese princess had been the cause of much festivity, not only in Brussels, but at Antwerp. On the wedding-day of Parma, Francis Junius, a dissenting minister then residing at Antwerp, was invited to Brussels to preach a sermon in the house of Count Culemburg, on the horse-market (now called Little Sablon), before a small assembly of some twenty gentlemen.

This Francis Junius, born of a noble family in Bourges, was the pastor of the secret French congregation of Huguenots at Antwerp. He was very young, having arrived from Geneva, where he had been educated, to take charge of the secret church, when but just turned twenty years of age. He was, however, already celebrated for his learning, his eloquence, and his courage. Towards the end of 1565 it had already become known that Junius was in secret understanding with Louis of Nassau to prepare an address to the government on the subject of the inquisition and edicts. Orders were given for his arrest. He escaped to Breda, and continued his labors in spite of persecution. The man's courage may be estimated from the

fact that he preached on one occasion a sermon, advocating with his usual eloquence the doctrines of the Reformed Church, in a room overlooking the market-place, where, at the very instant, the execution by fire of several heretics was taking place, while the light from the flames in which the brethren of their Faith were burning was flickering through the glass windows of the conventicle. Such was the man who preached a sermon in Culemburg Palace on Parma's wedding-day. The nobles who listened to him were occupied with grave discourse after the conclusion of the religious exercises. Junius took no part in their conversation, but in his presence it was resolved that a league against the "barbarous and violent inquisition" should be formed, and that the confederates should mutually bind themselves both within and without the Netherlands to this great purpose. Junius, in giving this explicit statement, has not mentioned the names of the nobles before whom he preached. It may be inferred that some of them were the more ardent and the more respectable among the somewhat miscellaneous band by whom the Compromise was afterwards signed.

At about the same epoch, Louis of Nassau, Nicolas de Hammes, and certain other gentlemen met at the baths of Spa. At this secret assembly the foundations of the Compromise were definitely laid. A document was afterwards drawn up, which was circulated for signatures in the early part of 1566. Several copies of the Compromise were passed secretly from hand to hand, and in the course of two months some two thousand signatures had been obtained.

Sainte-Aldegonde, the reputed author of this instrument, was one of the most accomplished men of his age. He was of ancient nobility, as he proved by an abundance of historical and heraldic evidence. He was one of the many-sided men who recalled the symmetry of antique patriots. He was a poet of much vigor and imagination, a prose writer whose style was surpassed by that of none of his contemporaries, a diplomatist in whose tact and delicacy William of Orange afterwards reposed in the most difficult and important negotiations, an orator whose dis-

SAINTE-ALDEGONDE

courses on many great public occasions attracted the attention of Europe, a soldier whose bravery was to be attested afterwards on many a well-fought field, a theologian so skilful in the polemics of divinity that, as it will hereafter appear, he was more than a match for a bench of bishops upon their own ground, and a scholar so accomplished that, besides speaking and writing the classical and several modern languages with facility, he had also translated for popular use the Psalms of David into vernacular verse, and at a very late period of his life was requested by the states-general of the republic to translate all the Scriptures—a work the fulfilment of which was prevented by his death. A passionate foe to the inquisition and to all the abuses of the ancient Church, an ardent defender of civil liberty, it must be admitted that he partook also of the tyrannical spirit of Calvinism. He never rose to the lofty heights to which the spirit of the great founder of the commonwealth was destined to soar, but denounced the great principle of religious liberty for all consciences as godless. He was now twenty-eight years of age, having been born in the same year with his friend Louis of Nassau. His device, "*Repos ailleurs,*" finely typified the restless, agitated, and laborious life to which he was destined.

The other distinguished leader of the newly formed league, Count Louis, was a true knight of the olden time, the very mirror of chivalry. Gentle, generous, pious, making use in his tent before the battle of the prayers which his mother sent him from the home of his childhood, yet fiery in the field as an ancient crusader—doing the work of general and soldier with desperate valor and against any numbers—cheerful and steadfast under all reverses, witty and jocund in social intercourse, animating with his unceasing spirits the graver and more foreboding soul of his brother, he was the man to whom the eyes of the most ardent among the Netherland Reformers were turned at this early epoch, the trusty staff upon which the great Prince of Orange was to lean till it was broken. As gay as Brederode, he was unstained by his vices, and exercised a boundless influence over that reck-

less personage, who often protested that he would "die a poor soldier at his feet." The career of Louis was destined to be short, if reckoned by years, but if by events, it was to attain almost a patriarchal length. At the age of nineteen he had taken part in the battle of Saint-Quentin, and when once the war of freedom opened, his sword was never to be sheathed. His days were filled with life, and when he fell into his bloody but unknown grave, he was to leave a name as distinguished for heroic valor and untiring energy as for spotless integrity. He was small of stature, but well formed; athletic in all knightly exercises, with agreeable features, a dark, laughing eye, close-clipped brown hair, and a peaked beard.

"Golden Fleece," as Nicolas de Hammes was universally denominated, was the illegitimate scion of a noble house. He was one of the most active of the early adherents to the league, kept the lists of signers in his possession, and scoured the country daily to procure new confederates. At the public preachings of the Reformed religion, which soon after this epoch broke forth throughout the Netherlands as by a common impulse, he made himself conspicuous. He was fierce in his hostility to the government, and one of those fiery spirits whose premature zeal was prejudicial to the cause of liberty and disheartening to the cautious patriotism of Orange. He was for smiting at once the gigantic atrocity of the Spanish dominion, without waiting for the forging of the weapons by which the blows were to be dealt. He forgot that men and money were as necessary as wrath in a contest with the most tremendous despotism of the world.

As for Charles Mansfeld he soon fell away from the league, which he had originally embraced with excessive ardor.

By the influence of the leaders many signatures were obtained during the first two months of the year. The language of the document was such that patriotic Catholics could sign it as honestly as Protestants. It inveighed bitterly against the tyranny of "a heap of strangers," who, influenced only by private avarice and ambition, were making use of an affected zeal for the Catholic religion to

persuade the King into a violation of his oaths. It denounced the refusal to mitigate the severity of the edicts. It declared the inquisition, which it seemed the intention of government to fix permanently upon them, as "iniquitous, contrary to all laws human and divine, surpassing the greatest barbarism which was ever practised by tyrants, and as redounding to the dishonor of God and to the total desolation of the country." They declared an honest purpose to "maintain the monarch in his estate, and to suppress all seditions, tumults, monopolies, and factions." They engaged to preserve their confederation, thus formed, forever inviolable, and to permit none of its members to be persecuted in any manner, in body or goods, by any proceeding founded on the inquisition, the edicts, or the present league.

It will be seen, therefore, that the Compromise was, in its origin, a covenant of *nobles*. It was directed against the foreign influence by which the Netherlands were exclusively governed, and against the inquisition, whether papal, episcopal, or by edict. There is no doubt that the country was controlled entirely by Spanish masters, and that the intention was to reduce the ancient liberty of the Netherlands into subjection to a junta of foreigners sitting at Madrid. Nothing more legitimate could be imagined than a constitutional resistance to such a policy.

The Prince of Orange had not been consulted as to the formation of the league. It was sufficiently obvious to its founders that his cautious mind would find much to censure in the movement. His sentiments with regard to the inquisition and the edicts and the canons of the Council of Trent were certainly known to all men. In the conclusion of his letter to Margaret, dated January 24, 1566, he had observed that he was at all times desirous to obey the commands of his Majesty and her Highness, and to discharge the duties of "a good Christian." The use of the latter term is remarkable, as marking an epoch in the history of the Prince's mind. A year before he would have said a good Catholic, but it was during this year that his mind began to be thoroughly pervaded by religious doubt, and that the great question of the Reformation

forced itself, not only as a political, but as a moral problem upon him, which he felt that he could not much longer neglect instead of solving.

Orange, however, could not safely intrust the sacred interests of a commonwealth to such hands as those of Brederode—however deeply that enthusiastic personage might drink the health of "Younker William," as he affectionately denominated the Prince—or to "Golden Fleece," or to Charles Mansfeld, or to that younger wild boar of Ardennes, Robert de la Marck. In his brother and in Sainte-Aldegonde he had confidence, but he did not exercise over them that control which he afterwards acquired. His conduct towards the confederacy was imitated in the main by the other great nobles. The covenanters never expected to obtain the signatures of such men as Orange, Egmont, Horn, Meghen, Berghen, or Montigny, nor were those eminent personages ever accused of having signed the Compromise, although some of them were afterwards charged with having protected those who did affix their names to the document. The confederates were originally found among the lesser nobles. Of these some were sincere Catholics, who loved the ancient Church, but hated the inquisition; some were fierce Calvinists or determined Lutherans; some were troublous and adventurous spirits, men of broken fortunes, extravagant habits, and boundless desires, who no doubt thought that the broad lands of the Church, with their stately abbeys, would furnish much more fitting homes and revenues for gallant gentlemen than for lazy monks. All were young, few had any prudence or conduct, and the history of the league more than justified the disapprobation of Orange. The nobles thus banded together achieved little by their confederacy. They disgraced a great cause by their orgies, almost ruined it by their inefficiency, and when the rope of sand which they had twisted fell asunder, the people had gained nothing and the gentry had almost lost the confidence of the nation. These remarks apply to the mass of the confederates and to some of the leaders. Louis of Nassau and Sainte-Aldegonde were ever honored and trusted as they deserved.

Although the language of the Compromise spoke of the leaguers as nobles, yet the document was circulated among burghers and merchants also, many of whom, according to the satirical remark of a Netherland Catholic, may have been influenced by the desire of writing their names in such aristocratic company, and some of whom were destined to expiate such vainglory upon the scaffold.

With such associates, therefore, the profound and anxious mind of Orange could have little in common. Confidence expanding as the numbers increased, their audacity and turbulence grew with the growth of the league. The language at their wild banquets was as hot as the wine which confused their heads; yet the Prince knew that there was rarely a festival in which there did not sit some calm, temperate Spaniard, watching with quiet eye and cool brain the extravagant demeanor, and listening with composure to the dangerous avowals or bravadoes of these revellers, with the purpose of transmitting a record of their language or demonstrations to the inmost sanctuary of Philip's cabinet at Madrid. The Prince knew, too, that the King was very sincere in his determination to maintain the inquisition, however dilatory his proceedings might appear. He was well aware that an armed force might be expected ere long to support the royal edicts. Already the Prince had organized that system of espionage upon Philip, by which the champion of his country was so long able to circumvent its despot. The King left letters carefully locked in his desk at night, and unseen hands had forwarded copies of them to William of Orange before the morning. He left memoranda in his pockets on retiring to bed, and exact transcripts of those papers found their way, likewise, ere he rose, to the same watchman in the Netherlands. No doubt that an inclination for political intrigue was a prominent characteristic of the Prince, and a blemish upon the purity of his moral nature. Yet he had mastered the dissimulating policy of his age only that he might accomplish the noblest purposes to which a great and good man can devote his life—the protection of the liberty and the religion of a whole people against foreign tyranny. His intrigue served his country, not a narrow

personal ambition, and it was only by such arts that he became Philip's master, instead of falling at once, like so many great personages, a blind and infatuated victim. No doubt his purveyors of secret information were often destined to atone fearfully for their contraband commerce, but they who trade in treason must expect to pay the penalty of their traffic.

Although, therefore, the great nobles held themselves aloof from the confederacy, yet many of them gave unequivocal signs of their dissent from the policy adopted by the government by resignation of their offices or public expression of their adverse opinion.

The Duchess was almost reduced to desperation. The condition of the country was frightful. Famine reigned in the land. Emigration, caused not by over-population, but by persecution, was fast weakening the country. It was no wonder that not only foreign merchants should be scared from the great commercial cities by the approaching disorders, but that every industrious artisan who could find the means of escape should seek refuge among strangers, wherever an asylum could be found. That asylum was afforded by Protestant England, who received these intelligent and unfortunate wanderers with cordiality, and learned with eagerness the lessons in mechanical skill which they had to teach. Already thirty thousand emigrant Netherlanders were established in Sandwich, Norwich, and other places assigned to them by Elizabeth. It had always, however, been made a condition of the liberty granted to these foreigners for practising their handiwork that each house should employ at least one English apprentice.* The current of trade was already turned. The cloth-making of England was already gaining preponderance over that of the provinces. Vessels now went every week from Sandwich to Antwerp laden with silk, satin, and cloth manufactured in England, while as many but a few years before had borne the

* The tremendous missionary influence of this immigration upon England has been ably shown by such writers as Fuller, J. Thorold Rogers, De Gibben, and Campbell. See *The Puritan in Holland, England, and America.*

Flemish fabrics of the same nature from Antwerp to England.

It might be supposed by disinterested judges that persecution was at the bottom of this change in commerce. The Prince of Orange estimated that up to this period fifty thousand persons in the provinces had been put to death in obedience to the edicts. He was a moderate man, and accustomed to weigh his words. As a new impulse had been given to the system of butchery—as it was now sufficiently plain that "if the father had chastised his people with a scourge, the son held a whip of scorpions"—as the edicts were to be enforced with renewed vigor—it was natural that commerce and manufactures should make their escape out of a doomed land as soon as possible, whatever system of tariffs might be adopted by neighboring nations.

A new step had been resolved upon early in the month of March by the confederates. A petition, or "Request," was drawn up, which was to be presented to the Duchess Regent in a formal manner by a large number of gentlemen belonging to the league. This movement was so grave, and likely to be followed by such formidable results, that it seemed absolutely necessary for Orange and his friends to take some previous cognizance of it before it was finally arranged.

For this end a meeting, ostensibly for social purposes and "good cheer," was held, in the middle of March, at Breda, and afterwards adjourned to Hoogstraaten. To these conferences Orange invited Egmont, Horn, Hoogstraaten, Berghen, Meghen, Montigny, and other great nobles. Brederode, Tholouse, Boxtel, and other members of the league, were also present.

The line of policy which he had marked out required the assent of the magnates of the land, and looked towards the convocation of the states-general. It was natural that he should indulge in the hope of being seconded by the men who were in the same political and social station with himself. All, although Catholics, hated the inquisition. The Prince of Orange, however, was not able to bring his usual associates to his way of thinking. The

violent purposes of the leaguers excited the wrath of the more loyal nobles. Their intentions were so dangerous, even in the estimation of the Prince himself, that he felt it his duty to lay the whole subject before the Duchess, although he was not opposed to the presentation of a modest and moderate Request.

The meeting separated at Hoogstraaten without any useful result, but it was now incumbent upon the Prince, in his own judgment, to watch, and in a measure to superintend, the proceedings of the confederates. By his care the contemplated Request was much altered, and especially made more gentle in its tone. Meghen separated himself thenceforth entirely from Orange, and ranged himself exclusively upon the side of government. Egmont vacillated as usual, satisfying neither the Prince nor the Duchess, to whom both Meghen and Egmont gave absurd accounts of a very extensive conspiracy which they asserted was on foot for the invasion of the country.

The Duchess at once, after reading the Compromise, informed her brother that one of two things must be done without further delay. The time had arrived for the government to take up arms, or to make concessions.

In one of the informal meetings of councillors, now held almost daily, on the subject of the impending Request, Aremberg, Meghen, and Berlaymont maintained that the door should be shut in the face of the petitioners without taking any further notice of the petition. Berlaymont suggested also that if this course were not found advisable, the next best thing would be to allow the confederates to enter the palace with their Request, and then to cut them to pieces to the very last man, by means of troops to be immediately ordered from the frontiers. Such sanguinary projects were indignantly rebuked by Orange. He maintained that the confederates were entitled to be treated with respect. Many of them, he said, were his friends—some of them his relations—and there was no reason for refusing to gentlemen of their rank a right which belonged to the poorest plebeian in the land. Egmont sustained these views of the Prince as earnestly

as he had on a previous occasion appeared to countenance the more violent counsels of Meghen.

Meantime, as it was obvious that the demonstration on the part of the confederacy was soon about to be made, the Duchess convened a grand assembly of notables, in which not only all the state and privy councillors, but all the governors and Knights of the Fleece were to take part. On the 28th of March this assembly was held, at which the whole subject of the Request, together with the proposed modifications of the edicts and abolition of the inquisition, was discussed.

It had been decided that Count Brederode should present the petition to the Duchess at the head of a deputation of about three hundred gentlemen. The character of the nobleman thus placed foremost on such an important occasion has been sufficiently made manifest. He was the lineal descendant and representative of the old Sovereign Counts of Holland. Five hundred years before his birth, his ancestor Sikko, younger brother of Dirk the Third, had died, leaving two sons, one of whom was the first Baron of Brederode. A descent of five centuries in unbroken male succession from the original sovereigns of Holland gave him a better genealogical claim to the provinces than any which Philip of Spain could assert through the usurping house of Burgundy. In the approaching tumults he hoped for an opportunity of again asserting the ancient honors of his name. He was a sworn foe to Spaniards and to "water of the fountain." Of his courage there was no question, but he was not destined to the death either of a warrior or a martyr. Headlong, noisy, debauched, but brave, kind-hearted, and generous, he was a fitting representative of his ancestors, the hard-fighting, hard-drinking, crusading, freebooting sovereigns of Holland and Friesland, and would himself have been more at home and more useful in the eleventh century than in the sixteenth.

It was about six o'clock in the evening, on the third day of April (1566), that the long-expected cavalcade at last entered Brussels. An immense concourse of citizens of all ranks thronged around the noble confederates as

soon as they made their appearance. They were about two hundred in number, all on horseback, with pistols in their holsters, and Brederode, tall, athletic, and martial in his bearing, with handsome features and fair curling locks upon his shoulders, seemed an appropriate chieftain for that band of Batavian chivalry. The procession was greeted with frequent demonstrations of applause as it wheeled slowly through the city till it reached the mansion of Orange Nassau. Here Brederode and Count Louis alighted, while the rest of the company dispersed to different quarters of the town.

"They thought that I should not come to Brussels," said Brederode, as he dismounted. "Very well, here I am; and perhaps I shall depart in a different manner." In the course of the next day, Counts Culemburg and Van den Berg entered the city with one hundred other cavaliers.

On the morning of the 5th of April the confederates were assembled at the Culemburg mansion, which stood on the square called the Sablon, within a few minutes' walk of the palace. A straight, handsome street led from the house along the summit of the hill to the splendid residence of the ancient Dukes of Brabant, then the abode of Duchess Margaret. At a little before noon the gentlemen came forth, marching on foot, two by two, to the number of three hundred. Nearly all were young, many of them bore the most ancient historical names of their country, every one was arrayed in magnificent costume. It was regarded as ominous that the man who led the procession, Philip de Bailleul, was lame. The line was closed by Brederode and Count Louis, who came last, walking arm in arm. An immense crowd was collected in the square in front of the palace to welcome the men who were looked upon as the deliverers of the land from Spanish tyranny, from the cardinalists, and from the inquisition. They were received with deafening huzzas and clappings of hands by the assembled populace. As they entered the council-chamber, passing through the great hall, where ten years before the Emperor had given away his crowns, they found the Emperor's daughter

seated in the chair of state and surrounded by the highest personages of the country.

They begged the Duchess Regent to despatch an envoy on their behalf, who should humbly implore his Majesty to abolish the edicts. In the mean time they requested her Highness to order a general surcease of the inquisition, and of all executions, until the King's further pleasure was made known, and until new ordinances, made by his Majesty, with advice and consent of the states-general duly assembled, should be established. The petition terminated as it had commenced, with expressions of extreme respect and devoted loyalty.

The agitation of Duchess Margaret increased very perceptibly during the reading of the paper. When it was finished, she remained for a few minutes quite silent, with tears rolling down her cheeks. As soon as she could overcome her excitement she uttered a few words to the effect that she would advise with her councillors and give the petitioners such answer as should be found suitable. The confederates then passed out from the council-chamber into the grand hall, each individual, as he took his departure, advancing towards the Duchess and making what was called the "caracole," in token of reverence. There was thus ample time to contemplate the whole company, and to count the numbers of the deputation.

After this ceremony had been concluded, there was much earnest debate in the council. The Prince of Orange addressed a few words to the Duchess, with the view of calming her irritation. He observed that the confederates were no seditious rebels, but loyal gentlemen, well born, well connected, and of honorable character. They had been influenced, he said, by an honest desire to save their country from impending danger—not by avarice or ambition. Egmont shrugged his shoulders, and observed that it was necessary for him to leave the court for a season, in order to make a visit to the baths of Aix for an inflammation which he had in the leg. It was then that Berlaymont, according to the account which has been sanctioned by nearly every contemporary writer, whether Catholic or Protestant, uttered the gibe which was destined to become

immortal, and to give a popular name to the confederacy. "What, Madam," he is reported to have cried in a passion, "is it possible that your Highness can entertain fears of these beggars? (*gueux*). Is it not obvious what manner of men they are? They have not had wisdom enough to manage their own estates, and are they now to teach the King and your Highness how to govern the country? By the living God, if my advice were taken, their petition should have a cudgel for a commentary, and we would make them go down the steps of the palace a great deal faster than they mounted them!"

On the 6th of April Brederode, attended by a large number of his companions, again made his appearance at the palace. He then received the petition, which was returned to him with an apostille, or commentary, to this effect: Her Highness would despatch an envoy for the purpose of inducing his Majesty to grant the Request. Everything worthy of the King's unaffected (naïve) and customary benignity might be expected as to the result.

Upon the next day but one, Monday, 8th of April, Brederode, attended by a number of the confederates, again made his appearance at the palace, for the purpose of delivering an answer to the apostille.

The Duchess replied by word of mouth to the second address thus made to her by the confederates, that she could not go beyond the apostille which she had put on record. As for the printing of their petition, she was willing to grant their demand, and would give orders to that effect.

The gentlemen having received this answer, retired into the great hall. After a few minutes' consultation, however, they returned to the council-chamber, where the Seigneur d'Esquerdes, one of their number, addressed a few parting words, in the name of his associates, to the Regent; concluding with a request that she would declare the confederates to have done no act, and made no demonstration, inconsistent with their duty and with a perfect respect for his Majesty.

To this demand the Duchess answered, somewhat dryly, that she could not be judge in such a cause. Time, and

their future deeds, she observed, could only bear witness as to their purposes.

If a civil and religious revolution could have been effected by a few gentlemen going to court in fine clothes to present a petition, and by sitting down to a tremendous banquet afterwards, Brederode and his associates were the men to accomplish the task. Unfortunately, a sea of blood and long years of conflict lay between the nation and the promised land, which for a moment seemed so nearly within reach.

Meantime the next important step in Brederode's eyes was a dinner. He accordingly invited the confederates to a magnificent repast which he had ordered to be prepared in the Culemburg mansion. Three hundred guests sat down, upon the 8th of April, to this luxurious banquet, which was destined to become historical.

There was an earnest discussion as to an appropriate name to be given to their confederacy. Should they call themselves the "Society of Concord," the restorers of lost liberty, or by what other attractive title should the league be baptized? Brederode was, however, already prepared to settle the question. He knew the value of a popular and original name; he possessed the instinct by which adroit partisans in every age have been accustomed to convert the reproachful epithets of their opponents into watchwords of honor, and he had already made his preparations for a startling theatrical effect. Suddenly, amid the din of voices, he arose, with all his rhetorical powers at command. He recounted to the company the observations which the Seigneur de Berlaymont was reported to have made to the Duchess upon the presentation of the Request, and the name which he had thought fit to apply to them collectively. Most of the gentlemen then heard the memorable sarcasm for the first time. Great was the indignation of all that the state councillor should have dared to stigmatize as beggars a band of gentlemen with the best blood of the land in their veins. Brederode, on the contrary, smoothing their anger, assured them with good humor that nothing could be more fortunate. "They call us beggars!" said he. "Let us accept the name. We

will contend with the inquisition, but remain loyal to the King, even till compelled to wear the beggar's sack."

He then beckoned to one of his pages, who brought him a leathern wallet, such as was worn at that day by professional mendicants, together with a large wooden bowl, which also formed part of their regular appurtenances. Brederode immediately hung the wallet around his neck, filled the bowl with wine, lifted it with both hands, and drained it at a draught. "Long live the beggars!" he cried, as he wiped his beard and set the bowl down. "*Vivent les gueux.*" Then for the first time, from the lips of those reckless nobles, rose the famous cry which was so often to ring over land and sea, amid blazing cities, on blood-stained decks, through the smoke and carnage of many a stricken field. The humor of Brederode was hailed with deafening shouts of applause. The Count then threw the wallet around the neck of his nearest neighbor and handed him the wooden bowl. Each guest in turn donned the mendicant's knapsack. Pushing aside his golden goblet, each filled the beggars' bowl to the brim, and drained it to the beggars' health. Roars of laughter and shouts of "*Vivent les gueux!*" shook the walls of the stately mansion as they were doomed never to shake again. The shibboleth was invented. The conjuration which they had been anxiously seeking was found. Their enemies had provided them with a spell, which was to prove, in after days, potent enough to start a spirit from palace or hovel, forest or wave, as the deeds of the "wild beggars," the "wood beggars," and the "beggars of the sea," taught Philip at last to understand the nation which he had driven to madness.

When the wallet and bowl had made the circuit of the table they were suspended to a pillar in the hall. Each of the company in succession then threw some salt into his goblet, and, placing himself under those symbols of the brotherhood, repeated a jingling distich, produced impromptu for the occasion:

By this salt, by this bread, by this wallet we swear,
These beggars ne'er will change, though all the world should stare!

This ridiculous ceremony completed the rites by which the confederacy received its name; but the banquet was by no means terminated. The uproar became furious. The younger and more reckless nobles abandoned themselves to revelry which would have shamed heathen Saturnalia. They renewed to one another every moment their vociferous oaths of fidelity to the common cause, drained huge beakers to the beggars' health, turned their caps and doublets inside out, danced upon chairs and tables. In some cases one addressed the another as Lord Abbot or Reverend Prior of this or that religious institution, thus indicating the means by which some of them hoped to mend their broken fortunes.

While the tumult was at its height, the Prince of Orange, with Counts Horn and Egmont, entered the apartment. They had been dining quietly with Mansfeld, who was confined to his house with an inflamed eye, and they were on their way to the council-chamber, where the sessions were now prolonged nightly to a late hour. Knowing that Hoogstraaten, somewhat against his will, had been induced to be present at the banquet, they had come round by the way of Culemburg House to induce him to retire. They were also disposed, if possible, to abridge the festivities which their influence would have been powerless to prevent.

These great nobles, as soon as they made their appearance, were surrounded by a crew of "beggars," maddened and dripping with their recent baptism of wine, who compelled them to drink a cup amid shouts of "*Vivent le roi et les gueux!*" The meaning of this cry they of course could not understand, for even those who had heard Berlaymont's contemptuous remarks might not remember the exact term which he had used, and certainly could not be aware of the importance to which it had just been elevated. As for Horn, he disliked and had long before quarrelled with Brederode, had prevented many persons from signing the Compromise, and, although a guest at that time of Orange, was in the habit of retiring to bed before supper to avoid the company of many who frequented the house. Yet his presence for a few moments,

with the best intentions, at the conclusion of this famous banquet, was made one of the most deadly charges which were afterwards drawn up against him by the crown. The three seigniors refused to be seated, and remained but for a moment, "the length of a Miserere," taking with them Hoogstraaten as they retired. They also prevailed upon the whole party to break up at the same time, so that their presence had served at least to put a conclusion to the disgraceful riot. When they arrived at the council-chamber they received the thanks of the Duchess for what they had done.

Such was the first movement made by the members of the Compromise. Was it strange that Orange should feel little affinity with such companions? Had he not reason to hesitate, if the sacred cause of civil and religious liberty could only be maintained by these defenders and with such assistance?

The "beggars" did not content themselves with the name alone of the time-honored fraternity of mendicants in which they had enrolled themselves. Immediately after the Culemburg banquet a costume for the confederacy was decided upon. These young gentlemen, discarding gold lace and velvet, thought it expedient to array themselves in doublets and hose of ashen gray, with short cloaks of the same color, all of the coarsest materials. They appeared in this guise in the streets, with common felt hats on their heads, and beggars' pouches and bowls at their sides. They caused also medals of lead and copper to be struck, bearing upon one side the head of Philip; upon the reverse, two hands clasped within a wallet, with the motto, "Faithful to the King, even to wearing the beggar's sack." These badges they wore around their necks, or as buttons to their hats. As a further distinction they shaved their beards close, excepting the moustachios, which were left long and pendent in the Turkish fashion, that custom, as it seemed, being an additional characteristic of mendicants.

Very soon after these events the nobles of the league dispersed from the capital to their various homes. Brederode rode out of Brussels at the head of a band of cava-

liers, who saluted the concourse of applauding spectators with a discharge of their pistols. Forty-three gentlemen accompanied him to Antwerp, where he halted for a night. The Duchess had already sent notice to the magistrates of that city of his intended visit, and warned them to have an eye upon his proceedings. "The great beggar," as Hoogstraaten called him, conducted himself, however, with as much propriety as could be expected. Four or five thousand of the inhabitants thronged about the hotel where he had taken up his quarters. He appeared at a window with his wooden bowl, filled with wine, in his hands, and his wallet at his side. He assured the multitude that he was ready to die to defend the good people of Antwerp and of all the Netherlands against the edicts and the inquisition. Meantime he drank their healths, and begged all who accepted the pledge to hold up their hands. The populace, highly amused, held up and clapped their hands as honest Brederode drained his bowl, and were soon afterwards persuaded to retire in great good-humor.

These proceedings were all chronicled and transmitted with additions and embellishment to Madrid.

The privy council, assisted by thirteen Knights of the Fleece, had been hard at work, and the result of their wisdom was at last revealed in a "Moderation" consisting of fifty-three articles.

What, now, was the substance of those fifty-three articles, so painfully elaborated by Viglius, so handsomely drawn up into shape by Councillor d'Assonleville? Simply to substitute the halter for the fagot. After elimination of all verbiage, this fact was the only residuum. The pretended mercy to the misguided was a mere delusion. The superintendents, preachers, teachers, ministers, sermon-makers, deacons, and other officers, were to be executed with the halter, with confiscation of their whole property. All persons who harbored or protected ministers and teachers of any sect were to be put to death. All the criminals thus carefully enumerated were to be executed, whether repentant or not. If, however, they abjured their errors, they were to be beheaded instead of being strangled. Thus it was obvious that almost any heretic might be brought

to the halter at a moment's notice. The draft of the new edict was ostentatiously called the "Moderatie," or the "Moderation." It was very natural, therefore, that the common people, by a quibble, which is the same in Flemish as in English, should call the proposed "Moderation" the "Murderation." The rough mother-wit of the people had already characterized and annihilated the project while dull formalists were carrying it through the preliminary stages.

A vote in favor of the project having been obtained from the estates of Artois, Hainault, and Flanders, the instructions for the envoys, Baron Montigny and Marquis Berghen, were made out in conformity to the scheme. The two nobles who consented to undertake the office were persuaded into acceptance sorely against their will. They had maintained the constitutional rights of the state, and they had declined to act as executioners for the inquisition, but they were yet to learn that such demonstrations amounted to high treason.

Montigny departed, on the 29th of May, from Brussels. He left the bride to whom he had been wedded amid scenes of festivity the preceding autumn and the unborn child who was never to behold its father's face. No hints had any effect in turning him from his course, and he proceeded to Madrid, where he arrived on the 17th of June. It was not until the 1st of July that Berghen was able to take his departure from Brussels. Both these unfortunate nobles thus went forth to fulfil that dark and mysterious destiny from which the veil of three centuries has but recently been removed.

The mission of the envoys was an elaborate farce to introduce a terrible tragedy. They were sent to procure from Philip the abolition of the inquisition and the moderation of the edicts. At the very moment, however, of all these legislative and diplomatic arrangements, Margaret of Parma was in possession of secret letters from Philip, which she was charged to deliver to the Archbishop of Sorrento, papal nuncio at the imperial court, then on a special visit to Brussels. This ecclesiastic had come to the Netherlands ostensibly to confer with the Prince of Orange

upon the affairs of his principality, to remonstrate with Count Culemburg, and to take measures for the reformation of the clergy. The real object of his mission, however, was to devise means for strengthening the inquisition and suppressing heresy in the provinces. Philip, at whose request he came, had charged him by no means to divulge the secret, as the King was anxious to have it believed that the ostensible business was the only one that the prelate had to perform in the country. Margaret accordingly delivered to him the private letters, in which Philip avowed his determination to maintain the *inquisition and the edicts in all their rigor,* but enjoined profound secrecy upon the subject.

At this very moment, in the early summer of 1566, many thousands of burghers, merchants, peasants, and gentlemen were seen mustering and marching through the fields of every province, armed with arquebus, javelin, pike, and broadsword. For what purpose were these gatherings? Only to hear sermons and to sing hymns in the open air, as it was unlawful to profane the churches with such rites. This was the first great popular phase of the Netherland rebellion. Notwithstanding the edicts and the inquisition with their daily hecatombs, notwithstanding the special publication at this time throughout the country by the Duchess Regent that all the sanguinary statutes concerning religion were in as great vigor as ever, notwithstanding that Margaret offered a reward of seven hundred crowns to the man who would bring her a preacher dead or alive, the popular thirst for the exercises of the Reformed religion could no longer be slaked at the obscure and hidden fountains where their priests had so long privately ministered.

Partly emboldened by a temporary lull in the persecution, partly encouraged by the presentation of the Request and by the events to which it had given rise, the Reformers now came boldly forth from their lurking places and held their religious meetings in the light of day. The consciousness of numbers and of right had brought the conviction of strength. The field-preaching seemed in the eyes of government to spread with the rapidity of a malig-

nant pestilence. The miasma flew upon the wings of the wind. It now broke forth as by one impulse from one end of the country to the other. In the latter part of June, Hermann Strycker, or Modet, a monk who had renounced his vows to become one of the most popular preachers in the Reformed Church, addressed a congregation of seven or eight thousand persons in the neighborhood of Ghent. Peter Dathenus, another unfrocked monk, preached at various places in West Flanders, with great effect. A man endowed with a violent, stormy eloquence, intemperate as most zealots, he was then rendering better services to the cause of the Reformation than he was destined to do at later periods.

But apostate priests were not the only preachers. To the ineffable disgust of the conservatives in Church and State, there were men with little education, utterly devoid of Hebrew, of lowly station—hatters, curriers, tanners, dyers, and the like — who began to preach also; remembering, unseasonably perhaps, that the early disciples selected by the Founder of Christianity had not all been doctors of theology, with diplomas from a "renowned university." But if the nature of such men were subdued to what it worked in, that charge could not be brought against ministers with the learning and accomplishments of Ambrose Wille, Marnier, Guy de Bray, or Francis Junius, the man whom Scaliger called the "greatest of all theologians since the days of the Apostles." An aristocratic sarcasm could not be levelled against Peregrine de la Grange, of a noble family in Provence, with the fiery blood of southern France in his veins, brave as his nation, learned, eloquent, enthusiastic, who galloped to his field-preaching on horseback, and fired a pistol-shot as a signal for his congregation to give attention.

The preaching spread through the Walloon provinces to the northern Netherlands. Towards the end of July an apostate monk, of singular eloquence, Peter Gabriel by name, was announced to preach at Overveen, near Haarlem. This was the first field-meeting which had taken place in Holland. The people were wild with enthusiasm, the authorities beside themselves with apprehension. People

from the country flocked into the town by thousands. The other cities were deserted ; Haarlem was filled to overflowing. The services commenced with the singing of a psalm by the whole vast assemblage. Clement Marot's verses, recently translated by Dathenus, were then new and popular. The strains of the monarch minstrel, chanted thus in their homely but nervous mother-tongue by a multitude who had but recently learned that all the poetry and rapture of devotion were not irrevocably coffined with a buried language or immured in the precincts of a church, had never produced a more elevating effect. No anthem from the world-renowned organ in that ancient city ever awakened more lofty emotions than did those ten thousand human voices ringing from the grassy meadows in that fervid midsummer noon.

By the middle of July the custom was established outside all the principal cities. Camp-meetings were held in some places—as, for instance, in the neighborhood of Antwerp, where the congregations numbered often fifteen thousand, and on some occasions were estimated at between twenty and thirty thousand persons at a time ; "very many of them," said an eye-witness, "the best and wealthiest in the town."

The sect to which most of these worshippers belonged was that of Calvin. In Antwerp there were Lutherans, Calvinists, and Anabaptists. The Lutherans were the richest sect, but the Calvinists the most numerous and enthusiastic. The Prince of Orange at this moment was strenuously opposed both to Calvinism and Anabaptism, but inclining to Lutheranism. Political reasons at this epoch doubtless influenced his mind in religious matters. The aid of the Lutheran princes of Germany, who detested the doctrines of Geneva, could hardly be relied upon for the Netherlanders unless they would adopt the Confession of Augsburg. The Prince knew that the Emperor, although inclined to the Reformation, was bitterly averse to Calvinism, and he was, therefore, desirous of healing the schism which existed in the general Reformed Church. To accomplish this, however, would be to gain a greater victory over the bigotry which was the prevailing charac-

teristic of the age than perhaps could be expected. The Prince, from the first moment of his abandoning the ancient doctrines, was disposed to make the attempt.

In the mean time the Duchess, having neither an army nor money to enroll one, did what she could with "public prayers, processions, fasts, sermons, exhortations," and other ecclesiastical machinery, which she ordered the bishops to put in motion. Her situation was indeed sufficiently alarming.

Meanwhile, also, the sincere Reformers in Antwerp were made nearly as uncomfortable by the presence of their avowed friends, Brederode and his roistering crew, as by that of Meghen and Aremberg, and earnestly desired to be rid of them all. Long and anxious were the ponderings of the magistrates upon all these subjects. It was determined at last to send a fresh deputation to Brussels, requesting the Regent to order the departure of Meghen, Aremberg, and Brederode from Antwerp; remonstrating with her against any plan she might be supposed to entertain of sending mercenary troops into the city; pledging the word of the senate to keep the peace, meanwhile, by their regular force; and, above all, imploring her once more, in the most urgent terms, to send thither the burgrave, as the only man who was capable of saving the city from the calamities into which it was so likely to fall.

The Prince of Orange being thus urgently besought by the government of Antwerp, by the inhabitants of that city, and by the Regent herself, at last consented to make the visit so earnestly demanded. On the 13th of July he arrived in Antwerp. The whole city was alive with enthusiasm. Half its population seemed to have come forth from the gates to bid him welcome, lining the road for miles. Wild shouts of welcome rose upon every side as he rode through the town, mingled with occasional vociferations of "Long life to the beggars!" These party cries were instantly and sharply rebuked by Orange, who expressed, in Brederode's presence, the determination that he would make men unlearn that mischievous watchword. He had, moreover, little relish at that time for the tumult-

uous demonstrations of attachment to his person, which were too fervid to be censured but too unseasonable to be approved. He held at once a long consultation with the upper branch of the government. Afterwards, day after day, he honestly, arduously, sagaciously labored to restore the public tranquillity, which at last, by his efforts, was restored. The broad-council having been assembled, it was decided that the exercise of the Reformed religion should be excluded from the city, but silently tolerated in the suburbs, while an armed force was to be kept constantly in readiness to suppress all attempts at insurrection.

Thus, during the remainder of July and the early part of August, was William of Orange strenuously occupied in doing what should have been the Regent's work. He was still regarded, both by the Duchess and by the Calvinist party—although having the sympathies of neither—as the only man in the Netherlands who could control the rising tide of a national revolt. He took care, said his enemies, that his conduct at Antwerp should have every appearance of loyalty, but they insinuated that he was a traitor from the beginning, who was insidiously fomenting the troubles which he appeared to rebuke.

A report that the High Sheriff of Brabant was collecting troops by command of government, in order to attack the Reformers at their field-preachings, went far to undo the work already accomplished by the Prince. The assemblages swelled again from ten or twelve thousand to twenty-five thousand, the men all providing themselves more thoroughly with weapons than before.

So long as this great statesman could remain in the metropolis, his temperate firmness prevented the explosion which had so long been expected. His own government of Holland and Zeeland, too, especially demanded his care. The field-preaching had spread in that region with prodigious rapidity. Armed assemblages, utterly beyond the power of the civil authorities, were taking place daily in the neighborhood of Amsterdam. Yet the Duchess could not allow him to visit his government in the north. If he could be spared from Antwerp for a day, it was neces-

sary that he should aid her in a fresh complication with the confederated nobles. In the very midst, therefore, of his Antwerp labors, he had been obliged, by Margaret's orders, to meet a committee at Duffel. For in this same eventful month of July a great meeting was held by the members of the Compromise at Saint-Trond, in the bishopric of Liège. They came together on the 13th of the month, and remained assembled till the beginning of August. It was a wild, tumultuous convention, numbering some fifteen hundred cavaliers, each with his esquires and armed attendants; a larger and more important gathering than had yet been held. Brederode and Count Louis were the chieftains of the assembly, which, as may be supposed from its composition and numbers, was likely to be neither very orderly in its demonstrations nor wholesome in its results. It was an ill-timed movement. The convention was too large for deliberation, too riotous to inspire confidence. The nobles quartered themselves everywhere in the taverns and the farm-houses of the neighborhood, while large numbers encamped upon the open fields. There was a constant din of revelry and uproar, mingled with wordy warfare, and an occasional crossing of swords. It seemed rather like a congress of ancient, savage Batavians, assembled in Teutonic fashion to choose a king amid hoarse shouting, deep drinking, and the clash of spear and shield, than a meeting for a lofty and earnest purpose by their civilized descendants. A crowd of spectators, landlopers, mendicants, daily aggregated themselves to the aristocratic assembly, joining, with natural unction, in the incessant shout of "*Vivent les gueux!*" It was impossible that so soon after their baptism the self-styled beggars should repudiate all connection with the time-honored fraternity in which they had enrolled themselves.

The confederates discussed—if an exchange of vociferations could be called discussion—principally two points: whether, in case they obtained the original objects of their petition, they should pause, or move still further onward; and whether they should insist upon receiving some pledge from the government that no vengeance should be taken

upon them for their previous proceedings. Upon both questions there was much vehemence of argument and great difference of opinion. They, moreover, took two very rash and very grave resolutions—to guarantee the people against all violence on account of their creeds, and to engage a force of German soldiery, four thousand horse and forty companies of infantry, by "wart geld" or retaining wages.

Upon the 18th of July the Prince of Orange, at the earnest request of the Regent, met a committee of the confederated nobles at Duffel. Count Egmont was associated with him in this duty. The conference was not very satisfactory. The deputies from Saint-Trond, consisting of Brederode, Culemburg, and others, exchanged with the two seigniors the old arguments. Finally, a paper was drawn up which Brederode carried back to the convention, and which it was proposed to submit to the Duchess for her approval. At the end of the month, Louis of Nassau was accordingly sent to Brussels, accompanied by twelve associates, who were familiarly called his twelve apostles. Here he laid before her Highness in council a statement embodying the views of the confederates. In this paper they asserted that they were ever ready to mount and ride against a foreign foe, but that they would never draw a sword against their innocent countrymen. If she would convoke the states-general, then, and then only, were the confederates willing to exert their energies to preserve peace, to restrain popular impetuosity, and banish universal despair.

So far Louis of Nassau and his twelve apostles. It must be confessed that, whatever might be thought of the justice, there could be but one opinion as to the boldness of these views. The Duchess was furious. If the language held in April had been considered audacious, certainly this new request was, in her own words, "still more bitter to the taste and more difficult of digestion." She therefore answered in a very unsatisfactory, haughty, and ambiguous manner, reserving decision upon their propositions till they had been discussed by the state council, and intimating that they would also be laid before

the Knights of the Fleece, who were to hold a meeting upon the 26th of August. There was some further conversation, without any result.

The assembly at Saint-Trond was dissolved, having made violent demonstrations, which were not followed by beneficial results, and having laid itself open to various suspicions, most of which were ill-founded, while some of them were just.

CHAPTER VII

THE IMAGE-STORM

The Netherlands possessed an extraordinary number of churches and monasteries. Their exquisite architecture and elaborate decoration had been the earliest indication of intellectual culture displayed in the country. In the vast number of cities, towns, and villages which were crowded upon that narrow territory, there had been, from circumstances operating throughout Christendom, a great accumulation of ecclesiastical wealth. The same causes can never exist again which at an early day covered the soil of Europe with those magnificent creations of Christian art. It was in these anonymous but entirely original achievements that Gothic genius, awaking from its long sleep of the Dark Ages, first expressed itself. The early poetry of the German races was hewn and chiselled in stone. Around the steadfast principle of devotion, then so firmly rooted in the soil, clustered the graceful and vigorous emanations of the newly awakened mind. All that science could invent, all that art could embody, all that mechanical ingenuity could dare, all that wealth could lavish — whatever there was of human energy which was panting for pacific utterance, wherever there stirred the vital principle which instinctively strove to create and to adorn at an epoch when vulgar violence and destructiveness were the general tendencies of humanity, all gathered around these magnificent temples as their aspiring pinnacles at last pierced the mist which had so long brooded over the world.

Among the noblest of these church edifices in the Netherlands was the cathedral at Antwerp. Upon this one, and

upon hundreds of others, the storm of iconoclasm was to burst during six or seven summer days of the year 1566. The atmosphere of the cathedral was no longer holy in the eyes of increasing multitudes. The inquisition had opened the eyes and changed the hearts of those who worshipped God. Better the sanguinary rites of Belgic Druids, better the yell of slaughtered victims from the "wild wood without mercy" of the pagan forefathers of the nation, than this fantastic intermingling of divine music, glowing colors, gorgeous ceremonies, with all the burning, beheading, and strangling work which had characterized the system of human sacrifice for the past half-century.

The Prince of Orange had been anxiously solicited by the Regent to attend the conference at Duffel. After returning to Antwerp, he consented, in consequence of the urgent entreaties of the senate, to delay his departure until the 18th of August should be passed. The meeting of the Fleece Knights seemed, in Margaret's opinion, imperatively to require his presence in Brussels. She insisted by repeated letters that he should leave Antwerp immediately.

Upon the 18th of August the great and time-honored ceremony of the Ommegang, or out-door procession bearing the Virgin's image, occurred. The pageant, solemn but noisy, was exactly such a show as was most fitted at that moment to irritate Protestant minds and to lead to mischief. No violent explosion of ill-feeling, however, took place. A few missiles were thrown occasionally at the procession as it passed through the city, but no damage was inflicted. When the image was at last restored to its place, and the pageant brought to a somewhat hurried conclusion, there seemed cause for congratulation that no tumult had occurred.

On the following morning there was a large crowd collected in front of the cathedral. The image was now ignominiously placed behind an iron railing within the choir. Many vagabonds of dangerous appearance, many idle apprentices and ragged urchins were lounging for a long time about the imprisoned image. Others thronged around the balustrade, shouting "*Vivent les gueux!*" and hoarsely

commanding the image to join in the beggars' cry. Then, leaving the spot, the mob roamed idly about the magnificent church, sneering at the idols, execrating the gorgeous ornaments, scoffing at crucifix and altar.

Presently one of the rabble, a ragged fellow of mechanical aspect, in a tattered black doublet and an old straw hat, ascended the pulpit. Opening a sacred volume which he found there, he began to deliver an extemporaneous and coarse caricature of a monkish sermon. Some of the bystanders applauded, some cried "Shame!" some shouted "Long live the beggars!" some threw sticks and rubbish at the mountebank, some caught him by the legs and strove to pull him from the place. He, on the other hand, manfully maintained his ground, hurling back every missile, struggling with his assailants, and continuing the while to pour forth a malignant and obscene discourse. At last a young sailor, warm in the Catholic faith, and impulsive as mariners are prone to be, ascended the pulpit from behind, sprang upon the mechanic, and flung him headlong down the steps. The preacher grappled with his enemy as he fell, and both came rolling to the ground. Neither was much injured, but a tumult ensued. A pistol-shot was fired, and the sailor was wounded in the arm. Daggers were drawn, cudgels brandished, the bystanders taking part generally against the sailor, while those who protected him were somewhat bruised and belabored before they could convey him out of the church. Nothing more, however, transpired that day, and the keepers of the cathedral were enabled to expel the crowd and to close the doors for the night.

Information of this tumult was brought to the senate, then assembled in the Hôtel de Ville. That body was thrown into a state of great perturbation. In losing the Prince of Orange they seemed to have lost their own brains, and the first measure which they took was to despatch a messenger to implore his return. Never were magistrates in greater perplexity. They knew not what course was likely to prove the safest, and, in their anxiety to do nothing wrong, the senators did nothing at all. After a long and anxious consultation, the honest burgomas-

ter and his associates all went home to their beds, hoping that the threatening flame of civil tumult would die out of itself, or perhaps that their dreams would supply them with that wisdom which seemed denied to their waking hours.

In the morning, as it was known that no precaution had been taken, the audacity of the Reformers was naturally increased. Within the cathedral a great crowd was at an early hour collected, whose savage looks and ragged appearance denoted that the day and night were not likely to pass away so peacefully as the last. The same taunts and imprecations were hurled at the image of the Virgin; the same howling of the beggars' cry resounded through the lofty arches. Having first roused to violence an old woman who sold wax-tapers at the door of the cathedral and then destroyed her whole stock-in-trade, they provoked others to appear in her defence. The passers-by thronged to the scene; the cathedral was soon filled to overflowing; a furious tumult was already in progress.

Many persons fled in alarm to the town-house, carrying information of this outbreak to the magistrates. John Van Immerzeel, Margrave of Antwerp, was then holding communication with the senate, which at once proceeded to the cathedral in a body, with the hope of quelling the mob by the dignity of their presence. The margrave, who was the high executive officer of the little commonwealth, marched down to the cathedral accordingly, attended by the two burgomasters and all the senators. At first their authority, solicitations, and personal influence produced a good effect, but no sooner had the magistrates retired than the rabble flowed in like an angry sea. The whole of the cathedral was at the mercy of the rioters, who were evidently bent on mischief. The wardens and treasurers of the church, after a vain attempt to secure a few of its most precious possessions, retired. They carried the news to the senators, who, accompanied by a few halberdmen, again ventured to approach the spot. It was but for a moment, however, for, appalled by the furious sounds which came from within the church, as if subterranean and invisible forces were preparing a catastrophe which no

human power could withstand, the magistrates fled precipitately from the scene. Fearing that the next attack would be upon the city-hall, they hastened to concentrate at that point their available forces, and left the stately cathedral to its fate.

And now, as the shadows of night were deepening the perpetual twilight of the church, the work of destruction commenced. Instead of vesper hymn rose the fierce music of a psalm yelled by a thousand angry voices. It seemed the preconcerted signal for a general attack. A band of marauders flew upon the image of the Virgin, dragged it forth from its receptacle, plunged daggers into its inanimate body, tore off its jewelled and embroidered garments, broke the whole figure into a thousand pieces, and scattered the fragments along the floor. A wild shout succeeded, and then the work, which seemed delegated to a comparatively small number of the assembled crowd, went on with incredible celerity. Some were armed with axes, some with bludgeons, some with sledge-hammers; others brought ladders, pulleys, ropes, and levers. Every statue was hurled from its niche, every picture torn from the wall, every wonderfully painted window shivered to atoms, every ancient monument shattered, every sculptured decoration, however inaccessible in appearance, hurled to the ground. Indefatigably, audaciously, endowed, as it seemed, with preternatural strength and nimbleness, these furious iconoclasts clambered up the dizzy heights, shrieking and chattering like malignant apes, as they tore off in triumph the slowly matured fruit of centuries. In a space of time wonderfully brief, they had accomplished their task.

The statues, images, pictures, ornaments, as they lay upon the ground, were broken with sledge-hammers, hewn with axes, trampled, torn, and beaten into shreds. A troop of harlots, snatching waxen tapers from the altars, stood around the destroyers and lighted them at their work. Nothing escaped their omnivorous rage. They desecrated seventy chapels, forced open all the chests of treasure, covered their own squalid attire with the gorgeous robes of the ecclesiastics, broke the sacred bread,

poured out the sacramental wine into golden chalices, quaffing huge draughts to the beggars' health; burned all the splendid missals and manuscripts, and smeared their shoes with the sacred oil with which kings and prelates had been anointed. It seemed that each of these malicious creatures must have been endowed with the strength of a hundred giants. How else, in the few brief hours of a midsummer night, could such a monstrous desecration have been accomplished by a troop which, according to all accounts, was not more than one hundred in number? There was a multitude of spectators, as upon all such occasions, but the actual spoilers were very few.

The noblest and richest temple of the Netherlands was a wreck, but the fury of the spoilers was excited, not appeased. Each seizing a burning torch, the whole herd rushed from the cathedral, and swept howling through the streets. "Long live the beggars!" resounded through the sultry midnight air as the ravenous pack flew to and fro, smiting every image of the Virgin, every crucifix, every sculptured saint, every Catholic symbol which they met upon their path. All night long they roamed from one sacred edifice to another, thoroughly destroying as they went. Before morning they had sacked thirty churches within the city walls. They entered the monasteries, burned their invaluable libraries, destroyed their altars, statues, pictures, and, descending into the cellars, broached every cask which they found there, pouring out in one great flood all the ancient wine and ale with which those holy men had been wont to solace their retirement from generation to generation. They invaded the nunneries, whence the occupants, panic-stricken, fled for refuge to the houses of their friends and kindred. The streets were filled with monks and nuns, running this way and that, shrieking and fluttering, to escape the claws of these fiendish Calvinists. The terror was imaginary, for not the least remarkable feature in these transactions was that neither insult nor injury was offered to man or woman, and that not a farthing's value of the immense amount of property destroyed was appropriated. The task was

most thoroughly performed, but it was prompted by a furious fanaticism, not by baser motives.

Two days and nights longer the havoc raged unchecked through all the churches of Antwerp and the neighboring villages. Hardly a statue or picture escaped destruction. Yet the rage was directed exclusively against stocks and stones. Not a man was wounded nor a woman outraged. Prisoners, indeed, who had been languishing hopelessly in dungeons were liberated. A monk who had been in the prison of the Monastery of the Barefooters for twelve years recovered his freedom. Art was trampled in the dust, but humanity deplored no victims.

These leading features characterized the movement everywhere. The process was simultaneous and almost universal. It was difficult to say where it began and where it ended. A few days in the middle of August sufficed for the whole work. The number of churches desecrated has never been counted. In the single province of Flanders four hundred were sacked. In Limburg, Luxembourg, and Namur there was no image-breaking. In Mechlin, seventy or eighty persons accomplished the work thoroughly in the very teeth of the grand council and of an astonished magistracy.

On the 22d of August the news reached Tournay that the churches in Antwerp, Ghent, and many other places had been sacked. There was an instantaneous movement towards imitating the example on the same evening. Pasquier de la Barre, procureur-général of the city, succeeded by much entreaty in tranquillizing the people for the night. The "guard of terror" was set, and hopes were entertained that the storm might blow over. The expectation was vain. At daybreak next day the mob swept down upon the churches and stripped them to the very walls. Pictures, statues, organs, ornaments, chalices of silver and gold, reliquaries, albs, chasubles, copes, cibories, crosses, chandeliers, lamps, censers, all of richest material, glittering with pearls, rubies, and other precious stones, were scattered in heaps of ruin upon the ground.

A large assemblage of rioters, growing in numbers as they advanced, swept over the province of Tournay, after

accomplishing the sack of the city churches. Armed with halberds, hammers, and pitchforks, they carried on the war day after day against the images. At the convent of Marchiennes, considered by contemporaries the most beautiful abbey in all the Netherlands, they halted to sing the Ten Commandments in Marot's verse. Hardly had the vast chorus finished the precept against graven images, when the whole mob seemed seized with sudden madness. Without waiting to complete the psalm, they fastened upon the company of marble martyrs as if they had possessed sensibility to feel the blows inflicted. In an hour they had laid the whole in ruins.

Having accomplished this deed, they swept on towards Anchin. Here, however, they were confronted by the Seigneur de la Tour, who, at the head of a small company of peasants, attacked the marauders and gained a complete victory. Five or six hundred of them were slain, others were drowned in the river and adjacent swamps, the rest were dispersed. It was thus proved that a little more spirit upon the part of the orderly portion of the inhabitants might have brought about a different result than the universal image-breaking.

In Valenciennes, "the tragedy," as an eye-witness calls it, was performed upon St. Bartholomew's Day. It was, however, only a tragedy of statues. Hardly as many senseless stones were victims as there were to be living Huguenots sacrificed in a single city upon a Bartholomew which was fast approaching. In the Valenciennes massacre not a human being was injured.

Such in general outline, and in certain individual details, was the celebrated iconomachy of the Netherlands. The movement was a sudden explosion of popular revenge against the symbols of that Church from which the Reformers had been enduring such terrible persecution. It was also an expression of the general sympathy for the doctrines which had taken possession of the national heart. It was the deprivation of that instinct which had in the beginning of the summer drawn Calvinists and Lutherans forth in armed bodies, twenty thousand strong, to worship God in the open fields. The difference between the two

phenomena was, that the field-preaching was a crime committed by the whole mass of the Reformers—men, women, and children confronting the penalties of death by a general determination—while the image-breaking was the act of a small portion of the populace. A hundred persons belonging to the lowest order of society sufficed for the desecration of the Antwerp churches. It was, said Orange, "a mere handful of rabble" who did the deed. Sir Richard Clough saw ten or twelve persons entirely sack church after church, while ten thousand spectators looked on, indifferent or horror-struck. The bands of iconoclasts were of the lowest character, and few in number. Perhaps the largest assemblage was that which ravaged the province of Tournay, but this was so weak as to be entirely routed by a small and determined force. The duty of repression devolved upon both Catholics and Protestants. Neither party stirred. All seemed overcome with special wonder as the tempest swept over the land.

The ministers of the Reformed religion, and the chiefs of the liberal party, all denounced the image-breaking. Francis Junius bitterly regretted such excesses. Ambrose Wille, pure of all participation in the crime, stood up before ten thousand Reformers at Tournay—even while the storm was raging in the neighboring cities, and when many voices around him were hoarsely commanding similar depravities—to rebuke the outrages by which a sacred cause was disgraced. The Prince of Orange, in his private letters, deplored the riots and stigmatized the perpetrators. Even Brederode, while as Suzerain of his city of Vianen he ordered the images there to be quietly taken from the churches, characterized this popular insurrection as insensate and flagitious. Many of the leading confederates not only were offended with the proceedings, but, in their eagerness to chastise the iconoclasts and to escape from a league of which they were weary, began to take severe measures against the ministers and Reformers, of whom they had constituted themselves in April the especial protectors.

The next remarkable characteristic of these tumults was the almost entire abstinence of the rioters from personal

outrage and from pillage. The testimony of a very bitter but honest Catholic at Valenciennes is remarkable upon this point. "Certain chroniclers," said he, "have greatly mistaken the character of this image-breaking. It has been said that the Calvinists killed a hundred priests in this city, cutting some of them into pieces, and burning others over a slow fire. *I remember very well everything which happened upon that abominable day,* and I can affirm that not a single priest was injured. The Huguenots took good care *not to injure in any way the living images.*" This was the case everywhere. Catholic and Protestant writers agree that no deeds of violence were committed against man or woman.

It would be also very easy to accumulate a vast weight of testimony as to their forbearance from robbery. They destroyed for destruction's sake, not for purposes of plunder. Although belonging to the lowest classes of society, they left heaps of jewelry, of gold and silver plate, of costly embroidery, lying unheeded upon the ground. They felt instinctively that a great passion would be contaminated by admixture with paltry motives. In Flanders a company of rioters hanged one of their own number for stealing articles to the value of five shillings. In Valenciennes the iconoclasts were offered large sums if they would refrain from desecrating the churches of that city, but they rejected the proposal with disdain. The honest Catholic burgher who recorded the fact observed that he did so because of the many misrepresentations on the subject, not because he wished to flatter heresy and rebellion.

Yet the effect of the riots was destined to be most disastrous for a time to the reforming party. It furnished plausible excuses for many lukewarm friends of their cause to withdraw from all connection with it. Egmont denounced the proceedings as highly flagitious, and busied himself with punishing the criminals in Flanders. The Regent was beside herself with indignation and terror. Philip, when he heard the news, fell into a paroxysm of frenzy. "It shall cost them dear!" he cried, as he tore his beard for rage—"it shall cost them dear! I swear it by the soul of my father!" The Reformation in the Neth-

erlands, by the fury of these fanatics, was thus made apparently to abandon the high ground upon which it had stood in the early summer. The sublime spectacle of the multitudinous field-preaching was sullied by the excesses of the image-breaking. The religious war, before imminent, became inevitable.

Nevertheless, the first effect of the tumults was a temporary advantage to the Reformers. A great concession was extorted from the fears of the Duchess Regent, who was certainly placed in a terrible position. Her conduct was not heroic, although she might be forgiven for trepidation. Her treachery, however, under these trying circumstances was less venial. At three o'clock in the morning of the 22d of August, Orange, Egmont, Horn, Hoogstraaten, Mansfeld, and others were summoned to the palace. They found her already equipped for flight, surrounded by her waiting-women, chamberlains, and lackeys, while the mules and hackneys stood harnessed in the court-yard, and her body-guard were prepared to mount at a moment's notice. She announced her intention of retreating at once to Mons, in which city, owing to Aerschot's care, she hoped to find refuge against the fury of the rebellion then sweeping the country. Her alarm was almost beyond control. She was certain that the storm was ready to burst upon Brussels, and that every Catholic was about to be massacred before her eyes. Aremberg, Berlaymont, and Noircarmes were with the Duchess when the other seigniors arrived. After repeated interviews and precautions, taken to insure the personal safety of the Duchess, she was persuaded to remain in the city. The Regent was spared the ignominy and the disaster of a retreat before an insurrection which was only directed against statues, and the ecclesiastical treasures of Brussels were saved from sacrilege.

On the 25th of August came the crowning act of what the Reformers considered their most complete triumph, and the Regent her deepest degradation. It was found necessary under the alarming aspect of affairs, that liberty of worship, in places where it had been already established, should be accorded to the new religion. Articles of agree-

ment to this effect were accordingly drawn up and exchanged between the government and Louis of Nassau, attended by fifteen others of the confederacy. A corresponding pledge was signed by them, that, so long as the Regent was true to her engagement, they would consider their previously existing league annulled, and would assist cordially in every endeavor to maintain tranquillity and support the authority of his Majesty. The important Accord was then duly signed by the Duchess. It declared that the inquisition was abolished, that his Majesty would soon issue a new general edict, expressly and unequivocally protecting the nobles against all evil consequences from past transactions, that they were to be employed in the royal service, and that public preaching according to the forms of the new religion was to be practised in places where it had already taken place. Letters general were immediately despatched to the senates of all the cities, proclaiming these articles of agreement and ordering their execution. Thus for a fleeting moment there was a thrill of joy throughout the Netherlands. The inquisition was thought forever abolished, the era of religious reformation arrived.

CHAPTER VIII

FIELD-PREACHING AND THE KING'S WRATH

Egmont in Flanders, Orange at Antwerp, Horn at Tournay, Hoogstraaten at Mechlin, were exerting themselves to suppress insurrection and to avert ruin. What, meanwhile, was the policy of the government? The secret course pursued both at Brussels and at Madrid may be condensed into the usual formula—dissimulation, procrastination, and again dissimulation.

It is at this point necessary to take a rapid survey of the open and the secret proceedings of the King and his representatives from the moment at which Berghen and Montigny arrived in Madrid. Those ill-fated gentlemen had been received with apparent cordiality, and admitted to frequent but unmeaning interviews with his Majesty. The current upon which they were embarked was deep and treacherous, but it was smooth and very slow. They assured the King that his letters ordering the rigorous execution of the inquisition and edicts had engendered all the evils under which the provinces were laboring. They told him that Spaniards and tools of Spaniards had attempted to govern the country, to the exclusion of native citizens and nobles, but that it would soon be found that Netherlanders were not to be trodden upon like the abject inhabitants of Milan, Naples, and Sicily. Such words as these struck with an unaccustomed sound upon the royal ear, but the envoys, who were both Catholic and loyal, had no idea in thus expressing their opinions, according to their sense of duty and in obedience to the King's desire, upon the causes of the discontent, that they were committing an act of high treason.

When the news of the public preaching reached Spain, there were almost daily consultations at the grove of Segovia. The eminent personages who composed the royal council were the Duke of Alva, the Count de Feria, Don Antonio de Toledo, Don Juan Manrique de Lara, Ruy Gomez, Quixada, Councillor Tisnacq, recently appointed president of the state council, and Councillor Hopper. Six Spaniards and two Netherlanders, one of whom, too, a man of dull intellect and thoroughly subservient character, to deal with the local affairs of the Netherlands in a time of intense excitement! The instructions of the envoys had been to represent the necessity of according three great points—abolition of the inquisition, moderation of the edicts, according to the draft prepared in Brussels, and an ample pardon for past transactions. There was much debate upon all these propositions. Philip said little, but he listened attentively to the long discourses in council, and he took an incredible quantity of notes. It was the general opinion that this last demand on the part of the Netherlanders was the fourth link in the chain of treason. The first had been the cabal by which Granvelle had been expelled; the second, the mission of Egmont, the main object of which had been to procure a modification of the state council, in order to bring that body under the control of a few haughty and rebellious nobles; the third had been the presentation of the insolent and seditious Request; and now, to crown the whole, came a proposition embodying the three points—abolition of the inquisition, revocation of the edicts, and a pardon to criminals for whom death was the only sufficient punishment.

With regard to these three points, it was, after much wrangling, decided to grant them under certain restrictions.

It was the last day of July before the King wrote at all, to communicate his decisions upon the crisis which had occurred in the first week of April. His masterly dissimulation was employed in the direction suggested by his councillors. He wrote accordingly to say that the pardon, under certain conditions, might be granted, and that the papal inquisition might cease—the bishops now

being present in such numbers, "to take care of their flocks," and the episcopal inquisition being therefore established upon so secure a basis. He added that, if a moderation of the edicts were still desired, a new project might be sent to Madrid, as the one brought by Berghen and Montigny was not satisfactory.

Certainly, here was not much encouragement for patriotic hearts in the Netherlands. A pardon so restricted that none were likely to be forgiven save those who had done no wrong; an episcopal inquisition stimulated to renewed exertions, on the ground that the papal functionaries were to be discharged; and a promise that, although the proposed moderation of the edicts seemed too mild for the monarch's acceptance, yet at some future period another project would be matured for settling the matter to universal satisfaction—such were the propositions of the crown. Nevertheless, Philip thought he had gone too far even in administering this meagre amount of mercy, and that he had been too frank in employing so slender a deception as in the scheme thus sketched. He, therefore, summoned a notary, before whom, in presence of the Duke of Alva, the Licentiate Menchaca, and Dr. Velasco, he declared that, although he had just authorized Margaret of Parma, by force of circumstances, to grant pardon to all those who had been compromised in the late disturbances of the Netherlands, yet, as he had not done this spontaneously nor freely, he did not consider himself bound by the authorization, but that, on the contrary, he reserved his right to punish all the guilty, and particularly those who had been the authors and encouragers of the sedition.

So much for the *pardon* promised in his official correspondence.

With regard to the concessions which he supposed himself to have made in the matter of the inquisition and the edicts, he saved his conscience by another process. Revoking with his right hand all which his left had been doing, he had no sooner despatched his letters to the Duchess Regent than he sent off another to his envoy at Rome. In this despatch he instructed Requesens to in-

form the Pope as to the recent royal decisions upon the three points, and to state that there had not been time to consult his Holiness beforehand.

With regard to the proposed moderation of the edicts, the project sent by the Duchess not having been approved, orders had been transmitted for a new draft, in which all the articles providing for *the severe punishment of heretics were to be retained*, while alterations, to be agreed upon by the state and privy councils and the Knights of the Fleece, were to be adopted—certainly in no sense of clemency. On the contrary, the King assured his Holiness that, if the *severity of chastisement should be mitigated* the least in the world by the new articles, they would in no case receive the royal approbation. Philip further implored the Pope "not to be scandalized" with regard to the proposed pardon, as it would be by no means extended to offenders against religion. All this was to be kept entirely secret. The King added that, rather than permit the least prejudice to the ancient religion, he would sacrifice all his states, and lose a hundred lives if he had so many; for he would never consent to be the sovereign of heretics.

Here was plain speaking. Here were all the coming horrors distinctly foreshadowed. Here was the truth told to the only being with whom Philip ever was sincere. Yet even on this occasion he permitted himself a falsehood, by which his Holiness was not deceived. Philip had no intention of going to the Netherlands in person, and the Pope knew that he had none.

Notwithstanding the urgent representations of Duchess Margaret to her brother, that nobles and people were all clamoring about the necessity of convening the states-general, Philip was true to his instincts on this as on the other questions. He knew very well that the states-general of the Netherlands and Spanish despotism were incompatible ideas, and he recoiled from the idea of the assembly with infinite aversion. At the same time a little wholesome deception could do no harm. He wrote to the Duchess, therefore, that he was determined *never to allow the* states-general to be convened. He forbade her to consent to the step under any circumstances, but

ordered her to *keep his prohibition a profound secret.* He wished, he said, the people to think that it was only for the moment that the convocation was forbidden, and that the Duchess was expecting to receive the necessary permission at another time.

Such, then, was the policy secretly resolved upon by Philip even before he had heard of the startling events of field-preaching and image-breaking.

Meanwhile, with infamous calumnies, utterly disproved by every fact in the case, and unsupported by a tittle of evidence, save the hearsay reports of a man like Noircarmes, did the Duchess of Parma dig the graves of men who were doing their best to serve her.

The essence of the compact agreed to upon the 23d of August between the confederates and the Regent was that the preaching of the Reformed religion should be tolerated in places where it had previously to that date been established. Upon this basis Egmont, Horn, Orange, Hoogstraaten, and others, were directed once more to attempt the pacification of the different provinces.

Egmont departed for his government, and from that moment vanished all his pretensions, which at best had been slender enough, to the character of a national chieftain. He entered Flanders, not as a chief of rebels, not as a wise pacificator, but as an unscrupulous partisan of government, disposed to take summary vengeance on all suspected persons who should fall in his way. He ordered numerous executions of image-breakers and of other heretics. The whole province was in a state of alarm; for, although he had not been furnished by the Regent with a strong body of troops, yet the name of the conqueror at Saint-Quentin and Gravelines was worth many regiments. His severity was excessive. His sanguinary exertions were ably seconded also by his secretary, Bakkerzeel, a man who exercised the greatest influence over his chief, and who was now fiercely atoning for having signed the Compromise by persecuting those whom that league had been formed to protect. On one occasion Bakkerzeel hanged twenty heretics, including a minister, at a single heat.

Such achievements as these by the hands or the orders of the distinguished general who had been most absurdly held up as a possible protector of the civil and religious liberties of the country, created a profound sensation. Flanders and Artois were filled with the wives and children of suspected thousands who had fled the country to escape the wrath of Egmont. The cries and piteous lamentations of these unfortunate creatures were heard on every side. In vain did Count Louis intercede for the persecuted Reformers. Flanders was soon pacified; nor was that important province permitted to enjoy the benefits of the agreement which had been extorted from the Duchess. The preachings were forbidden, and the ministers and congregations arrested and chastised, even in places where the custom had been established previously to the 23d of August. Certainly such vigorous exertions upon the part both of master and man did not savor of treason to Philip, and hardly seemed to indicate the final doom of Egmont and Bakkerzeel.

The course of Orange at Antwerp was consistent with his whole career. He honestly came to arrange a pacification, but he knew that this end could be gained only by loyally maintaining the Accord which had been signed between the confederates and the Regent. He came back to the city on the 26th of August, and found order partially re-established.

Three image-breakers, who had been taken in the act, were hanged by order of the magistrates upon the 28th of August. The presence of Orange gave them courage to achieve these executions which he could not prevent, as the fifth article of the Accord enjoined the chastisement of the rioters. The magistrates chose that the "chastisement" on this occasion should be exemplary, and it was not in the power of Orange to interfere with the regular government of the city when acting according to its laws. The deed was not his, however, and he hastened, in order to obviate the necessity of further violence, to prepare articles of agreement, upon the basis of Margaret's concessions. Public preaching, according to the Reformed religion, had already taken place within

the city. Upon the 22d, possession had been taken of at least three churches. Even the great cathedral, that had so long echoed dead Latin, resounded with the vernacular of native worshippers in psalm and sermon, as the Flemish preacher, Herman Modet, preached, prayed, and sang.

The city of Antwerp, therefore, was clearly within the seventh clause of the treaty of the 24th of August, for preaching had taken place in the cathedral previously to the signing of that Accord.

Upon the 2d of September, therefore, after many protracted interviews with the heads of the Reformed religion, the Prince drew up sixteen articles of mutual agreement by them and the magistrates and the government, which were duly signed and exchanged. They were conceived in the true spirit of statesmanship, and could the rulers of the land have elevated themselves to the mental height of William of Nassau, had Philip been capable of comprehending such a mind, the Prince, who alone possessed the power in those distracted times of governing the wills of all men, would have enabled the monarch to transmit that beautiful cluster of provinces, without the loss of a single jewel, to the inheritors of his crown.

If the Prince were playing a game, he played it honorably. To have conceived the thought of religious toleration in an age of universal dogmatism; to have labored to produce mutual respect among conflicting opinions, at a period when many Dissenters were as bigoted as the orthodox, and when most Reformers fiercely proclaimed not liberty for every Christian doctrine, but only a new creed in place of all the rest; to have admitted the possibility of several roads to heaven, when zealots of all creeds would shut up all pathways but their own; if such sentiments and purposes were sins, they would have been ill-exchanged for the best virtues of the age. Yet, no doubt, this was his crying offence in the opinion of many contemporaries. He was now becoming apostate from the ancient Church, but he had long thought that Emperors, Kings, and Popes had taken altogether too much care of men's souls in times past, and had sent too many of them prematurely to their

great account. He was equally indisposed to grant full powers for the same purpose to Calvinists, Lutherans, or Anabaptists.

The articles of agreement at Antwerp thus promulgated assigned three churches to the different sects of Reformers, stipulated that no attempt should be made by Catholics or Protestants to disturb the religious worship of each other, and provided that neither by mutual taunts in their sermons, nor by singing street ballads, together with improper allusions and overt acts of hostility, should the good-fellowship which ought to reign between brethren and fellow-citizens, even although entertaining different opinions as to religious rites and doctrines, be for the future interrupted.

This was the basis upon which the very brief religious peace, broken almost as soon as established, was concluded by William of Orange, not only at Antwerp, but at Utrecht, Amsterdam, and other principal cities within his government.

While Egmont had been busy in Flanders, and Orange at Antwerp, Count Horn had been doing his best at Tournai, or Doornik in Hainault. The Admiral was not especially gifted with intellect, nor with the power of managing men, but he went there with an honest purpose of seeing the Accord executed, intending, if it should prove practicable, rather to favor the government than the Reformers. At the same time, for the purpose of giving satisfaction to the members of "the religion," and of manifesting his sincere desire for a pacification, he accepted lodgings which had been prepared for him at the house of a Calvinist merchant in the city, rather than take up his quarters with fierce old Governor Moulbais in the citadel. This gave much offence to the Catholics, and inspired the Reformers with the hope of having their preaching inside the town. To this privilege they were entitled, for the practice had already been established there previously to the 23d of August. Nevertheless, at first he was disposed to limit them, in accordance with the wishes of the Duchess, to extra-mural exercises.

At a great banquet held on the following Sunday, and,

HORN

strangely enough, in the hall of the "gehenna" or torture-room, there was an ominous interruption, ending in a quarrel. Popular tradition and monkish legend having declared that a vast treasure was hidden under the vaults of the cathedral, Count Horn had, as soon as he arrived, placed a strong guard and ordered extensive excavations. This caused great offence and finally a quarrel between the canons and the money-diggers. When the incensed commander of the guards and an angry local official came together to the banquet to have their dispute settled, the Count rebuked and threatened the unpopular municipal officer in a way that delighted the merchants present. After long excavation, nothing of importance was found; the Admiral, despite good intentions, gaining only local hatred from the Catholics and misrepresentation to Philip from Margaret.

Horn had taken his apartments in the city in order to be at hand to suppress any tumults and to inspire confidence in the people. He had come to a city where five-sixths of the inhabitants were of the Reformed religion, and he did not, therefore, think it judicious to attempt violently the suppression of their worship. Upon his arrival he had issued a proclamation, ordering that all property which might have been pillaged from the religious houses should be instantly restored to the magistracy under penalty that all who disobeyed the command should "be forthwith strangled at the gibbet." Nothing was brought back, however, for the simple reason that nothing had been stolen. There was, therefore, no one to be strangled.

The next step was to publish the Accord of the 23d of August, and to signify the intention of the Admiral to enforce its observance. The preachings were as enthusiastically attended as ever, while the storm which had been raging among the images had in the mean time been entirely allayed. Congregations of fifteen thousand were still going to hear Ambrose Wille in the suburbs, but they were very tranquil in their demeanor. It was arranged between the Admiral and the leaders of the Reformed consistories, that three places, to be selected by Horn, should be assigned for their places of worship. At these spots, which

were outside the walls, permission was given the Reformers to build meeting-houses. To this arrangement the Duchess formally gave her consent.

Nicholas Taffin, councillor, in the name of the Reformers, made "a brave and elegant harangue" before the magistrates, representing that as on the most moderate computation three-quarters of the population were Dissenters, as the Regent had ordered the construction of the new temples, and as the Catholics retained possession of all the churches in the city, it was no more than fair that the community should bear the expense of the new buildings. It was indignantly replied, however, that Catholics could not be expected to pay for the maintenance of heresy, particularly when they had just been so much exasperated by the image-breaking. Councillor Taffin took nothing, therefore, by his "brave and elegant harangue," saving a small vote of forty livres.

The building was, however, immediately commenced. Vast heaps of broken images and other ornaments of the desecrated churches were most unwisely used for this purpose, and the Catholics were exceedingly enraged at beholding those male and female saints who had for centuries been placed in such "reverend and elevated positions," fallen so low as to be the foundation-stones of temples whose builders denounced all those holy things as idols.

As the autumn began to wane, the people were clamorous for permission to have their preaching inside the city, but the Duchess was furious at the proposition, and the Admiral was thus placed in a most intolerable position. An honest, commonplace, sullen kind of man, he had come to a city full of heretics, to enforce concessions just made by the government to heresy. He soon found himself watched, paltered with, suspected by the administration at Brussels. Governor Moulbais, in the citadel, who was nominally under his authority, refused obedience to his orders, was evidently receiving secret instructions from the Regent, and was determined to cannonade the city into submission at a very early day. Horn required him to pledge himself that no fresh troops should enter the castle. Moulbais swore he would make no such promise

to a living soul. Small reinforcements were daily arriving at the castle; the soldiers of the garrison had been heard to boast "that they would soon carve and eat the townsmen's flesh on their dressers," and all the good effect from the Admiral's proclamation on arriving had completely vanished.

Horn complained bitterly of the situation in which he was placed, but his remonstrances were of no avail.

In the middle of October he was recalled by the Duchess, whose letters had been uniformly so ambiguous that he confessed he was quite unable to divine their meaning. Before he left the city he committed his most unpardonable crime. Urged by the leaders of the Reformed congregations to permit their exercises in the Clothiers' Hall until their temples should be finished, the Count accorded his consent provisionally, and subject to revocation by the Regent, to whom the arrangement was immediately to be communicated.

Horn departed, and the Reformers took instant possession of the hall. It was found in a very dirty and disorderly condition, encumbered with benches, scaffoldings, stakes, gibbets, and all the machinery used for public executions upon the market-place. A vast body of men went to work with a will, scrubbing, cleaning, whitewashing, and removing all the foul lumber of the hall, singing in chorus, as they did so, the hymns of Clement Marot. By dinner-time the place was ready. The pulpit and benches for the congregation had taken the place of the gibbet timber. It is difficult to comprehend that such work as this was a deadly crime. Nevertheless, Horn, *who was himself a sincere Catholic*, had committed the most mortal of all his offences against Philip and against God by having countenanced so flagitious a transaction.

The Admiral went to Brussels. Secretary de la Torre, a very second-rate personage, was despatched to Tournai to convey the orders of the Regent. Governor Moulbais, now in charge of affairs both civil and military, was to prepare all things for the garrison, which was soon to be despatched under Noircarmes. The Duchess had now arms in her hands, and her language was bold. La Torre

advised the Reformers to be wise "while the rod was yet green and growing, lest it should be gathered for their backs; for it was unbecoming in subjects to make bargains with their King."

At the close of the year the city of Tournai was completely subjugated and the Reformed religion suppressed. Upon the 2d day of January, 1567, the Seigneur de Noircarmes arrived before the gates at the head of eleven companies, with orders from Duchess Margaret to strengthen the garrison and disarm the citizens. He gave the magistrates exactly one hour and a half to decide whether they would submit without a murmur. He expressed an intention of maintaining the Accord of the 23d of August; a ridiculous affectation, under the circumstances, as the event proved. The notables were summoned, submission agreed upon, and within the prescribed time the magistrates came before Noircarmes with an unconditional acceptance of his terms. That truculent personage told them in reply that they had done wisely, for if they had delayed receiving the garrison a minute longer he would have instantly *burned the city to ashes and put every one of the inhabitants to the sword.* He had been fully authorized to do so, and subsequent events were to show, upon more than one dreadful occasion, how capable Noircarmes would have been of fulfilling this menace.

The soldiers, who had made a forced march all night, and who had been firmly persuaded that the city would refuse the terms demanded, were excessively disappointed at being obliged to forego the sack and pillage upon which they had reckoned. Eight or nine hundred rascally peasants, too, who had followed in the skirts of the regiments, each provided with a great empty bag, which they expected to fill with booty that they might purchase of the soldiers, or steal in the midst of the expected carnage and rapine, shared the discontent of the soldiery, by whom they were now driven ignominiously out of the town. The citizens were immediately disarmed. All the fine weapons which they had been obliged to purchase at their own expense, when they had been arranged by the magistrates under eight banners for defence of the city against tumult and

invasion, were taken from them ; the most beautiful cutlasses, carbines, poniards, and pistols, being divided by Noircarmes among his officers. Thus Tournai was tranquillized.

During the whole of these proceedings in Flanders, and at Antwerp, Tournai, and Mechlin, the conduct of the Duchess had been marked with more than her usual treachery.

When Orange complained that she had been censuring his proceedings at Antwerp, and holding language unfavorable to his character, she protested that she thoroughly approved his arrangements—excepting only the two points of the intramural preachings and the permission to heretics of other exercises than sermons—and that if she were displeased with him he might be sure that she would rather tell him so than speak ill of him behind his back. She also sent Councillor d'Assonleville on a special mission to the Prince, instructing that smooth personage to inform her said cousin of Orange that he was, and always had been, "loved and cherished by his Majesty, and that for herself she had ever loved him like a brother or a child."

She wrote to Horn, approving of his conduct in the main, although in obscure terms, and expressing great confidence in his zeal, loyalty, and good intentions. She accorded the same praise to Hoogstraaten, while as to Egmont she was perpetually reproaching him for the suspicions which he seemed obstinately to entertain as to her disposition and that of Philip in regard to his conduct and character.

Margaret's pictures were painted in daily darkening colors. She informed the King that the scheme for dividing the country was already arranged : that Augustus of Saxony was to have Friesland and Overyssel ; Count Brederode, Holland ; the Dukes of Cleves and Lorraine, Gueldres ; the King of France, Flanders, Artois, and Hainault, of which territories Egmont was to be perpetual stadholder ; the Prince of Orange, Brabant ; and so on indefinitely. A general massacre of all the Catholics had been arranged by Orange, Horn, and Egmont, to commence

as soon as the King should put his foot on shipboard to come to the country. This last remarkable fact Margaret reported to Philip upon the respectable authority of Noircarmes.

The Duchess gave, moreover, repeated warnings to her brother that the nobles were in the habit of obtaining possession of all the correspondence between Madrid and Brussels, and that they spent a vast deal of money in order to read her own and Philip's most private letters. She warned him, therefore, to be upon his guard, for she believed that almost all their despatches were read. Such being the case, and the tenor of those documents being what we have seen it to be, her complaints as to the incredulity of those seigniors to her affectionate protestations seem quite wonderful.

CHAPTER IX

ORANGE, BREDERODE, HORN, AND EGMONT

Towards the end of the year 1566 it was necessary that the Prince of Orange should make a personal visit to his government of Holland, where disorders similar to those in Antwerp had been prevailing, and where men of all ranks and parties were clamoring for their stadholder.

Notwithstanding all his exertions, however, he was thoroughly aware of the position in which he stood towards the government. The sugared phrases of Margaret, the deliberate commendation of the "benign and debonair" Philip, produced no effect upon this statesman, who was accustomed to look through and through men's actions to the core of their hearts. In the hearts of Philip and Margaret he already saw treachery and revenge indelibly imprinted. He had been especially indignant at the insult which the Duchess Regent had put upon him, by sending Duke Eric of Brunswick with an armed force into Holland in order to protect Gouda, Woerden, and other places within the Prince's own government. He was thoroughly conversant with the general tone in which the other seigniors and himself were described to their sovereign. He was already convinced that the country was to be conquered by foreign mercenaries, and that his own life, with those of many other nobles, was to be sacrificed. The moment had arrived in which he was justified in looking about him for means of defence both for himself and his country, if the King should be so insane as to carry out the purposes which the Prince suspected. The time was fast approaching in which a statesman placed upon such an elevation before the world as that

which he occupied would be obliged to choose his part for life. To be the unscrupulous tool of tyranny, a rebel, or an exile, was his necessary fate. To a man so prone to read the future the moment for his choice seemed already arrived. Moreover, he thought it doubtful, and events were most signally to justify his doubts, whether he could be accepted as the instrument of despotism, even were he inclined to prostitute himself to such service. At this point, therefore, undoubtedly began the treasonable thoughts of William the Silent, if it be treason to attempt the protection of ancient and chartered liberties against a foreign oppressor.

Nothing came of a secret embassy which the Prince despatched to Egmont, to warn him of impending dangers and to propose resistance to them, for Egmont's heart and fate were already fixed. Before Orange departed, however, for the north, where his presence in the Dutch provinces was now imperatively required, a memorable interview took place at Dendermonde between Orange, Horn, Egmont, Hoogstraaten, and Count Louis. It was not a long consultation. The gentlemen met at eleven o'clock, and conversed until dinner was ready, which was between twelve and one in the afternoon. They discussed the contents of a letter recently received by Horn from his brother Montigny at Segovia, giving a lively picture of Philip's fury at the recent events in the Netherlands, and expressing the Baron's own astonishment and indignation that it had been impossible for the seigniors to prevent such outrages as the public preaching, the image-breaking, and the Accord. They had also some conversation concerning the dissatisfaction manifested by the Duchess at the proceedings of Count Horn at Tournai.

There was doubtless some talk at Dendermonde as to the propriety or possibility of forcible resistance to a Spanish army, with which it seemed probable that Philip was about to invade the provinces and take the lives of the leading nobles. Count Louis was in favor of making provision in Germany for the accomplishment of this purpose. It is also highly probable that the Prince may have

encouraged the proposition. In the sense of his former communication to Egmont, he may have reasoned on the necessity of making levies to sustain the decisions of the states-general against violence. There is, however, no proof of any such fact. Egmont, at any rate, opposed the scheme, on the ground that "it was wrong to entertain any such ill opinion of so good a king as Philip, that he had never done anything unjust towards his subjects, and that if any one was in fear, he had better leave the country." Egmont, moreover, doubted the authenticity of the letters from Alva, the Spanish envoy at Paris, in which the deep and long-settled hostility of Philip to Orange, Horn, and Egmont was alluded to as a fact well known to the writer, which had been discussed at the dinner. Egmont agreed to carry them to Brussels and to lay them before the Regent. That lady, when she saw them, warmly assured the Count that they were inventions.

The conference broke up after it had lasted an hour and a half. The nobles then went to dinner, at which other persons appear to have been present, and the celebrated Dendermonde meeting was brought to a close. After the repast was finished, each of the five nobles mounted his horse and departed on his separate way.

From this time forth the position of these leading seigniors became more sharply defined. Orange was left in almost complete isolation. Without the assistance of Egmont, any effective resistance to the impending invasion from Spain seemed out of the question. The Count, however, had taken his irrevocable and fatal resolution. He was sanguine by nature, a Catholic in religion, a royalist from habit and conviction. Henceforth he was determined that his services to the crown should more than counterbalance any idle speeches or insolent demonstrations of which he might have been previously guilty.

Horn pursued a different course, but one which separated him also from the Prince, while it led to the same fate which Egmont was blindly pursuing. The Admiral had committed no act of treason. On the contrary, he had been doing his best, under most difficult circum-

stances, to avert rebellion and save the interests of a most ungrateful sovereign. He had served Philip long and faithfully, but he had never received a stiver of salary or "merced," notwithstanding all his work as state councillor, as admiral, as superintendent in Spain, while his younger brother had long been in receipt of nine or ten thousand florins yearly. He had spent four hundred thousand florins in the King's service; his estates were mortgaged to their full value; he had been obliged to sell his family plate. He had done his best in Tournai to serve the Duchess, and he had averted a repetition of the Sicilian Vespers, which had been imminent at his arrival. He had saved the Catholics from a general massacre, yet he heard nevertheless from Montigny that all his actions were distorted in Spain and his motives blackened.

Smarting under a sense of gross injustice, the Admiral expressed himself in terms which Philip was not likely to forgive. He had undertaken the pacification of Tournai because it was Montigny's government, and he had promised his services whenever they should be requisite. Not an entirely disinterested man, perhaps, but an honest one, as the world went, mediocre in mind, but brave, generous, and direct of purpose, goaded by the shafts of calumny, hunted down by the whole pack which fawned upon power as it grew more powerful, he now retreated to his "desert," as he called his ruined home at Weert, where he stood at bay, growling defiance at the Regent, at Philip, at all the world.

Thus were the two prominent personages upon whose co-operation Orange had hitherto endeavored to rely entirely separated from him. The confederacy of nobles, too, was dissolved, having accomplished little, notwithstanding all its noisy demonstrations, and having lost all credit with the people by the formal cassation of the Compromise in consequence of the Accord of August.

No doubt there were many individuals in the confederacy for whom it was reserved to render honorable service in the national cause. The names of Louis of Nassau, Marnix of Sainte-Aldegonde, Bernard de Merode, were to be written in golden letters in their country's rolls; but at

this moment they were impatient, inconsiderate, out of the control of Orange. Louis was anxious for the King to come from Spain with his army, and for "the bear dance to begin." Brederode, noisy, brawling, and absurd as ever, was bringing ridicule upon the national cause by his buffoonery, and endangering the whole people by his inadequate yet rebellious exertions.

What course was the Prince of Orange to adopt? He could find no one to comprehend his views. His first principle was that Christians of all denominations should abstain from mutual insults. He mistrusted the King. He trusted the people. He felt certain at the close of the year that the purpose of the government was fixed. He made no secret of his determination never to lend himself as an instrument for the contemplated subjugation of the people. He had repeatedly resigned all his offices. He was now determined that the resignation once for all should be accepted. If he used dissimulation, it was because Philip's deception permitted no man to be frank. If the sovereign constantly disavowed all hostile purposes against his people, and manifested extreme affection for the men whom he had already doomed to the scaffold, how could the Prince openly denounce him? It was his duty to save his country and his friends from impending ruin. He preserved, therefore, an attitude of watchfulness.

Philip, in the depth of his cabinet, was under a constant inspection by the sleepless Prince. The sovereign assured his sister that her apprehensions about their correspondence were groundless. He always locked up his papers, and took the key with him. Nevertheless, the key was taken out of his pocket and the papers read. Orange was accustomed to observe that men of leisure might occupy themselves with philosophical pursuits and with the secrets of nature, but that it was his business to study the hearts of kings. He knew the man and the woman with whom he had to deal. We have seen enough of the policy secretly pursued by Philip and Margaret to appreciate the accuracy with which the Prince, groping as it were in the dark, had judged the whole situation.

Had his friends taken his warnings, they might have lived to render services against tyranny. Had he imitated their example of false loyalty, there would have been one additional victim more illustrious than all the rest, and a whole country hopelessly enslaved.

It is by keeping these considerations in view that we can explain his connection with such a man as Brederode. The enterprises of that noble of Tholouse, and others, and the resistance of Valenciennes, could hardly have been prevented even by the opposition of the Prince. But why should he take the field against men who, however rashly or ineffectually, were endeavoring to oppose tyranny, when he knew himself already proscribed and doomed by the tyrant? Such loyalty he left to Egmont. Till late in the autumn he had still believed in the possibility of convoking the states-general, and of making preparations in Germany to enforce their decrees.

The confederates and sectaries had boasted that they could easily raise an army of sixty thousand men within the provinces, that twelve hundred thousand florins monthly would be furnished by the rich merchants of Antwerp, and that it was ridiculous to suppose that the German mercenaries enrolled by the Duchess in Saxony, Hesse, and other Protestant countries, would ever render serious assistance against the adherents of the Reformed religion. Without placing much confidence in such exaggerated statements, the Prince might well be justified in believing himself strong enough, if backed by the confederacy, by Egmont, and by his own boundless influence, both at Antwerp and in his own government, to sustain the constituted authorities of the nation even against a Spanish army, and to interpose with legitimate and irresistible strength between the insane tyrant and the country which he was preparing to crush. It was the opinion of the best informed Catholics that, if Egmont should declare for the confederacy, he could take the field with sixty thousand men, and make himself master of the whole country at a blow. In conjunction with Orange, the moral and physical force would have been invincible.

It was therefore not Orange alone, but the Catholics

and Protestants alike, the whole population of the country, and the Duchess Regent herself, who desired the convocation of the estates. As the Duchess grew stronger, however, and as the people, aghast at the fate of Tournai and Valenciennes, began to lose courage, she saw less reason for assembling the estates. Orange, on the other hand, completely deserted by Egmont and Horn, and having little confidence in the characters of the ex-confederates, remained comparatively quiescent but watchful. At the close of the year an important pamphlet from his hand was circulated, in which his views as to the necessity of allowing some degree of religious freedom were urged upon the royal government with his usual sagacity of thought, moderation of language, and modesty in tone.

The eventful year 1566 was the last year of peace which the men then living, or their children, were to know. The government, weak at the commencement, was strong at the close. The confederacy was broken and scattered. The Request, the "beggar" banquets, the public preaching, the image-breaking, the Accord of August, had been followed by reaction. Tournai had accepted its garrison. Egmont, completely obedient to the crown, was compelling all the cities of Flanders and Artois to receive soldiers sufficient to maintain implicit obedience, and to extinguish all heretical demonstrations, so that the Regent was at comparative leisure to effect the reduction of Valenciennes.

This ancient city, in the province of Hainault, and on the frontier of France, had been founded by the Emperor Valentinian I., from whom it had derived its name. Originally established by him as a city of refuge, it had received the privilege of affording an asylum to debtors, to outlaws, and even to murderers. This ancient right had been continued, under certain modifications, even till the period with which we are now occupied. Never, however, according to the government, had the right of asylum, even in the wildest times, been so abused by the city before. What were debtors, robbers, murderers, compared to heretics? yet these worst enemies of their race swarmed in the rebellious city, practising even now the foulest rites

of Calvin, and obeying those most pestilential of all preachers, Guido de Bray,* and Peregrine de la Grange. The place was the hot-bed of heresy and sedition, and it seemed to be agreed, as by common accord, that the last struggle for what was called the new religion should take place beneath its walls.

It was soon very obvious that no arrangement could be made in Valenciennes. The magistrates could exert no authority, the preachers were all-powerful, and the citi-

* Guido de Bres (as his name is usually written) is the author of the Belgic Confession, one of the noblest literary monuments of the Reformation. Its thoughts, phraseology, and form notably influenced the other Reformed confessions. Of its thirty-seven articles the first is as follows: "We all believe with the heart, and confess with the mouth, that there is one only simple and spiritual Being, which we call God; and that he is eternal, incomprehensible, invisible, immutable, infinite, almighty, perfectly wise, just, good, and the overflowing fountain of all good."

Guido de Bres, born in Mons in 1540, arrived at the knowledge of Gospel truth by his study of the vernacular Scriptures, with which, above all countries of Europe in the sixteenth century, the Netherlands were flooded. Driven by persecution to London, he returned to the Walloon provinces as evangelist and travelling preacher. In Geneva, under Calvin, he became one of the most determined of realists in religion. He reorganized the Reformed churches in Lille, Tournai, and Valenciennes, and made the whole Walloon region his field of ceaseless labors. In 1561, when but twenty-one years old, he prepared, with the assistance and revision of others, the Confession of Faith, basing its propositions upon the Holy Scriptures, without the traditions of the fathers, or of the great ecclesiastical corporation having its head in Rome. Printed and translated into Dutch, German, and Latin, it was widely read and adopted by local or national synods of the Reformed churches at Antwerp, Wesel, Embden, Dort, Middelburg, and finally, by the œcumenical Protestant Council which assembled at Dordrecht April 29, 1619. It has continued to be one of the standards of doctrine in the Dutch Reformed churches in the Fatherland, South Africa, the East and West Indies, and the United States. Probably to Guido de Bres, more than to any other one man, the Dutch Reformed church owed the beginning of its own sturdy life, and that it did not become a mere limb of either the French Calvinistic, or the German Reformed body, but grew as a "shield and blessing to both" with a distinct and rooted life of its own. He met his death as one going joyfully to the sacrament, believing that his blood would water richly the seed of faith in God which he had planted. The life of Guido de Bres—a name still fresh and honored in all the Dutch churches—explains much of the heroic constancy of his fellow-martyrs, and their tenacity in holding to their convictions.

zens, said a Catholic inhabitant, "allowed themselves to be led by their ministers like oxen." Upon the 17th of December, 1566, a proclamation was accordingly issued by the Duchess Regent declaring the city in a state of siege and all its inhabitants rebels.

The city was now invested by Noircarmes with all the troops which could be spared. The confederates gave promises of assistance to the beleaguered citizens; Orange privately encouraged them to hold out in their legitimate refusal; Brederode and others busied themselves with hostile demonstrations which were destined to remain barren; but in the mean time the inhabitants had nothing to rely upon save their own stout hearts and arms.

At first the siege was sustained with a light heart. Frequent sallies were made, smart skirmishes were ventured, in which the Huguenots, on the testimony of a most bitter Catholic contemporary, conducted themselves with the bravery of veteran troops, and as if they had done nothing all their lives but fight; forays were made upon the monasteries of the neighborhood for the purpose of procuring supplies, and the broken statues of the dismantled churches were used to build a bridge across an arm of the river, which was called in derision the Bridge of Idols. It was hoped that an imposing array of allies would soon be assembled, and that the two bands at Lannoy and Watrelots making a junction, would then march to the relief of Valenciennes. It was boasted that in a very short time thirty thousand men would be in the field. There was even a fear of some such results felt by the Catholics.

It was then that the "seven sleepers," as Noircarmes and his six officers had been called, showed that they were awake. Early in January, 1567, that fierce soldier, among whose vices slothfulness was certainly never reckoned before or afterwards, fell upon the locksmith's army at Lannoy, while the Seigneur de Rassinghem attacked the force at Watrelots on the same day. Noircarmes destroyed half his enemies at the very first charge. The ill-assorted rabble fell asunder at once. The preacher fought well, but his undisciplined force fled at the first sight of the enemy.

Those who carried arquebuses threw them down without a single discharge, that they might run the faster. At least a thousand were soon stretched dead upon the field; others were hunted into the river. Twenty-six hundred, according to the Catholic accounts, were exterminated in an hour.

Rassinghem, on his part, with five or six hundred regulars, attacked Teriel's force, numbering at least twice as many. Half of these were soon cut to pieces and put to flight. Six hundred, however, who had seen some service, took refuge in the cemetery of Watrelots. Here, from behind the stone wall of the enclosure, they sustained the attack of the Catholics with some spirit. The repose of the dead in the quiet country church-yard was disturbed by the uproar of a most sanguinary conflict. The temporary fort was soon carried, and the Huguenots retreated into the church. A rattling arquebusade was poured in upon them as they struggled in the narrow doorway. At least four hundred corpses were soon strewn among the ancient graves. The rest were hunted into the church, and from the church into the belfry. A fire was then made in the steeple, and kept up till all were roasted or suffocated. Not a man escaped.

The siege of Valenciennes was pressed more closely. Noircarmes took up a commanding position at Saint-Armand, by which he was enabled to cut off all communication between the city and the surrounding country. All the villages in the neighborhood were pillaged; all the fields laid waste. All the infamies which an insolent soldiery can inflict upon helpless peasantry were daily enacted. At the same time, to the honor of Valenciennes it must be stated, upon the same incontestable authority, that not a Catholic in the city was injured or insulted. The priests who had remained there were not allowed to say mass, but they never met with an opprobrious word or look from the people.

The inhabitants of the city called upon the confederates for assistance. They also issued an address to the Knights of the Fleece, a paper which narrated the story of their wrongs in pathetic and startling language, but these stir-

ring appeals to an order of which Philip was chief, Viglius chancellor, Egmont, Mansfeld, Aerschot, Berlaymont, and others, chevaliers, were not likely to produce much effect. The city could rely upon no assistance in those high quarters.

Early in January, Brederode had stationed himself in his city of Vianen. There, in virtue of his seigniorial rights, he had removed all statues and other popish emblems from the churches, performing the operation, however, with much quietness and decorum. He had also collected many disorderly men at arms in this city, and had strengthened its fortifications, to resist, as he said, the threatened attacks of Duke Eric of Brunswick and his German mercenaries. A printing-press was established in the place, whence satirical pamphlets, hymn-books, and other pestiferous productions were constantly issuing to the annoyance of government. Many lawless and uproarious individuals enjoyed the Count's hospitality. All the dregs and filth of the provinces, according to Doctor Viglius, were accumulated at Vianen as in a cesspool. Along the placid banks of the Lek, on which river the city stands, the "hydra of rebellion" lay ever coiled and threatening.

Brederode was supposed to be revolving vast schemes, both political and military, and Margaret of Parma was kept in continual apprehension by the bravado of this very noisy conspirator. She called upon William of Orange, as usual, for assistance. The Prince, however, was very ill-disposed to come to her relief. An extreme disgust for the policy of the government already began to characterize his public language. He had hastened to tranquillize the provinces of Holland, Zeeland, and Utrecht. He had made arrangements in the principal cities there upon the same basis which he had adopted in Antwerp, and to which Margaret had consented in August. It was quite out of the question to establish order without permitting the Reformers, who constituted much the larger portion of the population, to have liberty of religious exercises at some places, not consecrated, within the cities.

At Amsterdam, for instance, as he informed the Duchess, there were swarms of unlearned, barbarous people,

mariners and the like, who could by no means perceive the propriety of doing their preaching in the open country, seeing that the open country, at that season, was quite under water. Margaret's gracious suggestion that, perhaps, something might be done with boats, was also considered inadmissible. "I know not," said Orange, "who could have advised your Highness to make such a proposition." He informed her, likewise, that the barbarous mariners had a clear right to their preaching, for the custom had already been established previously to the August treaty, at a place called the "Lastaadje," among the wharves. "In the name of God, then," wrote Margaret, "let them continue to preach in the Lastaadje." This being all the barbarians wanted, an Accord, with the full consent of the Regent, was drawn up at Amsterdam and the other northern cities. The Catholics kept churches and cathedrals, but in the winter season the greater part of the population obtained permission to worship God upon dry land, in warehouses and dock-yards.

Within a very few weeks, however, the whole arrangement was coolly cancelled by the Duchess, her permission revoked, and peremptory prohibition of all preaching within or without the walls proclaimed. The government was growing stronger. Had not Noircarmes and Rassinghem cut to pieces three or four thousand of these sectaries marching to battle under parsons, locksmiths, and similar chieftains? Were not all lovers of good government "erecting their heads like dromedaries"?

A new and important step on the part of the government had now placed the Prince in an attitude of almost avowed rebellion. All functionaries, from governors of provinces down to subalterns in the army, were required to take a new oath of allegiance, and solemnly to pledge himself to obey the orders of government, everywhere, and against every person, without limitation or restriction. Count Mansfeld, now "factotum at Brussels," had taken the oath with great fervor. So had Aerschot, Berlaymont, Meghem, and, after a little wavering, Egmont. Orange spurned the proposition. The alternative presented he willingly embraced. He renounced all his offices, and

desired no longer to serve a government whose policy he did not approve, a King by whom he was suspected.

His resignation was not accepted by the Duchess, who still made efforts to retain the services of a man who was necessary to her administration. She begged him, notwithstanding the purely defensive and watchful attitude which he had now assumed, to take measures that Brederode should abandon his mischievous courses. She also reproached the Prince with having furnished that personage with artillery for his fortifications. Orange answered, somewhat contemptuously, that he was not Brederode's keeper, and had no occasion to meddle with his affairs. He had given him three small field-pieces, promised long ago; not that he mentioned that circumstance as an excuse for the donation. "Thank God," said he, "we have always had the liberty in this country of making to friends or relatives what presents we liked, and methinks that things have come to a pretty pass when such trifles are scrutinized." Certainly, as Suzerain of Vianen, and threatened with invasion in his seigniorial rights, the Count might think himself justified in strengthening the bulwarks of his little stronghold, and the Prince could hardly be deemed very seriously to endanger the safety of the crown by the insignificant present which had annoyed the Regent.

It is not so agreeable to contemplate the apparent intimacy which the Prince accorded to so disreputable a character; but Orange was now in hostility to the government, was convinced by evidence, whose accuracy time was most signally to establish, that his own head, as well as many others, were already doomed to the block, while the whole country was devoted to abject servitude, and he was, therefore, disposed to look with more indulgence upon the follies of those who were endeavoring, however weakly and insanely, to avert the horrors which he foresaw. The time for reasoning had passed. All that true wisdom and practical statesmanship could suggest, he had already placed at the disposal of a woman who stabbed him in the back even while she leaned upon his arm—of a King who had already drawn his death-warrant, while reproach-

ing his "cousin of Orange" for want of confidence in the royal friendship.

Early in February, Brederode, Hoogstraaten, Horn, and some other gentlemen visited the Prince at Breda. Here it is supposed the advice of Orange was asked concerning the new movement contemplated by Brederode. He was bent upon presenting a new petition to the Duchess with great solemnity. There is no evidence to show that the Prince approved the step, which must have seemed to him superfluous, if not puerile.

By this new Request the exercise of the Reformed religion was claimed as a right, while the Duchess was summoned to disband the forces which she had been collecting, and to maintain in good faith the "August" treaty. Brederode came to Antwerp and forwarded the document to Brussels in a letter. His haughty tone was at once taken down by Margaret of Parma.

"As for you and your accomplices," she wrote to the Count, "you will do well to go to your homes at once without meddling with public affairs, for, in case of disobedience, I shall deal with you as I shall deem expedient."

Brederode, not easily abashed, disregarded the advice, and continued in Antwerp. Here, accepting the answer of the Regent as a formal declaration of hostilities, he busied himself in levying troops in and about the city.

Orange had returned to Antwerp early in February. During his absence, Hoogstraaten had acted as governor at the instance of the Prince and of the Regent. During the winter that nobleman, who was very young and very fiery, had carried matters with a high hand, whenever there had been the least attempt at sedition. Liberal in principles, and the devoted friend of Orange, he was disposed, however, to prove that the champions of religious liberty were not the patrons of sedition. A riot occurring in the cathedral, where a violent mob were engaged in defacing whatever was left to deface in that church, and in heaping insults on the papists at their worship, the little Count, who, says a Catholic contemporary, "had the courage of a lion," dashed in among them, sword in hand, killed three upon the spot, and, aided by his followers,

succeeded in slaying, wounding, or capturing all the rest. He had also tracked the ringleader of the tumult to his lodging, where he had caused him to be arrested at midnight, and hanged at once in his shirt without any form of trial. Such rapid proceedings little resembled the calm and judicious moderation of Orange upon all occasions, but they certainly might have sufficed to convince Philip that all antagonists of the inquisition were not heretics and outlaws. Upon the arrival of the Prince in Antwerp, it was considered advisable that Hoogstraaten should remain associated with him in the temporary government of the city.

During February there had been much alarm in Brussels, for Brederode had been enrolling troops in Antwerp, and several boat-loads of these rebels, after having been refused landing in Walcheren, had sailed up the Scheldt and landed at the village of Austruweel,* only a mile from Antwerp.

The commander of the expedition was Marnix of Tholouse, brother to Marnix of Sainte-Aldegonde. This young nobleman, who had left college to fight for the cause of religious liberty, was possessed of fine talents and accomplishments. Like his illustrious brother, he was already a sincere convert to the doctrines of the Reformed Church. He had nothing, however, but courage to recommend him as a leader in a military expedition. He was a mere boy, utterly without experience in the field. His troops were raw levies, vagabonds, and outlaws.

Such as it was, however, his army was soon posted at Austruweel, in a convenient position and with considerable judgment. He had the Scheldt and its dikes in his rear, on his right and left the dikes and the village. In front he threw up a breastwork and sunk a trench. Here, then, was set up the standard of rebellion, and hither flocked daily many malcontents from the country round. Within a few days three thousand men were in his camp. On the

* Now the site of the great Fort Austruweel. Near this spot, in 1831, Lieutenant Van Speyk blew up his (Dutch) gun-boat rather than surrender to the Belgians.

other hand, Brederode was busy in Holland, and boasted of taking the field ere long with six thousand soldiers at the very least. Together they would march to the relief of Valenciennes and dictate peace in Brussels.

It was obvious that this matter could not be allowed to go on. The Duchess, with some trepidation, accepted the offer made by Philip de Lannoy, Seigneur de Beauvoir, commander of her body-guard in Brussels, to destroy this nest of rebels without delay. Half the whole number of these soldiers was placed at his disposition, and Egmont supplied De Beauvoir with four hundred of his veteran Walloons.

With a force numbering only eight hundred, but all picked men, the intrepid officer undertook his enterprise with great despatch and secrecy. Before daybreak of March 13th De Beauvoir met his soldiers at the abbey of Saint Bernard, within a league of Antwerp.

The "young scholar," as De Beauvoir had designated him, was not only taken by surprise, but had no power to infuse his own spirit into his rabble rout of followers. They were already panic-struck by the unexpected appearance of the enemy. The Catholics came on with the coolness of veterans, taking as deliberate aim as if it had been they, not their enemies, who were behind breastworks. The troops of Tholouse fired wildly, precipitately, quite over the heads of the assailants. Many of the defenders were slain as fast as they showed themselves above their bulwarks. The ditch was crossed, the breastworks carried at a single determined charge. The rebels made little resistance, but fled as soon as the enemy entered their fort. It was a hunt, not a battle. Hundreds were stretched dead in the camp; hundreds were driven into the Scheldt; six or eight hundred took refuge in a farmhouse; but De Beauvoir's men set fire to the building, and every rebel who had entered it was burned alive or shot. No quarter was given. Hardly a man of the three thousand who had held the fort escaped. The body of Tholouse was cut into a hundred pieces. The Seigneur de Beauvoir had reason, in the brief letter which gave an account of this exploit, to assure her Highness that there

were "some very valiant fellows in his little troop." Certainly they had accomplished the enterprise intrusted to them with promptness, neatness, and entire success. Of the great rebellious gathering, which every day had seemed to grow more formidable, not a vestige was left.

This bloody drama had been enacted in full sight of Antwerp. The fight had lasted from daybreak till ten o'clock in the forenoon, during the whole of which period the city ramparts looking towards Austruweel, the roofs of houses, and the towers of churches had been swarming with eager spectators. The sound of drum and trumpet, the rattle of musketry, the shouts of victory, the despairing cries of the vanquished, were heard by thousands who deeply sympathized with the rebels thus enduring so sanguinary a chastisement. In Antwerp there were forty thousand people opposed to the Church of Rome. Of this number the greater proportion were Calvinists, and of these Calvinists there were thousands looking down from the battlements upon the disastrous fight.

The excitement soon became uncontrollable. Before ten o'clock vast numbers of sectaries came pouring towards the Red Gate, which afforded the readiest egress to the scene of action, the drawbridge of the Austruweel Gate having been destroyed the night before by command of Orange. They came from every street and alley of the city. Some were armed with lance, pike, or arquebus; some bore sledge-hammers; others had the partisans, battle-axes, and huge two-handed swords of the previous century. All were determined upon issuing forth to the rescue of their friends in the fields outside the town. The wife of Tholouse, not yet aware of her husband's death, although his defeat was obvious, flew from street to street, calling upon the Calvinists to save or to avenge their perishing brethren.

A terrible tumult prevailed. Ten thousand men were already up and in arms. It was then that the Prince of Orange, who was sometimes described by his enemies as timid and pusillanimous by nature, showed the mettle he was made of. His sense of duty no longer bade him defend the crown of Philip—which thenceforth was to be

intrusted to the hirelings of the inquisition—but the vast population of Antwerp, the women, the children, and the enormous wealth of the richest city in the world, had been confided to his care, and he had accepted the responsibility. Mounting his horse, he made his appearance instantly at the Red Gate before as formidable a mob as man has ever faced. He came there almost alone, without guards. Hoogstraaten arrived soon afterwards with the same intention. The Prince was received with howls of execration. A thousand hoarse voices called him the Pope's servant, minister of Antichrist, and lavished upon him many more epithets of the same nature. His life was in imminent danger. A furious clothier levelled an arquebus full at his breast. "Die, treacherous villain!" he cried; "thou who art the cause that our brethren have perished thus miserably in yonder field!" The loaded weapon was struck away by another hand in the crowd, while the Prince, neither daunted by the ferocious demonstrations against his life nor enraged by the virulent abuse to which he was subjected, continued tranquilly, earnestly, imperatively, to address the crowd. William of Orange had that in his face and tongue "which men willingly call master—authority." Many were persuaded to abandon the design. Five hundred of the most violent, however, insisted upon leaving the gates, and the governors, distinctly warning these zealots that their blood must be upon their own heads, reluctantly permitted that number to issue from the city. The rest of the mob, not appeased, but uncertain, and disposed to take vengeance upon the Catholics within the walls for the disaster which had been occurring without, thronged tumultuously to the long, wide street, called the Mere, situate in the very heart of the city.

Meantime the ardor of those who had sallied from the gate grew sensibly cooler when they found themselves in the open fields. De Beauvoir, whose men, after the victory, had scattered in pursuit of the fugitives, now heard the tumult in the city. Suspecting an attack, he rallied his compact little army again for a fresh encounter. The last of the vanquished Tholousians who had been capt-

ured, more fortunate than their predecessors, had been spared for ransom. There were three hundred of them—rather a dangerous number of prisoners for a force of eight hundred, who were just going into another battle. De Beauvoir commanded his soldiers, therefore, to shoot them all. This order having been accomplished, the Catholics marched towards Antwerp, drums beating, colors flying. The five hundred Calvinists, not liking their appearance, and being in reality outnumbered, retreated within the gates as hastily as they had just issued from them. De Beauvoir advanced close to the city moat, on the margin of which he planted the banners of the unfortunate Tholouse, and sounded a trumpet of defiance. Finding that the citizens had apparently no stomach for the fight, he removed his trophies and took his departure.

On the other hand, the tumult within the walls had again increased. The Calvinists had been collecting in great numbers upon the Mere. This was a large and splendid thoroughfare, rather an oblong market-place than a street, filled with stately buildings, and communicating by various cross streets with the Exchange and with many other public edifices. By an early hour in the afternoon twelve or fifteen thousand Calvinists, all armed and fighting men, had assembled upon the place. They had barricaded the whole precinct with pavements and upturned wagons. They had already broken into the arsenal and obtained many field-pieces, which were planted at the entrance of every street and by-way. They had stormed the city jail and liberated the prisoners, all of whom, grateful and ferocious, came to swell the numbers who defended the stronghold on the Mere. A tremendous mischief was afoot. Threats of pillaging the churches and the houses of the Catholics, of sacking the whole opulent city, were distinctly heard among this powerful mob, excited by religious enthusiasm, but containing within one great heterogeneous mass the elements of every crime which humanity can commit. The alarm throughout the city was indescribable. The cries of women and children, as they remained in trembling expectation of what the next hour might bring forth, were,

said one who heard them, "enough to soften the hardest hearts."

Nevertheless the diligence and courage of the Prince kept pace with the insurrection. He had caused the eight companies of guards enrolled in September to be mustered upon the square in front of the city-hall for the protection of that building and of the magistracy. He had summoned the senate of the city, the board of ancients, the deans of guilds, the ward-masters, to consult with him at the council-room. At the peril of his life he had again gone before the angry mob in the Mere, advancing against their cannon and their outcries, and compelling them to appoint eight deputies to treat with him and the magistrates at the town-hall. This done, quickly but deliberately he had drawn up six articles, to which those deputies gave their assent, and in which the city government cordially united. These articles provided that the keys of the city should remain in the possession of the Prince and of Hoogstraaten, that the watch should be held by burghers and soldiers together, that the magistrates should permit the entrance of no garrison, and that the citizens should be entrusted with the care of the charters, especially with that of the "joyful entry."

These arrangements, when laid before the assembly at the Mere by their deputies, were not received with favor. The Calvinists demanded the keys of the city. They did not choose to be locked up at the mercy of any man. They had already threatened to blow the city-hall into the air if the keys were not delivered to them. They claimed that burghers, without distinction of religion, instead of mercenary troops, should be allowed to guard the market-place in front of the town-hall.

It was now nightfall, and no definite arrangement had been concluded. Nevertheless, a temporary truce was made, by means of a concession as to the guard. It was agreed that the burghers, Calvinists and Lutherans as well as Catholics, should be employed to protect the city. By subtlety, however, the Calvinists detailed for that service were posted not in the town-house square, but on the ramparts and at the gates.

A night of dreadful expectation was passed. The army of fifteen thousand mutineers remained encamped and barricaded on the Mere, with guns loaded and artillery pointed. Fierce cries of "Long live the beggars!" "Down with the papists!" and other significant watchwords, were heard all night long, but no more serious outbreak occurred.

During the whole of the following day the Calvinists remained in their encampment, the Catholics and the city guardsmen at their posts near the city-hall. The Prince was occupied in the council-chamber from morning till night with the municipal authorities, the deputies of "the religion," and the guild officers, in framing a new treaty of peace. Towards evening fifteen articles were agreed upon, which were to be proposed forthwith to the insurgents, and, in case of non-acceptance, to be enforced. The arrangement provided that there should be no garrison; that the September contracts permitting the Reformed worship at certain places within the city should be maintained; that men of different parties should refrain from mutual insults; that the two governors, the Prince, and Hoogstraaten, should keep the keys; that the city should be guarded by both soldiers and citizens, without distinction of religious creed; that a band of four hundred cavalry and a small flotilla of vessels of war should be maintained for the defence of the place, and that the expenses to be incurred should be levied upon all classes, clerical and lay, Catholic and Reformed, without any exception.

It had been intended that the governors, accompanied by the magistrates, should forthwith proceed to the Mere for the purpose of laying these terms before the insurgents. Night had, however, already arrived, and it was understood that the ill-temper of the Calvinists had rather increased than diminished, so that it was doubtful whether the arrangement would be accepted. It was, therefore, necessary to await the issue of another day, rather than to provoke a night battle in the streets.

During the night the Prince labored incessantly to provide against the dangers of the morrow. The Calvinists

had fiercely expressed their disinclination to any reasonable arrangement. They had threatened, without further pause, to plunder the religious houses and the mansions of all the wealthy Catholics, and to drive every papist out of town. They had summoned the Lutherans to join with them in their revolt, and menaced them, in case of refusal, with the same fate which awaited the Catholics. The Prince, who was himself a Lutheran, not entirely free from the universal prejudice against the Calvinists, whose sect he afterwards embraced, was fully aware of the deplorable fact that the enmity at that day between Calvinists and Lutherans was as fierce as that between Reformers and Catholics. He now made use of this feeling, and of his influence with those of the Augsburg Confession, to save the city. During the night he had interviews with the ministers and notable members of the Lutheran churches, and induced them to form an alliance upon this occasion with the Catholics, and with all friends of order, against an army of outlaws who were threatening to burn and sack the city. The Lutherans, in the silence of night, took arms and encamped, to the number of three or four thousand, upon the river-side, in the neighborhood of St. Michael's cloister. The Prince also sent for the deans of all the foreign mercantile associations—Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, English, Hanseatic—engaged their assistance also for the protection of the city, and commanded them to remain in their armor at their respective factories, ready to act at a moment's warning. It was agreed that they should be informed at frequent intervals as to the progress of events.

On the morning of the 15th, the city of Antwerp presented a fearful sight. Three distinct armies were arrayed at different points within its walls. The Calvinists, fifteen thousand strong, lay in their encampment on the Mere; the Lutherans, armed, and eager for action, were at St. Michael's; the Catholics and the regulars of the city guard were posted on the square. Between thirty-five and forty thousand men were up, according to the most moderate computation. All parties were excited and eager for the fray. The fires of religious hatred burned fiercely in

every breast. Many malefactors and outlaws, who had found refuge in the course of recent events at Antwerp, were in the ranks of the Calvinists, profaning a sacred cause, and inspiring a fanatical party with bloody resolutions. Papists, once and forever, were to be hunted down, even as they had been for years pursuing Reformers. Let the men who had fed fat on the spoils of plundered Christians be dealt with in like fashion. Let their homes be sacked, their bodies given to the dogs—such were the cries uttered by thousands of armed men.

On the other hand, the Lutherans, as angry and as rich as the Catholics, saw in every Calvinist a murderer and a robber. They thirsted after their blood; for the spirit of religious frenzy, the characteristic of the century, can with difficulty be comprehended in our colder and more sceptical age. There was every probability that a bloody battle was to be fought that day in the streets of Antwerp —a general engagement, in the course of which, whoever might be the victors, the city was sure to be delivered over to fire, sack, and outrage. Such would have been the result, according to the concurrent testimony of eye-witnesses, and contemporary historians of every country and creed, but for the courage and wisdom of one man. William of Orange knew what would be the consequence of a battle, pent up within the walls of Antwerp. He foresaw the horrible havoc which was to be expected, the desolation which would be brought to every hearth in the city. "Never were men so desperate and so willing to fight," said Sir Thomas Gresham, who had been expecting every hour his summons to share in the conflict. If the Prince were unable that morning to avert the impending calamity, no other power, under heaven, could save Antwerp from destruction.

The articles prepared on the 14th had been already approved by those who represented the Catholic and Lutheran interests. They were read early in the morning to the troops assembled on the square and at St. Michael's, and received with hearty cheers. It was now necessary that the Calvinists should accept them, or that the quarrel should be fought out at once. At ten o'clock,

William of Orange, attended by his colleague, Hoogstraaten, together with a committee of the municipal authorities, and followed by a hundred troopers, rode to the Mere. They wore red scarfs over their armor, as symbols by which all those who had united to put down the insurrection were distinguished. The fifteen thousand Calvinists, fierce and disorderly as ever, maintained a threatening aspect. Nevertheless, the Prince was allowed to ride into the midst of the square. The articles were then read aloud by his command, after which, with great composure, he made a few observations. He pointed out that the arrangement offered them was founded upon the September concessions, that the right of worship was conceded, that the foreign garrison was forbidden, and that nothing further could be justly demanded or honorably admitted. He told them that a struggle upon their part would be hopeless, for the Catholics and Lutherans, who were all agreed as to the justice of the treaty, outnumbered them by nearly two to one. He, therefore, most earnestly and affectionately adjured them to testify their acceptance to the peace offered by repeating the words with which he should conclude. Then, with a firm voice, the Prince exclaimed "God save the King!" It was the last time that those words were ever heard from the lips of the man already proscribed by Philip. The crowd of Calvinists hesitated an instant, and then, unable to resist the tranquil influence, convinced by his reasonable language, they raised one tremendous shout of "Vive le Roi!"

The deed was done, the peace accepted, the dreadful battle averted, Antwerp saved. The deputies of the Calvinists now formally accepted and signed the articles. Kind words were exchanged among the various classes of fellow-citizens who but an hour before had been thirsting for each other's blood, the artillery and other weapons of war were restored to the arsenals, Calvinists, Lutherans, and Catholics, all laid down their arms, and the city, by three o'clock, was entirely quiet. Fifty thousand armed men had been up, according to some estimates, yet, after three days of dreadful expectation, not a single person had been injured, and the tumult was now appeased.

The Prince had, in truth, used the mutual animosity of Protestant sects to a good purpose; averting bloodshed by the very weapons with which the battle was to have been waged.

As a matter of course, Margaret of Parma denounced the terms by which Antwerp had been saved as a "novel and exorbitant capitulation," and had no intention of signifying her approbation either to Prince or magistrate.

CHAPTER X

VALENCIENNES FALLS—THE GREAT EXODUS

Valenciennes, whose fate depended so closely upon the issue of these various events, was now trembling to her fall. Noircarmes had been drawing the lines more and more closely about the city, and by a refinement of cruelty had compelled many Calvinists from Tournai to act as pioneers in the trenches against their own brethren in Valenciennes. After the defeat of Tholouse, and the consequent frustration of all Brederode's arrangements to relieve the siege, the Duchess had sent a fresh summons to Valenciennes, together with letters acquainting the citizens with the results of the Austruweel battle. The intelligence was not believed. Egmont and Aerschot, however, to whom Margaret had entrusted this last mission to the beleaguered town, roundly rebuked the deputies who came to treat with them for their insolence in daring to doubt the word of the Regent. The two seigniors had established themselves in the Château of Beusnage, at a league's distance from Valenciennes. Here they received commissioners from the city, half of whom were Catholics appointed by the magistrates, half Calvinists deputed by the consistories. These envoys were informed that the Duchess would pardon the city for its past offences, provided the gates should now be opened, the garrison received, and a complete suppression of all religion except that of Rome acquiesced in without a murmur. As nearly the whole population was of the Calvinist faith, these terms could hardly be thought favorable. It was, however, added that fourteen days should be allowed to the Reformers for the purpose

of converting their property and retiring from the country.

The deputies, after conferring with their constituents in the city, returned on the following day with counter-propositions, which were not more likely to find favor with the government. They offered to accept the garrison, provided the soldiers should live at their own expense, without any tax to the citizens for their board, lodging, or pay. They claimed that all property which had been seized should be restored, all persons accused of treason liberated. They demanded the unconditional revocation of the edict by which the city had been declared rebellious, together with a guarantee from the Knights of the Fleece and the state council that the terms of the proposed treaty should be strictly observed.

These items, at which the Duke of Aerschot laughed immoderately for their presumption, while Egmont was furious and threatening, were peremptorily rejected and three days given for the acceptance of the government's proposal. These being in turn rejected, instant measures were taken to cannonade the city. Egmont, at the hazard of his life, descended into the fosse to reconnoitre the works, and to form an opinion as to the most eligible quarter at which to direct the batteries. Having communicated the result of his investigations to Noircarmes, he returned to report all these proceedings to the Regent at Brussels. Certainly the Count had now separated himself far enough from William of Orange, and was manifesting an energy in the cause of tyranny which was sufficiently unscrupulous. Many people who had been deceived by his more generous demonstrations in former times, tried to persuade themselves that he was acting a part. Noircarmes, however—and no man was more competent to decide the question — distinctly expressed his entire confidence in Egmont's loyalty.

Noircarmes, meanwhile, on Palm Sunday, 23d of March, had unmasked his batteries, and opened his fire exactly according to Egmont's suggestions.

On the next day the city sent to Noircarmes, offering an almost unconditional surrender. The only stipulation

agreed to by Noircarmes was that the city should not be sacked, and that the lives of the inhabitants should be spared.

This pledge was, however, only made to be broken. Noircarmes entered the city and closed the gates. All the richest citizens, who of course were deemed the most criminal, were instantly arrested. The soldiers, although not permitted formally to sack the city, were quartered upon the inhabitants, whom they robbed and murdered, according to the testimony of a Catholic citizen, almost at their pleasure.

Michael Herlin, a very wealthy and distinguished burgher, was arrested upon the first day. The two ministers, Guido de Bres and Peregrine de la Grange, together with the son of Herlin, effected their escape by the water-gate, but were all arrested at Saint Armand, and sent to Noircarmes. The two Herlins, father and son, were immediately beheaded. Guido de Bres and Peregrine de la Grange were loaded with chains and thrown into a filthy dungeon previously to their being hanged. Here they were visited by the Countess de Roeulx, who was curious to see how the Calvinists sustained themselves in their martyrdom. She asked them how they could sleep, eat, or drink when covered with such heavy fetters. "The cause, and my good conscience," answered De Bres, "make me eat, drink, and sleep better than those who are doing me wrong. These shackles are more honorable to me than golden rings and chains. They are more useful to me, and as I hear their clank, methinks I hear the music of sweet voices and the tinkling of lutes."

This exaltation never deserted these courageous enthusiasts. They received their condemnation to death "as if it had been an invitation to a marriage feast." They encouraged the friends who crowded their path to the scaffold with exhortations to remain true in the Reformed faith. La Grange, standing upon the ladder, proclaimed with a loud voice, that he was slain for having preached the pure word of God to a Christian people in a Christian land. De Bres, under the same gibbet, testified stoutly that he, too, had committed that offence alone. He

warned his friends to obey the magistrates, and all others in authority, except in matters of conscience; to abstain from sedition, but to obey the will of God. The executioner threw him from the ladder while he was yet speaking. So ended the lives of two eloquent, learned, and highly gifted divines.

Many hundreds of victims were sacrificed in the unfortunate city. Many Calvinists were burned, others were hanged. "*For two whole years,*" says another Catholic, who was a citizen of Valenciennes at the time, "*there was scarcely a week in which several citizens were not executed,* and often *a great number were dispatched at a time.* All this gave so much alarm to the good and innocent that many quitted the city as fast as they could. If the good and innocent happened to be rich, they might be sure that Noircarmes would deem that a crime for which no goodness and innocence could atone.

Upon the fate of Valenciennes had depended, as if by common agreement, the whole destiny of the anti-Catholic party. No opposition was offered anywhere. Tournai had been crushed; Valenciennes, Bois-le-Duc, and all other important places accepted their garrisons without a murmur. Even Antwerp had made its last struggle, and as soon as the back of Orange was turned, knelt down in the dust to receive its bridle. The Prince had been able, by his courage and wisdom, to avert a sanguinary conflict within its walls, but his personal presence alone could guarantee anything like religious liberty for the inhabitants, now that the rest of the country was subdued. On the 26th of April sixteen companies of infantry, under Count Mansfeld, entered the gates. On the 28th the Duchess made a visit to the city, where she was received with respect, but where her eyes were shocked by that which she termed the "abominable, sad, and hideous spectacle of the desolated churches."

To the eyes of all who loved their fatherland and their race, the sight of a desolate country, with its ancient charters superseded by brute force, its industrious population swarming from the land in droves, as if the pestilence were raging, with gibbets and scaffolds erected in

every village, and with a sickening and universal apprehension of still darker disasters to follow, was a spectacle still more sad, hideous, and abominable.

For it was now decided that the Duke of Alva, at the head of a Spanish army, should forthwith take his departure for the Netherlands. A land already subjugated was to be crushed, and every vestige of its ancient liberties destroyed. The conquered provinces, once the abode of municipal liberty, of science, art, and literature, and blessed with an unexampled mercantile and manufacturing prosperity, were to be placed in absolute subjection to the cabinet council at Madrid. A dull and malignant bigot, assisted by a few Spanish grandees, and residing at the other extremity of Europe, was thenceforth to exercise despotic authority over countries which for centuries had enjoyed a local administration and a system nearly approaching to complete self-government. Such was the policy devised by Granvelle and Spinosa, which the Duke of Alva, upon the 15th of April, had left Madrid to enforce.

Though Margaret of Parma was indignant at being thus superseded, she gained nothing by her letters and her envoy to Madrid except a sound rebuke from Philip. His purpose was fixed. Absolute submission was now to be rendered by all, though the affectation of clement intentions was still maintained, together with the empty pretence of a royal visit.

On the other hand, the work of Orange for the time was finished. He had saved Antwerp, he had done his best to maintain the liberties of the country, the rights of conscience, and the royal authority, so far as they were compatible with one another. The alternative had now been distinctly forced upon every man either to promise blind obedience or to accept the position of a rebel. William of Orange had thus become a rebel, but he knew his duty better than the Duchess could understand. He answered a fresh summons by reminding her that he had uniformly refused the new and extraordinary pledge required of him. He had been true to his old oaths, and therefore no fresh pledge was necessary. Moreover, a pledge without limitation he would never take. The case

might happen, he said, that he should be ordered to do things contrary to his conscience, prejudicial to his Majesty's service, and in violation of his oaths to maintain the laws of the country. He therefore once more resigned all his offices, and signified his intention of leaving the provinces.

Margaret now determined, by the advice of the state council, to send Secretary Berty, provided with an ample letter of instructions, upon a special mission to the Prince at Antwerp. That respectable functionary performed his task with credit, but the slender stock of platitudes with which he had come provided was soon exhausted. His arguments shrivelled at once in the scorn with which the Prince received them.

Poor Berty, having conjugated his paradigm conscientiously through all its moods and tenses, returned to his green board in the council-room with his procès-verbal of the conference. Before he took his leave, however, he prevailed upon Orange to hold an interview with the Duke of Aerschot, Count Mansfeld, and Count Egmont.

This memorable meeting took place at Willebroek, a village midway between Antwerp and Brussels, in the first week of April. The Duke of Aerschot was prevented from attending, but Mansfeld and Egmont—accompanied by the faithful Berty, to make another procès-verbal—duly made their appearance. The Prince had never felt much sympathy with Mansfeld, but a tender and honest friendship had always existed between himself and Egmont, notwithstanding the difference of their characters, the incessant artifices employed by the Spanish court to separate them, and the impassable chasm which now existed between their respective positions towards the government.

The same commonplaces of argument and rhetoric were now discussed between Orange and the other three personages, the Prince distinctly stating, in conclusion, that he considered himself as discharged from all his offices, and that he was about to leave the Netherlands for Germany. The interview, had it been confined to such formal conversation, would have but little historic interest. Eg-

mont's choice had been made. Nevertheless, the Prince thought it still possible to withdraw his friend from the precipice upon which he stood, and to save him from his impending fate. His love for Egmont had, in his own noble and pathetic language, "struck its roots too deeply into his heart" to permit him, in this their parting interview, to neglect a last effort, even if this solemn warning were destined to be disregarded.

By any reasonable construction of history, Philip was an unscrupulous usurper, who was attempting to convert himself from a Duke of Brabant and a Count of Holland into an absolute king. It was William who was maintaining, Philip who was destroying; and the monarch who was thus blasting the happiness of the provinces, and about to decimate their population, was by the same process to undermine his own power forever, and to divest himself of his richest inheritance. The man on whom he might have leaned for support, had he been capable of comprehending his character and of understanding the age in which he had himself been called upon to reign, was, through Philip's own insanity, converted into the instrument by which his most valuable provinces were to be taken from him, and eventually reorganized into an independent commonwealth. The Prince of Orange knew himself already proscribed, and he knew that the secret condemnation had extended to Egmont also. He was anxious that his friend should prefer the privations of exile, with the chance of becoming the champion of a struggling country, to the wretched fate towards which his blind confidence was leading him. Even then it seemed possible that the brave soldier who had been recently defiling his sword in the cause of tyranny might become mindful of his brighter and earlier fame. Had Egmont been as true to his native land as, until "the long divorce of steel fell on him," he was faithful to Philip, he might yet have earned brighter laurels than those gained at Saint-Quentin and Gravelines. Was he doomed to fall, he might find a glorious death upon freedom's battle-field, in place of that darker departure then so near him, which the prophetic language of Orange de-

picted but which he was too sanguine to fear. He spoke with confidence of the royal clemency. "Alas, Egmont," answered the Prince, "the King's clemency, of which you boast, will destroy you. Would that I might be deceived, but I foresee too clearly that you are to be the bridge which the Spaniards will destroy so soon as they have passed over it to invade our country." With these last solemn words he concluded his appeal to awaken the Count from his fatal security. Then, as if persuaded that he was looking upon his friend for the last time, William of Orange threw his arms around Egmont, and held him for a moment in a close embrace. Tears fell from the eyes of both at this parting moment—and then the brief scene of simple and lofty pathos terminated—Egmont and Orange separated from each other, never to meet again on earth.

A few days afterwards Orange addressed a letter to Philip, once more resigning all his offices, and announcing his intention of departing from the Netherlands for Germany. Before he departed he took a final leave of Horn and Egmont, by letters, which, as if aware of the monumental character they were to assume for posterity, he drew up in Latin. He desired, now that he was turning his back upon the country, that those two nobles, who had refused to imitate and had advised against his course, should remember that he was acting deliberately, conscientiously, and in pursuance of a long-settled plan.

The Prince had left Antwerp upon the 11th of April, and had written these letters from Breda upon the 13th of the same month. Upon the 22d, he took his departure for Dillenburg, the ancestral seat of his family in Germany, by the way of Grave and Cleves.

He did not move too soon. Not long after his arrival in Germany, Vandenesse, the King's private secretary, but Orange's secret agent, wrote him word that he had read letters from the King to Alva, in which the Duke was instructed to "arrest the Prince as soon as he could lay hands upon him, and not to let *his trial last more than twenty-four hours.*"

Brederode had remained at Vianen,* and afterwards at Amsterdam, since the ill-starred expedition of Tholouse, which he had organized, but at which he had not assisted.

The Regent, determined to dislodge him, had sent Secretary La Torre to him in March, with instructions that if Brederode refused to leave Amsterdam, the magistracy were to call for assistance upon Count Meghem, who had a regiment at Utrecht. The Count insulted and imprisoned the old secretary for a day or two, but this was the last exploit of Brederode.

He remained at Amsterdam some weeks longer, but the events which succeeded changed the Hector into a faithful vassal. Before the 12th of April, he wrote to Egmont, begging his intercession with Margaret of Parma, and offering "carte blanche" as to terms, if he might only be allowed to make his peace with the government. It was, however, somewhat late in the day for the "great beggar" to make his submission. No terms were accorded him, but he was allowed by the Duchess to enjoy his revenues provisionally, subject to the King's pleasure. Upon the 25th of April, he entertained a select circle of friends at his hotel in Amsterdam, and then embarked at midnight for Embden. A numerous procession of his adherents escorted him to the ship, bearing lighted torches and singing bacchanalian songs. He died within a year afterwards, of disappointment and hard drinking, at Castle Hardenberg, in Germany, after all his fretting and fury, and notwithstanding his vehement protestations to die a poor soldier at the feet of Louis of Nassau.

That "good chevalier and good Christian," as his brother affectionately called him, was in Germany, girding himself for the manly work which Providence had destined

* Vianen, on the Rhine, in Gelderland, is believed to be the old Forum Dianæ of Ptolemy. The town is now one of the quietest in the Dutch kingdom, having about five thousand inhabitants. By a bridge of boats it is connected with Vreeswijk, where is the terminal of the new canal to Amsterdam. The fine ruins of one of the family castles are to be seen near Haarlem, but scarcely a trace is left of that at Vianen. The line of the Brederodes (Brede, broad; rode, rood, or rod) came to an end with the death of A. K. B. Brederode, September 3, 1832.

him to perform. The life of Brederode, who had engaged in the early struggle, perhaps from the frivolous expectation of hearing himself called Count of Holland, as his ancestors had been, had contributed nothing to the cause of freedom, nor did his death occasion regret. His disorderly band of followers dispersed in every direction upon the departure of their chief. A vessel in which Batenburg, Galaina, and other nobles, with their men-at-arms, were escaping towards a German port, was carried into Harlingen, while those gentlemen, overpowered by sleep and wassail, were unaware of their danger, and delivered over to Count Meghem by the treachery of their pilot. The soldiers were immediately hanged. The noblemen were reserved to grace the first great scaffold which Alva was to erect upon the horse-market in Brussels.

The confederacy was entirely broken to pieces. Of the chieftains to whom the people had been accustomed to look for support and encouragement, some had rallied to the government, some were in exile, some were in prison. Montigny, closely watched in Spain, was virtually a captive, pining for the young bride to whom he had been wedded amid such brilliant festivities but a few months before his departure, and for the child which was never to look upon its father's face. His colleague, Marquis Berghen, more fortunate, was already dead.

With the departure of Orange, a total eclipse seemed to come over the Netherlands. The country was absolutely helpless, the popular heart cold with apprehension. All persons at all implicated in the late troubles, or suspected of heresy, fled from their homes. Fugitive soldiers were hunted into rivers, cut to pieces in the fields, hanged, burned, or drowned, like dogs, without quarter and without remorse. The most industrious and valuable part of the population left the land in droves. The tide swept outwards with such rapidity that the Netherlands seemed fast becoming the desolate waste which they had been before the Christian era. Throughout the country those Reformers who were unable to effect their escape betook themselves to their old lurking-places. The new religion was banished from all the cities, every conventicle was

broken up by armed men, the preachers and leading members were hanged, their disciples beaten with rods, reduced to beggary, or imprisoned, even if they sometimes escaped the scaffold. An incredible number, however, were executed for religious causes. The country was as completely "pacified," to use the conqueror's expression, as Gaul had been by Cæsar.

Upon the 24th of May, the Regent issued a fresh edict, which, says a contemporary historian, increased the fear of those professing the new religion to such an extent that they left the country "in great heaps."* It became necessary, therefore, to issue a subsequent proclamation, forbidding all persons, whether foreigners or natives, to leave the land or to send away their property, and prohibiting all shipmasters, wagoners, and other agents of travel from assisting in the flight of such fugitives, all upon pain of death.

Yet will it be credited that this edict actually excited the wrath of Philip on *account of its clemency?* He therefore commanded his sister instantly to revoke it. One might almost imagine from reading the King's letter that Philip was at last appalled at the horrors committed in his name. Alas, he was only indignant that heretics had been suffered to hang who ought to have been burned, and that a few narrow and almost impossible loopholes had been left through which those who had offended might effect their escape.

And thus, while the country is paralyzed with present and expected woe, the swiftly advancing trumpets of the Spanish army resound from beyond the Alps. The curtain is falling upon the prelude to the great tragedy which the prophetic lips of Orange had foretold.

* Probably a million people left the southern Netherlands during "the Troubles." Though some of these refugees took their course to Germany, and a large number, perhaps a majority of the whole, went to Holland, it is probable that at least one hundred thousand found a home in Great Britain. Their exodus and the great and varied influence which they exerted upon the development of England and on British history are set forth in Campbell's *The Puritan in Holland, England, and America*, New York, 1892.

Part III

ALVA

1567–1573

CHAPTER I

THE COUNCIL OF BLOOD

The armed invasion of the Netherlands was the necessary consequence of all which had gone before. That the inevitable result had been so long deferred lay rather in the incomprehensible tardiness of Philip's character than in the circumstances of the case. Never did a monarch hold so steadfastly to a deadly purpose, or proceed so languidly and with so much circumvolution to his goal. The mask of benignity, of possible clemency, was now thrown off, but the delusion of his intended visit to the provinces was still maintained. He assured the Regent that he should be governed by her advice, and as she had made all needful preparations to receive him in Zeeland, that it would be in Zeeland he should arrive.

It was determined at last that the Netherland heresy should be conquered by force of arms. The invasion resembled both a crusade against the infidel, and a treasure-hunting foray into the auriferous Indies, achievements by which Spanish chivalry had so often illustrated itself. Who so fit to be the Tancred and the Pizarro of this bi-colored expedition as the Duke of Alva, the man who had been devoted from his earliest childhood, and from his father's grave, to hostility against unbelievers, and who had prophesied that treasure would flow in a stream a yard deep from the Netherlands as soon as the heretics began to meet with their deserts. An army of chosen troops was forthwith collected by taking the four legions, or terzios, of Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, and Lombardy, and filling their places in Italy by fresh levies. About ten thousand picked and veteran soldiers were thus obtained,

of which the Duke of Alva was appointed general-in-chief.

Fernando Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alva, was now in his sixtieth year. He was the most successful and experienced general of Spain, or of Europe. No man had studied more deeply, or practised more constantly, the military science. In the most important of all arts at that epoch, he was the most consummate artist. In the only honorable profession of the age, he was the most thorough and the most pedantic professor. Conscious of holding his armies in his hand, by the power of an unrivalled discipline, and the magic of a name illustrated by a hundred triumphs, he could bear with patience and benevolence the murmurs of his soldiers when their battles were denied them.

He was born in 1508, of a family which boasted imperial descent. A Palæologus, brother of a Byzantine emperor, had conquered the city of Toledo, and transmitted its appellation as a family name. The father of Fernando, Don Garcia, had been slain on the isle of Gerbes, in battle with the Moors, when his son was but four years of age. The child was brought up by his grandfather, Don Frederic, and trained from his tenderest infancy to arms. Hatred to the infidel, and a determination to avenge his father's blood, crying to him from a foreign grave, were the earliest of his instincts.

In 1530 he accompanied the Emperor in his campaign against the Turk. Charles, instinctively recognizing the merit of the youth who was destined to be the life-long companion of his toils and glories, distinguished him with his favor at the opening of his career. Young, brave, and enthusiastic, Fernando de Toledo at this period was as interesting a hero as ever illustrated the pages of Castilian romance. His mad ride from Hungary to Spain and back again, accomplished in seventeen days, for the sake of a brief visit to his newly married wife, is not the least attractive episode in the history of an existence which was destined to be so dark and sanguinary. In 1535 he accompanied the Emperor on his memorable expedition to Tunis. In 1546 and 1547 he was generalis-

FERDINANDVS ALVARES TOLETANVS DVX ALVÆ MARCHIO CORIÆ SALVATERR &c BELGICÆ PHILIP II REGIS HISPAN PROVINC GVBERNAT ET VSQ EXERCITVS CAPITANEVS GENERALIS

DUKE OF ALVA

simo in the war against the Smalkaldic League. His most brilliant feat of arms—perhaps the most brilliant exploit of the Emperor's reign—was the passage of the Elbe and the battle of Mühlberg, accomplished in spite of Maximilian's bitter and violent reproaches and the tremendous possibilities of a defeat. That battle had finished the war. Having accompanied Philip to England in 1554, on his matrimonial expedition, he was destined in the following years, as viceroy and generalissimo of Italy, to be placed in a series of false positions. A great captain engaged in a little war, the champion of the cross in arms against the successor of St. Peter, he had extricated himself at last with his usual adroitness but with very little glory. To him had been allotted the mortification, to another the triumph. While he had been paltering with a dotard, whom he was forbidden to crush, Egmont had struck down the chosen troops of France, and conquered her most illustrious commanders. Here was the unpardonable crime which could only be expiated by the blood of the victor. Unfortunately for his rival, the time was now approaching when the long-deferred revenge was to be satisfied.

On the whole, the Duke of Alva was inferior to no general of his age. As a disciplinarian he was foremost in Spain, perhaps in Europe. As a statesman, he had neither experience nor talent. As a man, his character was simple. He did not combine a great variety of vices, but those which he had were colossal, and he possessed no virtues. He was neither lustful nor intemperate, but his professed eulogists admitted his enormous avarice, while the world has agreed that such an amount of stealth and ferocity, of patient vindictiveness and universal bloodthirstiness, was never found in a savage beast of the forest, and but rarely in a human bosom. Personally he was stern and overbearing. As difficult of access as Philip himself, he was even more haughty to those who were admitted to his presence. He addressed every one with the deprecating second person plural. Possessing the right of being covered in the presence of the Spanish monarch, he had been with difficulty brought to renounce

it before the German Emperor. He was of an illustrious family, but his territorial possessions were not extensive. His duchy was a small one, furnishing him with not more than fourteen thousand crowns of annual income, and with four hundred soldiers. He had, however, been a thrifty financier all his life, never having been without a handsome sum of ready money at interest. Ten years before his arrival in the Netherlands he was supposed to have already increased his income to forty thousand a year by the proceeds of his investments at Antwerp.

In person the Duke of Alva was tall, thin, erect, with a small head, a long visage, lean yellow cheeks, dark twinkling eyes, adust complexion, black bristling hair, and a long sable-silvered beard, descending in two waving streams upon his breast.

Such being the design, the machinery was well selected. The best man in Europe to lead the invading force was placed at the head of ten thousand picked veterans. The privates in this exquisite little army, said the enthusiastic connoisseur Brantôme, who travelled post into Lorraine expressly to see them on their march, all wore engraved or gilded armor, and were in every respect equipped like captains. They were the first who carried muskets, a weapon which very much astonished the Flemings when it first rattled in their ears. The musketeers, he observed, might have been mistaken for princes, with such agreeable and graceful arrogance did they present themselves. Each was attended by his servant or esquire, who carried his piece for him, except in battle, and all were treated with extreme deference by the rest of the army, as if they had been officers. The four regiments of Lombardy, Sardinia, Sicily, and Naples, composed a total of not quite nine thousand of the best foot soldiers in Europe. They were commanded respectively by Don Sancho de Lodroño, Don Gonzalo de Bracamonte, Julien Romero, and Alfonso de Ulloa, all distinguished and experienced generals. The cavalry, amounting to about twelve hundred, was under the command of the natural son of the Duke, Don Fernando de Toledo, Prior of the Knights of St. John. Chiapin Vitelli, Marquis of Cetona, who had served the

King in many a campaign, was appointed maréchal de camp, and Gabriel Cerbelloni was placed in command of the artillery. On the way the Duke received, as a present from the Duke of Savoy, the services of the distinguished engineer, Pacheco, or Paciotti.

The Duke embarked upon his momentous enterprise, on the 10th of May, at Carthagena. Thirty-seven galleys, under command of Prince Andrea Doria, brought the principal part of the force to Genoa. On the 2d of June the army was mustered at Alexandria de Palla, and ordered to rendezvous again at San Ambrosio at the foot of the Alps. It was then directed to make its way over Mount Cenis and through Savoy, Burgundy, and Lorraine, by a regularly arranged triple movement. The second division was each night to encamp on the spot which had been occupied upon the previous night by the vanguard, and the rear was to place itself on the following night in the camp of the corps de bataille.

Twelve days' march carried the army through Burgundy, twelve more through Lorraine. During the whole of the journey they were closely accompanied by a force of cavalry and infantry, ordered upon this service by the King of France, who, for fear of exciting a fresh Huguenot demonstration, had refused the Spaniards a passage through his dominions. This reconnoitring army kept pace with them like their shadow, and watched all their movements. A force of six thousand Swiss, equally alarmed and uneasy at the progress of the troops, hovered likewise about their flanks, without, however, offering any impediment to their advance. Before the middle of August they had reached Thionville, on the Luxemburg frontier, having on the last day marched a distance of two leagues through a forest which seemed expressly arranged to allow a small defensive force to embarrass and destroy an invading army. No opposition, however, was attempted, and the Spanish soldiers encamped at last within the territory of the Netherlands, having accomplished their adventurous journey in entire safety, and under perfect discipline.

The Duchess had in her secret letters to Philip con-

tinued to express her disapprobation of the enterprise thus committed to Alva. She also wrote personally to the Duke, imploring, commanding, and threatening, but with equally ill success. Alva knew too well who was sovereign of the Netherlands now, his master's sister or himself. As to the effects of his armed invasion upon the temper of the provinces, he was supremely indifferent. He came as a conqueror, not as a mediator. "I have tamed people of iron in my day," said he, contemptuously; "shall I not easily crush these men of butter?"

At Thionville he was, however, officially waited upon by Berlaymont and Noircarmes, on the part of the Regent. He at this point, moreover, began to receive deputations from various cities, bidding him a hollow and trembling welcome, and deprecating his displeasure for anything in the past which might seem offensive. Attended by Egmont, who had met him at Tirlemont on the 22d of August, Alva rode through the Louvain gate into Brussels, where they separated for a season. Lodgings had been taken for the Duke at the house of a certain Madame de Jasse, in the neighborhood of Egmont's palace. Leaving here the principal portion of his attendants, the Captain-General, without alighting, forthwith proceeded to the palace to pay his respects to the Duchess of Parma.

Presenting himself at three o'clock in the afternoon in the bed-chamber of the Duchess, where it was her habit to grant confidential audiences, he met, as might easily be supposed, with a chilling reception. The Duchess, standing motionless in the centre of the apartment, attended by Berlaymont, the Duke of Aerschot, and Count Egmont, acknowledged his salutations with calm severity. Neither she nor any one of her attendants advanced a step to meet him. The Duke took off his hat, but she, calmly recognizing his right as a Spanish grandee, insisted upon his remaining covered. A stiff and formal conversation of half an hour's duration then ensued, all parties remaining upon their feet. The Duke, although respectful, found it difficult to conceal his indignation and his haughty sense of approaching triumph. Margaret was cold, stately,

and forbidding, disguising her rage and her mortification under a veil of imperial pride.

Circular letters signed by Philip, which Alva had brought with him, were now despatched to the different municipal bodies of the country. In these the cities were severally commanded to accept the garrisons, and to provide for the armies whose active services the King hoped would not be required, but which he had sent beforehand to prepare a peaceful entrance for himself. He enjoined the most absolute obedience to the Duke of Alva until his own arrival, which was to be almost immediate. These letters were dated at Madrid on the 28th of February, and were now accompanied by a brief official circular, signed by Margaret of Parma, in which she announced the arrival of her dear cousin of Alva, and demanded unconditional submission to his authority.

Having thus complied with these demands of external and conventional propriety, the indignant Duchess unbosomed herself, in her private Italian letters to her brother, of the rage which had been hitherto partially suppressed. She had compromised her health, perhaps her life, and now that she had pacified the country, now that the King was more absolute, more powerful than ever before, another was sent to enjoy the fruit of her labors and her sufferings.

The Duchess made no secret of her indignation at being thus superseded and, as she considered the matter, outraged. She openly avowed her displeasure. She was at times almost beside herself with rage. There was universal sympathy with her emotions, for all hated the Duke, and shuddered at the arrival of the Spaniards. The day of doom for all the crimes which had ever been committed in the course of ages seemed now to dawn upon the Netherlands. The sword which had so long been hanging over them seemed now about to descend. Throughout the provinces there was but one feeling of cold and hopeless dismay. Those who still saw a possibility of effecting their escape from the fated land swarmed across the frontier. All foreign merchants deserted the great marts. The cities became as still as if the plague-banner had been unfurled on every house-top.

Meantime the Captain-General proceeded methodically with his work. He distributed his troops through Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, and other principal cities. As a measure of necessity and mark of the last humiliation, he required the municipalities to transfer their keys to his keeping. The magistrates of Ghent humbly remonstrated against the indignity, and Egmont was imprudent enough to make himself the mouth-piece of their remonstrance, which, it is needless to add, was unsuccessful. Meantime his own day of reckoning had arrived.

It had been decided that the gentlemen implicated in the confederacy, or Compromise, should at once be proceeded against for high treason, without any regard to the promise of pardon granted by the Duchess.

It is difficult to comprehend so very sanguine a temperament as that to which Egmont owed his destruction. It was not the Prince of Orange alone who had prophesied his doom. Warnings had come to the Count from every quarter, and they were now frequently repeated. The Portuguese gentleman, Robles, Seigneur de Billy, who had returned early in the summer from Spain, whither he had been sent upon a confidential mission by Madame de Parma, is said to have made repeated communications to Egmont as to the dangerous position in which he stood. Immediately after his arrival in Brussels he had visited the Count, then confined to his house by an injury caused by a fall of his horse. "Take care to get well very fast," said De Billy, "for there are very bad stories told about you in Spain." Egmont laughed heartily at the observation, as if nothing could well be more absurd than such a warning. His friend—for De Billy is said to have felt a real attachment for the Count—persisted in his prophecies, telling him that "birds in the field sang much more sweetly than those in cages," and that he would do well to abandon the country before the arrival of Alva.

For a few days, accordingly, after the arrival of the new Governor-General, all seemed to be going smoothly. The grand prior and Egmont became exceedingly intimate, passing their time together in banquets, masquerades, and play, as joyously as if the merry days which had succeeded

the Treaty of Câteau-Cambrésis were returned. The Duke, too, manifested the most friendly disposition, taking care to send him large presents of Spanish and Italian fruits, received frequently by the government couriers.

Lapped in this fatal security, Egmont not only forgot his fears, but, unfortunately, succeeded in inspiring Count Horn with a portion of his confidence. That gentleman had still remained in his solitary mansion at Weert, notwithstanding the artful means which had been used to lure him from that "desert."

Alva and his son Don Fernando had soon afterwards addressed letters from Gerverbiller (dated the 26th and 27th of July) to Count Horn, filled with expressions of friendship and confidence. The Admiral, who had sent one of his gentlemen to greet the Duke, now responded from Weert that he was very sensible of the kindness manifested towards him, but that for reasons which his secretary, Alonzo de la Loo, would more fully communicate, he must for the present beg to be excused from a personal visit to Brussels. The secretary was received by Alva with extreme courtesy.

Alva's manœuvring, joined to the urgent representations of Egmont, at last produced its effect. The Admiral left his retirement at Weert to fall into the pit which his enemies had been so skilfully preparing at Brussels.

On the 9th day of September the grand prior, Don Fernando, gave a magnificent dinner, to which Egmont and Horn, together with Noircarmes, the Viscount of Ghent, and many other noblemen were invited. The banquet was enlivened by the music of Alva's own military band, which the Duke sent to entertain the company. At three o'clock he sent a message begging the gentlemen, after their dinner should be concluded, to favor him with their company at his house (the maison de Jasse), as he wished to consult them concerning the plan of the citadel which he proposed erecting at Antwerp.

At four o'clock, the dinner being finished, Horn and Egmont, accompanied by the other gentlemen, proceeded to the Jasse house, to take part in the deliberations proposed. They were received by the Duke with great cour-

tesy. The engineer, Pietro Urbino, soon appeared and laid upon the table a large parchment containing the plan and elevation of the citadel to be erected at Antwerp. A warm discussion upon the subject soon arose, Egmont, Horn, Noircarmes, and others, together with the engineers Urbino and Pacheco, all taking part in the debate. After a short time the Duke of Alva left the apartment on pretext of a sudden indisposition, leaving the company still warmly engaged in their argument. The council lasted till near seven in the evening. As it broke up, Don Sancho d'Avila, captain of the Duke's guard, requested Egmont to remain for a moment after the rest, as he had a communication to make to him. After an insignificant remark or two, the Spanish officer, as soon as the two were alone, requested Egmont to surrender his sword. The Count, agitated and, notwithstanding everything which had gone before, still taken by surprise, scarcely knew what reply to make. Don Sancho repeated that he had been commissioned to arrest him, and again demanded his sword. At the same moment the doors of the adjacent apartment were opened, and Egmont saw himself surrounded by a company of Spanish musketeers and halberdmen. Finding himself thus entrapped, he gave up his sword, saying bitterly as he did so that it had at least rendered some service to the King in times which were past. He was then conducted to a chamber in the upper story of the house, where his temporary prison had been arranged. The windows were barricaded, the daylight excluded, the whole apartment hung with black. Here he remained fourteen days (from the 9th to the 23d of September). During this period he was allowed no communication with his friends. His room was lighted day and night with candles, and he was served in strict silence by Spanish attendants and guarded by Spanish soldiers. The captain of the watch drew his curtain every midnight, and aroused him from sleep that he might be identified by the relieving officer.

Count Horn was arrested upon the same occasion by Captain Salinas, as he was proceeding through the courtyard of the house, after the breaking-up of the council.

He was confined in another chamber of the mansion, and met with a precisely similar treatment to that experienced by Egmont. Upon the 23d of September both were removed under a strong guard to the castle of Ghent.

On this same day two other important arrests, included and arranged in the same programme, had been successfully accomplished. Bakkerzeel, private and confidential secretary of Egmont, and Antony van Straalen, the rich and influential burgomaster of Antwerp, were taken almost simultaneously. At the request of Alva, the burgomaster had been invited by the Duchess of Parma to repair on business to Brussels. He seemed to fear an ambuscade, for as he got into his coach to set forth upon the journey he was so muffled in a superabundance of clothing that he was scarcely to be recognized. He was no sooner, however, in the open country and upon a spot remote from human habitations, than he was suddenly beset by a band of forty soldiers under command of Don Alberic Lodron and Don Sancho de Londoño. These officers had been watching his movements for many days. The capture of Bakkerzeel was accomplished with equal adroitness at about the same hour.

No sooner were these gentlemen in custody than the secretary, Albornoz, was despatched to the house of Count Horn and to that of Bakkerzeel, where all papers were immediately seized, inventoried, and placed in the hands of the Duke. Thus, if amid the most secret communications of Egmont and Horn or their correspondents a single treasonable thought should be lurking, it would go hard if it could not be twisted into a cord strong enough to strangle all of them.

The Duke wrote a triumphant letter to his Majesty that very night. He apologized that these important captures had been deferred so long, but stated that he had thought it desirable to secure all these leading personages at a single stroke. He then narrated the masterly manner in which the operations had been conducted. Certainly, when it is remembered that the Duke had only reached Brussels upon the 23d of August, and that the two Counts were securely lodged in prison on the 9th of September,

it seemed a superfluous modesty upon his part thus to excuse himself for an apparent delay. At any rate, in the eyes of the world and of posterity his zeal to carry out the bloody commands of his master was sufficiently swift.

The consternation was universal throughout the provinces when the arrests became known. Egmont's great popularity and distinguished services placed him so high above the mass of citizens, and his attachment to the Catholic religion was moreover so well known, that it was obvious that no man could now be safe when men like him were in the power of Alva and his myrmidons. The animosity to the Spaniards increased hourly. The Duchess affected indignation at the arrest of the two nobles, although it nowhere appears that she attempted a word in their defence or lifted at any subsequent moment a finger to save them. She was not anxious to wash her hands of the blood of two innocent men ; she was only offended that they had been arrested without her permission. She seemed to imagine herself the champion of their liberties, and the Netherlanders, for a moment, seemed to participate in the delusion. Because she was indignant at the insolence of the Duke of Alva to herself, the honest citizens began to give her credit for a sympathy with their own wrongs. It is very true that the horrors of the Duke's administration have been propitious to the fame of Margaret, and perhaps more so to that of Cardinal Granvelle. The faint and struggling rays of humanity which occasionally illumined the course of their government were destined to be extinguished in a chaos so profound and dark that these last beams of light seemed clearer and more bountiful by the contrast.

The Count of Hoogstraaten, who was on his way to Brussels, had, by good fortune, injured his hand through the accidental discharge of a pistol. Detained by this casualty at Cologne, he was informed before his arrival at the capital of the arrest of his two distinguished friends, and accepted the hint to betake himself at once to a place of safety.

The loyalty of the elder Mansfeld was beyond dispute

even by Alva. His son Charles had, however, been imprudent, and, as we have seen, had even affixed his name to the earliest copies of the Compromise. He had retired, it is true, from all connection with the confederates, but his father knew well that the young Count's signature upon that famous document would prove his death-warrant were he found in the country. He therefore had sent him into Germany before the arrival of the Duke.

The King's satisfaction was unbounded when he learned this important achievement of Alva, and he wrote immediately to express his approbation in the most extravagant terms.

The unfortunate envoys, Marquis Berghen and Baron Montigny, had remained in Spain under close observation. Their fate, now that Alva had at last been despatched to the Netherlands, seemed to be sealed, and the Marquis Berghen, accepting the augury in its most evil sense, immediately afterwards had sickened unto death. Whether it were the sickness of hope deferred suddenly changing to despair, or whether it were a still more potent and unequivocal poison which came to the relief of the unfortunate nobleman, will perhaps never be ascertained with certainty.

Three days after the parting interview of Berghen with his disinterested friend, the Prince of Eboli, the Marquis was a corpse. Before his limbs were cold a messenger was on his way to Brussels, instructing the Regent to *sequestrate his property, and to arrest upon suspicion of heresy his youthful kinsman and his niece, who, by the will of the Marquis,* were to be united in marriage and to share his estate. The whole drama, beginning with the death scene, was enacted according to order. Before the arrival of Alva in the Netherlands the property of the Marquis was in the hands of the government awaiting confiscation, which was but for a brief season delayed; while, on the other hand, Baron Montigny, Berghen's companion in doom, who was not, however, so easily to be carried off by homesickness, was closely confined in the alcazar of Segovia, never to leave a Spanish prison alive. There is

something pathetic in the delusion in which Montigny and his brother, Count Horn, both indulged, each believing that the other was out of harm's way, the one by his absence from the Netherlands, the other by his absence from Spain, while both, involved in the same meshes, were rapidly and surely approaching their fate.

In the same despatch of the 9th of September in which the Duke communicated to Philip the capture of Egmont and Horn, he announced to him his determination to establish a new court for the trial of crimes committed during the recent period of troubles. This wonderful tribunal was accordingly created with the least possible delay. It was called the Council of Troubles, but it soon acquired the terrible name, by which it will be forever known in history, of the Council of Blood. It superseded all other institutions. Every court, from those of the municipal magistracies up to the supreme councils of the provinces, was forbidden to take cognizance in future of any cause growing out of the late troubles. The council of state, although it was not formally disbanded, fell into complete desuetude, its members being occasionally summoned into Alva's private chambers in an irregular manner, while its principal functions were usurped by the Council of Blood. Not only citizens of every province, but the municipal bodies, and even the sovereign provincial estates themselves, were compelled to plead, like humble individuals, before this new and extraordinary tribunal. The constitution or maternal principle of this suddenly erected court was of a twofold nature. It defined and it punished the crime of treason. The definitions, couched in eighteen articles, declared it to be treason to have delivered or signed any petition against the new bishops, the inquisition, or the edicts; to have tolerated public preaching under any circumstances; to have omitted resistance to the image-breaking, to the field-preaching, or to the presentation of the Request by the nobles; and, "either through sympathy or surprise," to have asserted that the King did not possess the right to deprive all the provinces of their liberties; or to have maintained that this present tribunal was bound to respect in any manner

any laws or any charters. The punishment was still more briefly, simply, and comprehensively stated, for it was instant death in all cases. So well, too, did this new and terrible engine perform its work that in less than three months from the time of its erection eighteen hundred human beings had suffered death by its summary proceedings—some of the highest, the noblest, and the most virtuous in the land among the number; nor had it then manifested the slightest indication of faltering in its dread career.

Yet, strange to say, this tremendous court, thus established upon the ruins of all the ancient institutions of the country, had not been provided with even a nominal authority from any source whatever. The King had granted it no letters-patent or charter, nor had even the Duke of Alva thought it worth while to grant any commissions, either in his own name or as Captain-General, to any of the members composing the board. The Council of Blood was merely an informal club, of which the Duke was perpetual president, while the other members were all appointed by himself.

Of these subordinate councillors, two had the right of voting, subject, however, in all cases, to the Duke's final decision, while the rest of the number did not vote at all. It had not, therefore, in any sense the character of a judicial, legislative, or executive tribunal, but was purely a board of advice by which the bloody labors of the Duke were occasionally lightened as to detail, while not a feather's weight of power or of responsibility was removed from his shoulders. He reserved for himself the final decision upon all causes which should come before the council, and stated his motives for so doing with grim simplicity. "Two reasons," he wrote to the King, "have determined me thus to limit the power of the tribunal: the first that, not knowing its members, I might be easily deceived by them; the second, that *the men of law* only condemn *for crimes which are proved;* whereas your Majesty knows that affairs of state are governed by very different rules from *the laws which they have here.*"

With the assistance of Viglius, the list of blood-council-

lors was quickly completed. No one who was offered the office refused it. Noircarmes and Berlaymont accepted with very great eagerness. Several presidents and councillors of the different provincial tribunals were appointed; but all the Netherlanders were men of straw. Two Spaniards, Del Rio and Vargas, were the only members who could vote; while their decisions, as already stated, were subject to reversal by Alva. Del Rio was a man without character or talent, a mere tool in the hands of his superiors, but Juan de Vargas was a terrible reality.

No better man could have been found in Europe for the post to which he was thus elevated. To shed human blood was, in his opinion, the only important business and the only exhilarating pastime of life. His youth had been stained with other crimes. He had been obliged to retire from Spain because of his violation of an orphan child of whom he was guardian; and in his manhood he found no pleasure but in murder. He executed Alva's bloody work with an energy which was almost superhuman, and with a merriment which would have shamed a demon. His execrable jests ring through the blood and smoke and death-cries of those days of perpetual sacrifice. He was proud to be the double of the iron-hearted Duke, and acted so uniformly in accordance with the latter's views that the right of revision remained but nominal. There could be no possibility of collision where the subaltern was only anxious to surpass an incomparable superior.

Among the ciphers who composed the rest of the board, the Flemish Councillor Hessels was the one whom the Duke most respected. He was not without talent or learning, but the Duke only valued him for his cruelty. Being allowed to take but little share in the deliberations, Hessels was accustomed to doze away his afternoon hours at the council-table, and when awakened from his nap in order that he might express an opinion on the case then before the court was wont to rub his eyes and to call out "*Ad patibulum! ad patibulum!*" (to the gallows with him! to the gallows with him!) with great fervor, but in entire ignorance of the culprit's name or the merits of the case. His wife, naturally disturbed that her husband's waking

and sleeping hours were alike absorbed with this hangman's work, more than once ominously expressed her hope to him that he, whose head and heart were thus engrossed with the gibbet, might not one day come to hang upon it himself; a gloomy prophecy which the future most terribly fulfilled.

The Council of Blood, thus constituted, held its first session on the 20th of September, at the lodgings of Alva. Springing completely grown and armed to the teeth from the head of its inventor, the new tribunal—at the very outset in possession of all its vigor—forthwith began to manifest a terrible activity in accomplishing the objects of its existence. The councillors having been sworn to "eternal secrecy as to anything which should be transacted at the board, and having likewise made oath to denounce any one of their number who should violate the pledge," the court was considered as organized. Alva worked therein seven hours daily. The forms of proceeding were brief and artless. There was a rude organization, by which a crowd of commissioners, acting as inferior officers of the council, were spread over the provinces, whose business was to collect information concerning all persons who might be incriminated for participation in the recent troubles. The greatest crime, however, was to be rich, and one which could be expiated by no virtues, however signal. Alva was bent upon proving himself as accomplished a financier as he was indisputably a consummate commander, and he had promised his master an annual income of five hundred thousand ducats from the confiscations which were to accompany the executions.

It was necessary that the blood torrent should flow at once through the Netherlands, in order that the promised golden river—a yard deep, according to his vaunt—should begin to irrigate the thirsty soil of Spain. It is obvious, from the fundamental laws which were made to define treason at the same moment in which they established the council, that any man might be at any instant summoned to the court. Every man, whether innocent or guilty, whether papist or Protestant, felt his head shaking on his shoulders. If he were wealthy, there seemed no remedy

but flight, which was now almost impossible, from the heavy penalties affixed by the new edict upon all carriers, ship-masters, and wagoners who should aid in the escape of heretics.

The councillors were not allowed to slacken in their terrible industry. The register of every city, village, and hamlet throughout the Netherlands showed the daily lists of men, women, and children thus sacrificed at the shrine of the demon who had obtained the mastery over this unhappy land. It was not often that an individual was of sufficient importance to be tried—if trial it could be called—by himself. It was found more expeditious to send them in batches to the furnace. Thus, for example, on the 4th of January, eighty-four inhabitants of Valenciennes were condemned; on another day, ninety-five miscellaneous individuals, from different places in Flanders; on another, forty-six inhabitants of Malines; on another, thirty-five persons from different localities, and so on.

Death even did not in all cases place a criminal beyond the reach of the executioner. Egbert Meynartzoon, a man of high official rank, had been condemned, together with two colleagues, on an accusation of collecting money in a Lutheran church. He died in prison of dropsy. The sheriff was indignant with the physician, because, in spite of cordials and strengthening prescriptions, the culprit had slipped through his fingers before he had felt those of the executioner. He consoled himself by placing the body on a chair and having the dead man beheaded in company with his colleagues.

Thus the whole country became a charnel-house; the death-bell tolled hourly in every village; not a family but was called to mourn for its dearest relatives, while the survivors stalked listlessly about, the ghosts of their former selves, among the wrecks of their former homes. The spirit of the Netherlands, within a few months after the arrival of Alva, seemed hopelessly broken, and but for the stringency of the tyranny which had now closed their gates, the country would have been depopulated. The grass began to grow in the streets of those cities which had recently nourished so many artisans. In all those great

manufacturing and industrial marts, where the tide of human life had throbbed so vigorously, there now reigned the silence and the darkness of midnight.

The Duchess of Parma had been kept in a continued state of irritation. She had not ceased for many months to demand her release from the odious position of a cipher in a land where she had so lately been sovereign, and she had at last obtained it. Philip transmitted his acceptance of her resignation by the same courier who brought Alva's commission to be governor-general in her place. The letters to the Duchess were full of conventional compliments for her past services, accompanied, however, with a less barren and more acceptable acknowledgment, in the shape of a life income of fourteen thousand ducats, instead of the eight thousand hitherto enjoyed by her Highness.

In addition to this liberal allowance, of which she was never to be deprived, except upon receiving full payment of one hundred and forty thousand ducats, she was presented with twenty-five thousand florins by the estates of Brabant, and with thirty thousand by those of Flanders.

With these substantial tokens of the success of her nine years' fatigue and intolerable anxiety, she at last took her departure from the Netherlands, having communicated the dissolution of her connection with the provinces by a farewell letter to the Estates, dated the 9th of December, 1567.

Within a few weeks afterwards, escorted by the Duke of Alva across the frontier of Brabant, attended by a considerable deputation of Flemish nobility into Germany, and accompanied to her journey's end at Parma by the Count and Countess of Mansfeld, she finally closed her eventful career in the Netherlands.

Meantime the second civil war in France had broken out. The hollow truce by which the Guise party and the Huguenots had partly pretended to deceive each other was hastened to its end, among other causes, by the march of Alva to the Netherlands. The Huguenots had taken alarm, for they recognized the fellowship which united their foes in all countries against the Reformation, and Condé and Coligny knew too well that the same influence

which had brought Alva to Brussels would soon create an exterminating army against their followers. Hostilities were resumed with more bitterness than ever. The battle of St. Denis — fierce, fatal, but indecisive — was fought. The military control of the Catholic party was completely in the hands of the Guises; the Chancelier de l'Hôpital had abandoned the court after a last and futile effort to reconcile contending factions, which no human power could unite; the Huguenots had possessed themselves of Rochelle and of other strong places, and, under the guidance of adroit statesmen and accomplished generals, were pressing the Most Christian monarch hard in the very heart of his kingdom.

As early as the middle of October, while still in Antwerp, Alva had received several secret agents of the French monarch, then closely beleaguered in his capital. Cardinal Lorraine offered to place several strong places of France in the hands of the Spaniard, and Alva had written to Philip that he was disposed to accept the offer, and to render the service. The places thus held would be a guarantee for his expenses, he said, while in case King Charles and his brother should die, "their possession would enable Philip to assert his own claim to the French crown in right of his wife, the *Salic law being merely a pleasantry.*"

The Queen Dowager wrote to Alva and requested him to furnish two thousand Spanish musketeers. The Duke not only furnished Catherine with advice, but with the musketeers which she had solicited. Two thousand foot and fifteen hundred horse, under the Count of Aremberg, attended by a choice band of the Catholic nobility of the Netherlands, had joined the royal camp at Paris before the end of the year, to take their part in the brief hostilities by which the second treacherous peace was to be preceded.

Meantime Alva was not unmindful of the business which had served as a pretext in the arrest of the two Counts. The fortifications of the principal cities were pushed on with great rapidity. The memorable citadel of Antwerp in particular had already been commenced in October, under the superintendence of the celebrated engineers Pacheco

and Gabriel de Cerbelloni. In a few months it was completed, at a cost of one million four hundred thousand florins, of which sum the citizens, in spite of their remonstrances, were compelled to contribute more than one quarter. The sum of four hundred thousand florins was forced from the burghers by a tax upon all hereditary property within the municipality. Two thousand workmen were employed daily in the construction of this important fortress, which was erected, as its position most plainly manifested, not to protect, but to control the commercial capital of the provinces. It stood at the edge of the city, only separated from its walls by an open esplanade. It was the most perfect pentagon in Europe, having one of its sides resting on the Scheldt, two turned towards the city, and two towards the open country. Five bastions, with walls of hammered stone, connected by curtains of turf and masonry, surrounded by walls, measuring a league in circumference, and by an outer moat fed by the Scheldt, enclosed a spacious enceinte, where a little church, with many small lodging-houses, shaded by trees and shrubbery, nestled among the bristling artillery, as if to mimic the appearance of a peaceful and pastoral village. Each bastion was honeycombed with casemates and subterranean storehouses, and capable of containing within its bowels a vast supply of provisions, munitions, and soldiers. Such was the celebrated citadel built to tame the turbulent spirit of Antwerp at the cost of those whom it was to terrify and to insult.

CHAPTER II

THE EXECUTION OF EGMONT AND HORN

Late in October the Duke of Alva made his triumphant entry into the new fortress. During his absence, which was to continue during the remainder of the year, he had ordered the secretary Courteville and the Councillor Del Rio to superintend the commission which was then actually engaged in collecting materials for the prosecutions to be instituted against the Prince of Orange and the other nobles who had abandoned the country. Accordingly, soon after his return, on the 19th of January, 1568, the Prince, his brother Louis of Nassau, his brother-in-law, Count Van den Berg, the Count Hoogstraaten, the Count Culemburg, and the Baron Montigny were summoned in the name of Alva to appear before the Council of Blood within thrice fourteen days from the date of the proclamation, under pain of perpetual banishment with confiscation of their estates. It is needless to say that these seigniors did not obey the summons. They knew full well that their obedience would be rewarded only by death.

The charges against the Prince of Orange, which were drawn up in ten articles, stated chiefly and briefly that he had been, and was, the head and front of the rebellion. The articles against Hoogstraaten and the other gentlemen were of similar tenor. It certainly was not a slender proof of the calm effrontery of the government thus to see Alva's proclamation charging it as a crime upon Orange that he had inveigled the lieges into revolt by a false assertion that the inquisition was about to be established, when letters from the Duke to Philip, and from Gran-

velle to Philip, dated upon nearly the same day, advised the immediate restoration of the inquisition as soon as an adequate number of executions had paved the way for the measure. It was also a sufficient indication of a reckless despotism that, while the Duchess, who had made the memorable Accord with the religionists, received a flattering letter of thanks and a farewell pension of fourteen thousand ducats yearly, those who, by her orders, had acted upon that treaty as the basis of their negotiations were summoned to lay down their heads upon the block.

The Prince replied to this summons by a brief and somewhat contemptuous plea to the jurisdiction. As a Knight of the Fleece, as a member of the Germanic Empire, as a sovereign prince in France, as a citizen of the Netherlands, he rejected the authority of Alva and of his self-constituted tribunal. His innocence he was willing to establish before competent courts and righteous judges. As a Knight of the Fleece, he said, he could be tried only by his peers, the brethren of the order, and for that purpose he could be summoned only by the King as head of the chapter, with the sanction of at least six of his fellow-knights. In conclusion, he offered to appear before his Imperial Majesty, the Electors, and other members of the Empire, or before the Knights of the Golden Fleece. In the latter case, he claimed the right, under the statutes of that order, to be placed while the trial was pending, not in a solitary prison, as had been the fate of Egmont and of Horn, but under the friendly charge and protection of the brethren themselves. The letter was addressed to the procurator-general, and a duplicate was forwarded to the Duke.

From the general tenor of the document it is obvious that the Prince was not yet ready to throw down the gauntlet to his sovereign, or to proclaim his adhesion to the new religion. Moreover, the period had not yet arrived for him to break publicly with the ancient faith. Statesman, rather than religionist, at this epoch he was not disposed to affect a more complete conversion than the one which he had experienced. He was, in truth, not for a new doctrine, but for liberty of conscience. His

mind was already expanding beyond any dogmas of the age. The man whom his enemies stigmatized as atheist and renegade was really in favor of toleration, and, therefore, the more deeply criminal in the eyes of all religious parties.

Events, personal to himself, were rapidly to place him in a position from which he might enter the combat with honor. His character had already been attacked, his property threatened with confiscation. His closest ties of family were now to be severed by the hand of the tyrant. On the 13th of February, 1568, the Duke sent the Seigneur de Chassy to Louvain, attended by four officers and twelve archers, to seize the son of the Prince of Orange, then a boy of fifteen years, and a student at the college of Louvain. He was furnished with a letter to the Count de Buren, in which that young nobleman was requested to place implicit confidence in the bearer of the despatch, and was informed that the desire which his Majesty had to see him educated for his service was the cause of the communication which the Seigneur de Chassy was about to make.

The plan was carried out admirably, and in strict accordance with the programme. It was fortunate, however, for the kidnappers that the young Prince proved favorably disposed to the plan. He accepted the invitation of his captors with alacrity. He even wrote to thank the governor for his friendly offices in his behalf. He received with boyish gratification the festivities with which Lodron enlivened his brief sojourn at Antwerp, and he set forth without reluctance for that gloomy and terrible land of Spain whence so rarely a Flemish traveller had returned. A changeling, as it were, from his cradle, he seemed completely transformed by his Spanish tuition; for he was educated, and not sacrificed, by Philip. When he returned to the Netherlands, after a twenty years' residence in Spain, it was difficult to detect in his gloomy brow, saturnine character, and Jesuitical habits, a trace of the generous spirit which characterized that race of heroes, the house of Orange-Nassau.

Petitions now poured into the council from all quarters,

abject recantations from terror-stricken municipalities, humble intercessions in behalf of doomed and imprisoned victims. To a deputation of the magistracy of Antwerp, who came with a prayer for mercy in behalf of some of their most distinguished fellow-citizens then in prison, the Duke gave a most passionate and ferocious reply.

Upon the 16th of February, 1568, a sentence of the holy office condemned *all the inhabitants* of the Netherlands *to death* as heretics. From this universal doom *only a few persons, especially named,* were excepted. A proclamation of the King, dated ten days later, confirmed this decree of the inquisition, and ordered it to be carried into instant execution, without regard to age, sex, or condition. This is probably the most concise death-warrant that was ever framed. Three millions of people—men, women, and children—were sentenced to the scaffold in three lines.

Under this new decree the executions certainly did not slacken. Men in the highest and the humblest positions were daily and hourly dragged to the stake. Alva, in a single letter to Philip, coolly estimated the number of executions which were to take place immediately after the expiration of holy week "*at eight hundred heads.*" Many a citizen, convicted of a hundred thousand florins, and of no other crime, saw himself suddenly tied to a horse's tail, with his hands fastened behind him, and so dragged to the gallows. But although wealth was an unpardonable sin, poverty proved rarely a protection. Reasons sufficient could always be found for dooming the starveling laborer as well as the opulent burgher. To avoid the disturbances created in the streets by the frequent harangues or exhortations addressed to the bystanders by the victims on their way to the scaffold, a new gag was invented. The tongue of each prisoner was screwed into an iron ring, and then seared with a hot iron. The swelling and inflammation which were the immediate result prevented the tongue from slipping through the ring, and of course effectually precluded all possibility of speech.

Unfortunately, in the bewilderment and misery of this

people, the first development of a forcible and organized resistance was of a depraved and malignant character. Extensive bands of marauders and highway robbers sprang into existence, who called themselves the "wild beggars," and who, wearing the mask and the symbols of a revolutionary faction, committed great excesses in many parts of the country — robbing, plundering, and murdering. Their principal wrath was exercised against religious houses and persons. Many monasteries were robbed, many clerical persons maimed and maltreated. It became a habit to deprive priests of their noses or ears, and then to tie them to the tails of horses. This was the work of ruffian gangs, whose very existence was engendered out of the social and moral putrescence to which the country was reduced, and who were willing to profit by the deep and universal hatred which was felt against Catholics and monks. An edict thundered forth by Alva, authorizing and commanding all persons to slay the wild beggars at sight, without trial or hangman, was of comparatively slight avail. An armed force of veterans actively scouring the country was more successful, and the freebooters were, for a time, suppressed.

Meantime the Counts Egmont and Horn had been kept in rigorous confinement at Ghent. On the 10th of January each was furnished with a copy of the declarations or accusations filed against him by the procurator-general. To these documents, drawn up respectively in sixty-three and in ninety articles, they were required, within five days' time, without the assistance of an advocate, and without consultation with any human being, to deliver a written answer, on pain, as before, of being proceeded against and condemned by default.

This order was obeyed within nearly the prescribed period, and here, it may be said, their own participation in their trial ceased; while the rest of the proceedings were buried in the deep bosom of the Council of Blood. After their answers had been delivered, and not till then, the prisoners were, by an additional mockery, permitted to employ advocates. These advocates, however, were allowed only occasional interviews with their clients, and always in

the presence of certain persons especially deputed for that purpose by the Duke.

As Knights of the Golden Fleece, both claimed the privilege of that order to be tried by its statutes. As a citizen and noble of Brabant, Egmont claimed the protection of the *joyeuse entrée*, a constitution which had been sworn to by Philip and his ancestors, and by Philip more amply than by all his ancestors. As a member and Count of the Holy Roman Empire, the Admiral claimed to be tried by his peers, the electors and princes of the realm.

It was now boldly declared that the statutes of the Fleece did not extend to such crimes as those with which the prisoners were charged. Alva, moreover, received an especial patent, ante-dated eight or nine months, by which Philip empowered him to proceed against all persons implicated in the troubles, and particularly against Knights of the Golden Fleece.

It is superfluous to observe that these were merely the arbitrary acts of a despot. It is hardly necessary to criticise such proceedings. The execution of the nobles had been settled before Alva left Spain. As they were inhabitants of a constitutional country, it was necessary to stride over the constitution. As they were Knights of the Fleece, it was necessary to set aside the statutes of the order. The Netherland constitutions seemed so entirely annihilated already that they could hardly be considered obstacles; but the Order of the Fleece was an august little republic of which Philip was the hereditary chief, of which emperors, kings, and great seigniors were the citizens. Tyranny might be embarrassed by such subtle and golden filaments as these, even while it crashed through municipal charters as if they had been reeds and bulrushes. Nevertheless, the King's course was taken. Although the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth chapters of the order expressly provided for the trial and punishment of brethren who had been guilty of rebellion, heresy, or treason; and although the eleventh chapter, perpetual and immutable, of additions to that constitution by the Emperor Charles, conferred on the order exclusive jurisdiction over all crimes whatever committed by the knights, yet it was coolly proclaimed by Alva that the

crimes for which the Admiral and Egmont had been arrested were beyond the powers of the tribunal.

In these memorable cases of what was called high-treason there was no real trial. The tribunal was incompetent; the prisoners were without advocates; the government evidence was concealed; the testimony for the defence was excluded; and the cause was finally decided before a thousandth part of its merits could have been placed under the eyes of the judge who gave the sentence.

But it is almost puerile to speak of the matter in terms usually applicable to state trials. The case had been settled in Madrid long before the arrest of the prisoners in Brussels. The sentence, signed by Philip in blank, had been brought in Alva's portfolio from Spain. The proceedings were a mockery, and, so far as any effect upon public opinion was concerned, might as well have been omitted. If the gentlemen had been shot in the courtyard of the Jasse house, by decree of a drum-head court-martial, an hour after their arrest, the rights of the provinces and the sentiments of humanity would not have been outraged more utterly. Every constitutional and natural right was violated from first to last. This certainly was not a novelty. Thousands of obscure individuals, whose relations and friends were not upon thrones and in high places, but in booths and cellars, and whose fate therefore did not send a shudder of sympathy throughout Europe, had already been sacrificed by the Blood tribunal. Still this great case presented a colossal emblem of the condition in which the Netherlands were now gasping. It was a monumental exhibition of the truth which thousands had already learned to their cost—that law and justice were abrogated throughout the land. The country was simply under martial law—the entire population under sentence of death. The whole civil power was in Alva's hands; the whole responsibility in Alva's breast. Neither the most ignoble nor the most powerful could lift their heads in the sublime desolation which was sweeping the country. This was now proved beyond peradventure. A miserable cobbler or weaver might be hurried from his shop to the scaffold, invoking the *jus de non evocando* till

he was gagged, but the Emperor would not stoop from his throne, nor electors palatine and powerful nobles rush to his rescue; but in behalf of these prisoners the most august hands and voices of Christendom had been lifted up at the foot of Philip's throne; and their supplications had proved as idle as the millions of tears and death-cries which had been shed or uttered in the lowly places of the land. It was obvious, then, that all intercession must thereafter be useless. Philip was fanatically impressed with his mission. His viceroy was possessed by his loyalty as by a demon. In this way alone that conduct which can never be palliated may at least be comprehended. It was Philip's enthusiasm to embody the wrath of God against heretics. It was Alva's enthusiasm to embody the wrath of Philip.

So much for the famous treason of Counts Egmont and Horn, so far as regards the history of the proceedings and the merits of the case. The last act of the tragedy was precipitated by occurrences which must be now narrated.

The Prince of Orange had at last thrown down the gauntlet. Proscribed, outlawed, with his Netherland property confiscated and his eldest child kidnapped, he saw sufficient personal justification for at last stepping into the lists, the avowed champion of a nation's wrongs. Whether the revolution was to be successful, or to be disastrously crushed; whether its result would be to place him upon a throne or a scaffold, not even he, the deep-revolving and taciturn politician, could possibly foresee. The Reformation, in which he took both a political and a religious interest, might prove a sufficient lever in his hands for the overthrow of Spanish power in the Netherlands. The inquisition might roll back upon his country and himself, crushing them forever. The chances seemed with the inquisition.

He replied to the act of condemnation, which had been pronounced against him in default by a published paper of moderate length and great eloquence. He had repeatedly offered to place himself, he said, upon trial before a competent court. As a Knight of the Fleece, as a

member of the Holy Roman Empire, as a sovereign Prince, he could acknowledge no tribunal save the chapters of the knights or of the realm. The Emperor's personal intercession with Philip had been employed in vain to obtain the adjudication of his case by either. It would be both death and degradation on his part to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the infamous Council of Blood. He scorned, he said, to plead his cause "before he knew not what base knaves, not fit to be the valets of his companions and himself."

He appealed therefore to the judgment of the world. He published not an elaborate argument, but a condensed and scathing statement of the outrages which had been practised upon him. He denied that he had been a party to the Compromise. He denied that he had been concerned in the Request, although he denounced with scorn the tyranny which could treat a petition to government as an act of open war against the sovereign. He spoke of Granvelle with unmeasured wrath. He maintained that his own continuance in office had been desired by the Cardinal, in order that his personal popularity might protect the odious designs of the government. The edicts, the inquisition, the persecution, the new bishoprics, had been the causes of the tumults. He concluded with a burst of indignation against Philip's conduct towards himself. The monarch had forgotten his services and those of his valiant ancestors. He had robbed him of honor, he had robbed him of his son—both dearer to him than life. By thus doing he had degraded himself more than he had injured him, for he had broken all his royal oaths and obligations.

The paper was published early in the summer of 1568. At about the same time the Count of Hoogstraaten published a similar reply to the act of condemnation with which he had been visited. He defended himself mainly upon the ground that all the crimes of which he stood arraigned had been committed in obedience to the literal instructions of the Duchess of Parma, after her accord with the confederates.

The Prince now made the greatest possible exertions to

raise funds and troops. He had many meetings with influential individuals in Germany. The Protestant princes, particularly the Landgrave of Hesse and the Elector of Saxony, promised him assistance. He brought all his powers of eloquence and of diplomacy to make friends for the cause which he had now boldly espoused. He excelled even his royal antagonist in the industrious subtlety with which he began to form a thousand combinations. Swift, secret, incapable of fatigue, this powerful and patient intellect sped to and fro, disentangling the perplexed skein where all had seemed so hopelessly confused, and gradually unfolding broad schemes of a symmetrical and regenerated polity. He had high correspondents and higher hopes in England. He was already secretly or openly in league with half the sovereigns of Germany. The Huguenots of France looked upon him as their friend, and on Louis of Nassau as their inevitable chieftain, were Coligny destined to fall. He was in league with all the exiled and outlawed nobles of the Netherlands. By his orders recruits were daily enlisted, without sound of drum. He granted a commission to his brother Louis, one of the most skilful and audacious soldiers of the age, than whom the revolt could not have found a more determined partisan nor the Prince a more faithful lieutenant.

This commission, which was dated Dillenburg, the 6th of April, 1568, was a somewhat startling document. It authorized the Count to levy troops and wage war against Philip, strictly for Philip's good. The fiction of loyalty certainly never went further. The Prince of Orange made known to all "to whom those presents should come" that through the affection which he bore the gracious King he purposed to expel his Majesty's forces from the Netherlands. "To show our love for the monarch and his hereditary provinces," so ran the commission, "to prevent the desolation hanging over the country by the ferocity of the Spaniards, to maintain the privileges sworn to by his Majesty and his predecessors, to prevent the extirpation of all religion by the edicts, and to save the sons and daughters of the land from abject slavery, we

have requested our dearly beloved brother Louis of Nassau to enroll as many troops as he shall think necessary."

Van den Berg, Hoogstraaten, and others, provided with similar powers, were also actively engaged in levying troops; but the right hand of the revolt was Count Louis, as his illustrious brother was its head and heart. Two hundred thousand crowns was the sum which the Prince considered absolutely necessary for organizing the army with which he contemplated making an entrance into the Netherlands. Half this amount had been produced by the cities of Antwerp, Amsterdam, Leyden, Haarlem, Middelburg, Flushing, and other towns, as well as by refugee merchants in England. The other half was subscribed by individuals. The Prince himself contributed fifty thousand florins; Hoogstraaten, thirty thousand; Louis of Nassau, ten thousand; Culemburg, thirty thousand; Van den Berg, thirty thousand; the Dowager-Countess Horn, ten thousand; and other persons in less proportion. Count John of Nassau also pledged his estates to raise a large sum for the cause. The Prince himself sold all his jewels, plate, tapestry, and other furniture, which were of almost regal magnificence. Not an enthusiast, but a deliberate, cautious man, he now staked his all upon the hazard, seemingly so desperate. His luxury, his fortune, his family, his life, his children, his honor, all were now ventured, not with the recklessness of a gambler, but with the calm conviction of a statesman.

A private and most audacious attempt to secure the person of Alva and the possession of Brussels had failed. He was soon, however, called upon to employ all his energies against the open warfare which was now commenced.

According to the plan of the Prince, the provinces were to be attacked simultaneously in three places by his lieutenants, while he himself was waiting in the neighborhood of Cleves, ready for a fourth assault. An army of Huguenots and refugees was to enter Artois upon the frontier of France; a second, under Hoogstraaten, was to operate between the Rhine and the Meuse; while Louis of Nassau was to raise the standard of revolt in Friesland.

The two first adventures were destined to be signally

unsuccessful. A force under Seigneur de Cocqueville, latest of all, took the field towards the end of June. It entered the bailiwick of Hesdin, in Artois, was immediately driven across the frontier by the Count de Roeulx, and cut to pieces at St. Valéry by Maréchal de Cossé, governor of Picardy. This action was upon the 18th of July. Of the twenty-five hundred men who composed the expedition, scarce three hundred escaped. The few Netherlanders who were taken prisoners were given to the Spanish government, and, of course, hanged.

The force under the Seigneur de Villers was earlier under arms and the sooner defeated. This luckless gentleman, who had replaced the Count of Hoogstraaten, crossed the frontier of Juliers, in the neighborhood of Maastricht, by the 20th of April. His force, infantry and cavalry, amounted to nearly three thousand men. The object of the enterprise was to raise the country, and, if possible, to obtain a foothold by securing an important city. Roermond was the first point of attack, but the attempts, both by stratagem and by force, to secure the town were fruitless. The citizens were not ripe for revolt, and refused the army admittance. While the invaders were, therefore, endeavoring to fire the gates, they were driven off by the approach of a Spanish force.

The Duke, so soon as the invasion was known to him, had acted with great promptness. Don Sancho de Londoño and Don Sancho de Avila, with five vanderas of Spanish infantry, three companies of cavalry, and about three hundred pikemen under Count Eberstein—a force amounting in all to about sixteen hundred picked troops —had been at once despatched against Villers. The rebel chieftain, abandoning his attempt upon Roermond, advanced towards Erkelens. Upon the 25th of April, between Erkelens and Dalem, the Spaniards came up with him and gave him battle. Villers lost all his cavalry and two vanderas of his infantry in the encounter. With the remainder of his force, amounting to thirteen hundred men, he effected his retreat in good order to Dalem. Here he rapidly intrenched himself. At four in the afternoon, Sancho de Londoño, at the head of six hundred

infantry, reached the spot. He was unable to restrain the impetuosity of his men, although the cavalry under Avila, prevented by the difficult nature of the narrow path through which the rebels had retreated, had not yet arrived. The enemy were two to one, and the town was fortified; nevertheless, in half an hour the intrenchments were carried, and almost every man in the patriot army put to the sword. Villers himself, with a handful of soldiers, escaped into the town, but was soon afterwards taken prisoner with all his followers. He sullied the cause in which he was engaged by a base confession of the designs formed by the Prince of Orange—a treachery, however, which did not save him from the scaffold. In the course of this day's work the Spanish lost twenty men and the rebels nearly two hundred. This portion of the liberating forces had been thus disastrously defeated on the eve of the entrance of Count Louis into Friesland.

As early as the 22d of April, Alva had been informed by the lieutenant-governor of that province that the beggars were mustering in great force in the neighborhood of Embden. It was evident that an important enterprise was about to be attempted. Two days afterwards, Louis of Nassau entered the provinces, attended by a small body of troops. His banners blazed with patriotic inscriptions. "*Nunc aut nunquam, Recuperare aut mori,*" were the watchwords of his desperate adventure. "Freedom for fatherland and conscience" was the device which was to draw thousands to his standard. On the western wolds of Frisia he surprised the castle of Wedde, a residence of the absent Aremberg, stadholder of the province. Thence he advanced to Appingadam, or Dam, on the tide-waters of the Dollart. Here he was met by his younger brother—the gallant Adolphus, whose days were so nearly numbered—who brought with him a small troop of horse. At Wedde, at Dam, and at Slochteren, the standard was set up. At these three points there daily gathered armed bodies of troops, voluntary adventurers, peasants with any rustic weapon which they could find to their hand. Lieutenant-Governor Groesbeck wrote urgently to the Duke that the beggars were hourly increasing in force; that the

leaders perfectly understood their game; that they kept their plans a secret, but were fast seducing the heart of the country.

On the 4th of May, Louis issued a summons to the magistracy of Groningen, ordering them to send a deputation to confer with him at Dam. As the result he received a moderate sum of money, on condition of renouncing for the moment an attack upon the city. With this temporary supply he was able to retain a larger number of the adventurers, who were daily swarming around him.

In the mean time Alva was not idle.

By the 22d of May, Count Aremberg, having collected his forces, consisting of Braccamonte's legion, his own four vanderas, and a troop of Germans, came in sight of the enemy at Dam. Louis of Nassau sent out a body of arquebusiers, about one thousand strong, from the city. A sharp skirmish ensued, but the beggars were driven into their intrenchments, with a loss of twenty or thirty men, and nightfall terminated the contest.

Meghem reached Coeverden, some fifty miles from Dam, on the night of the 22d. He had informed Aremberg that he might expect him with his infantry and his light horse in the course of the next day. On the following morning, the 23d, Aremberg wrote his last letter to the Duke, promising to send a good account of the beggars within a very few hours.

Louis of Nassau had broken up his camp at Dam about midnight. Falling back, in a southerly direction, along the Wold-weg, or forest road, a narrow causeway through a swampy district, he had taken up a position some three leagues from his previous encampment. Near the monastery of Heiliger Lee he had chosen his ground. Assured that Meghem had not yet effected his junction with Aremberg, prepared to strike, at last, a telling blow for freedom and fatherland, Louis awaited the arrival of his eager foe.

His position was one of commanding strength and fortunate augury. Heiliger Lee was a wooded eminence, artificially reared by Premonstrant monks. It was the only rising ground in that vast extent of watery pastures, en-

closed by the Ems and Lippe—the "fallacious fields" described by Tacitus.

Although the swamps of that distant age had been transformed into fruitful pastures, yet the whole district was moist, deceitful, and dangerous. The country was divided into squares, not by hedges, but by impassable ditches. Agricultural intrenchments had long made the country almost impregnable, while its defences against the ocean rendered almost as good service against a more implacable human foe.

Aremberg, leading his soldiers along the narrow causeway, in hot pursuit of what they considered a rabble rout of fugitive beggars, soon reached Winschoten. Here he became aware of the presence of his despicable foe. Louis and Adolphus of Nassau, while sitting at dinner in the convent, had been warned by a friendly peasant of the approach of the Spaniards. The opportune intelligence had given the patriot general time to make his preparations. The village was not far distant from the abbey, and in the neighborhood of the abbey Louis of Nassau was now posted. Behind him was a wood, on his left a hill of moderate elevation, before him an extensive and swampy field. In the front of the field was a causeway leading to the abbey. This was the road which Aremberg was to traverse. On the plain which lay between the wood and the hill the main body of the beggars were drawn up. They were disposed in two squares or squadrons, rather deep than wide, giving the idea of a less number than they actually contained. The lesser square, in which were twenty-eight hundred men, was partially sheltered by the hill. Both were flanked by musketeers. On the brow of the hill was a large body of light-armed troops, the *enfants perdus* of the army. The cavalry, amounting to not more than three hundred men, was placed in front, facing the road along which Aremberg was to arrive.

That road was bordered by a wood extending nearly to the front of the hill. As Aremberg reached its verge he brought out his artillery and opened fire upon the body of light troops. The hill protected a large part of the en-

emy's body from this attack. Finding the rebels so strong in numbers and position, Aremberg was disposed only to skirmish. He knew better than did his soldiers the treacherous nature of the ground in front of the enemy. He saw that it was one of those districts where peat had been taken out in large squares for fuel, and where a fallacious and verdant scum upon the surface of deep pools simulated the turf that had been removed. He saw that the battle-ground presented to him by his sagacious enemy was one great sweep of traps and pitfalls. Before he could carry the position, many men must necessarily be ingulfed.

He paused for an instant. He was deficient in cavalry, having only Martinengo's troop, hardly amounting to four hundred men. He was sure of Meghem's arrival within twenty-four hours. If, then, he could keep the rebels in check, without allowing them any opportunity to disperse, he should be able, on the morrow, to cut them to pieces, according to the plan agreed upon a fortnight before. But his soldiers were very hot, his enemy very cool. Disregarding the dictates of his own experience and the arrangements of his superior, he yielded to the braggart humor of his soldiers, which he had not, like Alva, learned to moderate or to despise.

The Spanish artillery, which had disordered the enemy's light troops, was brought beyond the cover of the wood, and pointed more fully upon the two main squares of the enemy. A few shots told. Soon afterwards the *enfants perdus* retreated helter-skelter, entirely deserting their position. This apparent advantage, which was only a preconcerted stratagem, was too much for the fiery Spaniards. They rushed merrily forward to attack the stationary squares, their general being no longer able to restrain their impetuosity. In a moment the whole vanguard had plunged into the morass. In a few minutes more they were all helplessly and hopelessly struggling in the pools, while the musketeers of the enemy poured in a deadly fire upon them without wetting the soles of their feet. The pikemen, too, who composed the main body of the larger square, now charged upon all who were extricating themselves from their entanglement, and drove them back

again to a muddy death. Simultaneously, the lesser patriot squadron, which had so long been sheltered, emerged from the cover of the hill, made a détour around its base, enveloped the rear-guard of the Spaniards before they could advance to the succor of their perishing comrades, and broke them to pieces almost instantly. The rout was sudden and absolute. The foolhardiness of the Spaniards had precipitated them into the pit which their enemies had dug. The day was lost. Nothing was left for Aremberg but to perish with honor. Placing himself at the head of his handful of cavalry, he dashed into the mêlée. The shock was sustained by young Adolphus of Nassau, at the head of an equal number of riders. Each leader singled out the other. They met as "captains of might" should do, in the very midst of the fray, and both were slain.

The patriot leader, Louis of Nassau, had accomplished, after all, but a barren victory. He had, to be sure, destroyed a number of Spaniards, amounting, according to the different estimates, from five hundred to sixteen hundred men. He had also broken up a small but veteran army. More than all, he had taught the Netherlanders, by this triumphant termination to a stricken field, that the choice troops of Spain were not invincible. But the moral effect of the victory was the only permanent one. The Count's badly paid troops could with difficulty be kept together. He had not sufficient artillery to reduce the city whose possession would have proved so important to the cause. Moreover, in common with the Prince of Orange and all his brethren, he had been called to mourn for the young and chivalrous Adolphus, whose life-blood had stained the laurels of this first patriot victory. Having remained, and thus wasted the normal three days upon the battle-field, Louis now sat down before Groningen, fortifying and intrenching himself in a camp within cannon-shot of the city.

The wrath of the Duke was even greater than his surprise. Like Augustus, he called in vain on the dead commander for his legions, but prepared himself to inflict a more rapid and more terrible vengeance than the Roman's. Recognizing the gravity of his situation, he determined to

take the field in person, and to annihilate this insolent chieftain who had dared not only to cope with but to conquer his veteran regiments. But before he could turn his back upon Brussels many deeds were to be done. His measures now followed each other in breathless succession, fulminating and blasting at every stroke. On the 28th of May he issued an edict banishing, on pain of death, the Prince of Orange, Louis of Nassau, Hoogstraaten, Van den Berg, and others, with confiscation of all their property. At the same time he razed the Culemburg Palace to the ground, and erected a pillar upon its ruins, commemorating the accursed conspiracy which had been engendered within its walls. On the 1st of June eighteen prisoners of distinction were executed upon the Horse Market in Brussels. On the 3d, Counts Egmont and Horn were brought in a carriage from Ghent to Brussels, guarded by ten companies of infantry and one of cavalry. They were then lodged in the "Broodhuis" opposite the Town Hall, on the great square of Brussels. On the 4th, Alva, having, as he solemnly declared before God and the world, examined thoroughly the mass of documents appertaining to those two great prosecutions which had only been closed three days before, pronounced sentence against the illustrious prisoners. These documents of iniquity, signed and sealed by the Duke, were sent to the Council of Blood, where they were read by Secretary Praets. The signature of Philip was not wanting, for the sentences had been drawn upon blanks signed by the monarch, of which the viceroy had brought a whole trunkful from Spain. The sentence against Egmont declared very briefly that the Duke of Alva, having read all the papers and evidence in the case, had found the Count guilty of high-treason. It was proved that Egmont had united with the confederates, that he had been a party to the accursed conspiracy of the Prince of Orange, that he had taken the rebel nobles under his protection, and that he had betrayed the government and the Holy Catholic Church by his conduct in Flanders. Therefore the Duke condemned him to be executed by the sword on the following day, and decreed that his head should be placed on high in a public place,

there to remain until the Duke should otherwise direct. The sentence against Count Horn was similar in language and purport.

On the morning of the 5th of June three thousand Spanish troops were drawn up in battle-array around a scaffold which had been erected in the centre of the square. Upon this scaffold, which was covered with black cloth, were placed two velvet cushions, two iron spikes, and a small table. Upon the table was a silver crucifix. The provost-marshal, Spelle, sat on horseback below, with his red wand in his hand, little dreaming that for him a darker doom was reserved than that of which he was now the minister. The executioner was concealed beneath the draperies of the scaffold.

At eleven o'clock a company of Spanish soldiers, led by Juliaan Romero and Captain Salinas, arrived at Egmont's chamber. The Count was ready for them. They were about to bind his hands, but he warmly protested against the indignity, and, opening the folds of his robe, showed them that he had himself shorn off his collars and made preparations for his death. His request was granted. Egmont, with the Bishop of Ypres at his side, then walked with a steady step the short distance which separated him from the place of execution. Juliaan Romero and the guard followed him. On his way he read aloud the sixty-first psalm: "Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer." He seemed to have selected this scriptural passage as a proof that, notwithstanding the machinations of his enemies and the cruel punishment to which they had led him, loyalty to his sovereign was as deeply rooted and as religious a sentiment in his bosom as devotion to his God. "Thou wilt prolong the King's life; and his years as many generations. He shall abide before God forever! O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him." Such was the remarkable prayer of the condemned traitor on his way to the block.

Having ascended the scaffold, he walked across it twice or thrice. He was dressed in a tabard or robe of red damask, over which was thrown a short black mantle embroidered in gold. He had a black silk hat with black

and white plumes on his head, and held a handkerchief in his hand. As he strode to and fro, he expressed a bitter regret that he had not been permitted to die, sword in hand, fighting for his country and his king. Sanguine to the last, he passionately asked Romero whether the sentence was really irrevocable, whether a pardon was not even then to be granted. The marshal shrugged his shoulders, murmuring a negative reply. Upon this Egmont gnashed his teeth together, rather in rage than despair. Shortly afterwards, commanding himself again, he threw aside his robe and mantle, and took the badge of the Golden Fleece from his neck. Kneeling then upon one of the cushions, he said the Lord's Prayer aloud, and requested the bishop, who knelt at his side, to repeat it thrice. After this the prelate gave him the silver crucifix to kiss, and then pronounced his blessing upon him. This done, the Count rose again to his feet, laid aside his hat and handkerchief, knelt again upon the cushion, drew a little cap over his eyes, and, folding his hands together, cried with a loud voice, "Lord, into Thy hands I commit my spirit." The executioner then suddenly appeared, and severed his head from his shoulders at a single blow.

A moment of shuddering silence succeeded the stroke. The whole vast assembly seemed to have felt it in their own hearts. Tears fell from the eyes even of the Spanish soldiery, for they knew and honored Egmont as a valiant general. The French ambassador, Mondoucet, looking upon the scene from a secret place, whispered that he had now seen the head fall before which France had twice trembled. Tears were even seen upon the iron cheek of Alva, as, from a window in a house directly opposite the scaffold, he looked out upon the scene.

A dark cloth was now quickly thrown over the body and the blood, and within a few minutes the Admiral was seen advancing through the crowd. His bald head was uncovered, his hands were unbound. He calmly saluted such of his acquaintances as he chanced to recognize upon his path. Under a black cloak, which he threw off when he had ascended the scaffold, he wore a plain, dark doublet, and he did not, like Egmont, wear the insignia of the

Fleece. Casting his eyes upon the corpse, which lay covered with the dark cloth, he asked if it were the body of Egmont. Being answered in the affirmative, he muttered a few words in Spanish, which were not distinctly audible. His attention was next caught by the sight of his own coat of arms reversed, and he expressed anger at this indignity to his escutcheon, protesting that he had not deserved the insult. He then spoke a few words to the crowd below, wishing them happiness, and begging them to pray for his soul. He did not kiss the crucifix, but he knelt upon the scaffold to pray, and was assisted in his devotions by the Bishop of Ypres. When they were concluded, he rose again to his feet. Then, drawing a Milan cap completely over his face, and uttering in Latin the same invocation which Egmont had used, he submitted his neck to the stroke.

The heads of both sufferers were now exposed for two hours upon the iron stakes. Their bodies, placed in coffins, remained during the same interval upon the scaffold. Meantime, notwithstanding the presence of the troops, the populace could not be restrained from tears and from execrations. Many crowded about the scaffold and dipped their handkerchiefs in the blood, to be preserved afterwards as memorials of the crime and as ensigns of revenge.

The bodies were afterwards delivered to their friends. A stately procession of the guilds, accompanied by many of the clergy, conveyed their coffins to the church of Saint Gudule. Thence the body of Egmont was carried to the convent of Saint Clara, near the old Brussels gate, where it was embalmed. His escutcheon and banners were hung upon the outward wall of his residence by order of the Countess. By command of Alva they were immediately torn down. His remains were afterwards conveyed to his city of Sottegem, in Flanders, where they were interred. Count Horn was entombed at Kempen. The bodies had been removed from the scaffold at two o'clock. The heads remained exposed between burning torches for two hours longer. They were then taken down, enclosed in boxes, and, as it was generally supposed, despatched to Madrid.

The King was thus enabled to look upon the dead faces of his victims without the trouble of a journey to the provinces.

Thus died Philip Montmorency, Count of Horn, and Lamoral of Egmont, Prince of Gaveren, a great historical figure, but certainly not a great man. His execution remains an enduring monument, not only of Philip's cruelty and perfidy, but of his dulness. The King had everything to hope from Egmont and nothing to fear. Yet this was the man whom Philip chose, through the executioner's sword, to convert into a popular idol, and whom Poetry has loved to contemplate as a romantic champion of freedom.

As for Horn, details enough have likewise been given of his career to enable the reader thoroughly to understand the man. He was a person of mediocre abilities and thoroughly commonplace character. His high rank and his tragic fate are all which make him interesting. He had little love for court or people. The most interesting features of his character are his generosity towards his absent brother and the manliness with which, as Montigny's representative at Tournai, he chose rather to confront the anger of the government, and to incur the deadly revenge of Philip, than make himself the executioner of the harmless Christians in Tournai.

CHAPTER III

THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE BEGUN

Louis of Nassau, since his victory, had accomplished nothing. For this inactivity there was one sufficient excuse, the total want of funds. His only revenue was the amount of blackmail which he was able to levy upon the inhabitants of the province.

With this precarious means of support, his army, as may easily be supposed, was anything but docile. After the victory of Heiliger Lee there had seemed to his German mercenaries a probability of extensive booty, which grew fainter as the slender fruit of that battle became daily more apparent.

He had, for a few weeks immediately succeeding the battle, distributed his troops in three different stations. On the approach of the Duke, however, he hastily concentrated his whole force at his own strongly fortified camp, within half cannon-shot of Groningen. His army, such as it was, numbered from ten thousand to twelve thousand men. Alva reached Groningen early in the morning of July 15th, and, without pausing a moment, marched his troops directly through the city. His total force of choice troops amounted to about fifteen thousand. He immediately occupied an intrenched and fortified house, from which it was easy to inflict damage upon the camp. This done, the Duke, with a few attendants, rode forward to reconnoitre the enemy in person. He found him in a well-fortified position, having the river on his front, which served as a moat to his camp, and with a deep trench three hundred yards beyond in addition. Two wooden bridges led across the river; each was

commanded by a fortified house, in which was a provision of pine torches ready at a moment's warning to set fire to the bridges. Having thus satisfied himself, the Duke rode back to his army, which had received strict orders not to lift a finger till his return. He then despatched a small force of five hundred musketeers, under Robles, to skirmish with the enemy, and, if possible, to draw them from their trenches.

The troops of Louis, however, showed no greediness to engage. On the contrary, it soon became evident that their dispositions were of an opposite tendency. The Count himself, not at that moment trusting his soldiery, who were in an extremely mutinous condition, was desirous of falling back before his formidable antagonist. The Duke, faithful, however, to his life-long principles, had no intention of precipitating the action in those difficult and swampy regions. The skirmishing, therefore, continued for many hours, an additional force of one thousand men being detailed from the Spanish army. The day was very sultry, however, the enemy reluctant, and the whole action languid. At last, towards evening, a large body, tempted beyond their trenches, engaged warmly with the Spaniards. The combat lasted but a few minutes, the patriots were soon routed, and fled precipitately back to their camp. The panic spread with them, and the whole army was soon in retreat. On retiring they had, however, set fire to the bridges, and thus secured an advantage at the outset of the chase. The Spaniards were no longer to be held. Vitelli obtained permission to follow with two thousand additional troops. The fifteen hundred who had already been engaged charged furiously upon their retreating foes. Some dashed across the blazing bridges, with their garments and their very beards on fire. Others sprang into the river. Neither fire nor water could check the fierce pursuit. The cavalry, dismounting, drove their horses into the stream, and, clinging to their tails, pricked the horses forward with their lances. Having thus been dragged across, they joined their comrades in the mad chase along the narrow dikes and through the swampy and almost impassable country where the rebels were

seeking shelter. The approach of night, too soon advancing, at last put an end to the hunt. The Duke with difficulty recalled his men, and compelled them to restrain their eagerness until the morrow. Three hundred of the patriots were left dead upon the field, besides at least an equal number who perished in the river and canals. The army of Louis was entirely routed, and the Duke considered it virtually destroyed. He wrote to the state council that he should pursue them the next day, but doubted whether he should find anybody to talk with him. In this the governor-general soon found himself delightfully disappointed.

Five days later the Duke arrived at Reyden, on the Ems. Owing to the unfavorable disposition of the country people, who were willing to protect the fugitives by false information to their pursuers, he was still in doubt as to the position then occupied by the enemy. He had been fearful that they would be found at this very village of Reyden. It was a fatal error on the part of Count Louis that they were not. He had made his stand at Jemmingen, about four leagues distant from that place, and a little farther down the river. Alva discovered this important fact soon after his arrival at Reyden, and could not conceal his delight. Already exulting at the error made by his adversary, in neglecting the important position which he now occupied himself, he was doubly delighted at learning the nature of the place which he had in preference selected. He saw that Louis had completely entrapped himself.

Jemmingen was a small town on the left bank of the Ems. The stream, here very broad and deep, is rather a tide inlet than a river, being but a very few miles from the Dollart. This circular bay, or ocean chasm, the result of the violent inundation of the thirteenth century, surrounds, with the river, a narrow peninsula. In the corner of this peninsula, as in the bottom of a sack, Louis had posted his army. His infantry, as usual, was drawn up in two large squares, and still contained ten thousand men. The rear rested upon the village, the river was upon his left, his meagre force of cavalry upon the right. In front

were two very deep trenches. The narrow road, which formed the only entrance to his camp, was guarded by a ravelin on each side and by five pieces of artillery.

The Duke having reconnoitred the enemy in person, rode back, satisfied that no escape was possible. The river was too deep and too wide for swimming or wading, and there were but very few boats. Louis was shut up between twelve thousand Spanish veterans and the river Ems. The rebel army, although not insufficient in point of numbers, was in a state of disorganization. They were furious for money and reluctant to fight. They broke out into open mutiny upon the very verge of battle.

Meantime a work which had been too long neglected was then, if possible, to be performed. In that watery territory the sea was only held in check by artificial means. In a very short time, by the demolition of a few dikes and the opening of a few sluices, the whole country through which the Spaniards had to pass could be laid under water. Believing it yet possible to enlist the ocean in his defence, Louis, having partially reduced his soldiers to obedience, ordered a strong detachment upon this important service. Seizing a spade, he commenced the work himself, and then returned to set his army in battle array. Two or three tide-gates had been opened, two or three bridges had been demolished, when Alva, riding in advance of his army, appeared within a mile or two of Jemmingen. It was then eight o'clock in the morning of July 21st. The patriots redoubled their efforts. By ten o'clock the waters were already knee high, and in some places as deep as to the waist.

At that hour the advanced guard of the Spaniards arrived. Fifteen hundred musketeers were immediately ordered forward by the Duke. They were preceded by a company of mounted carabineers, attended by a small band of volunteers of distinction. This little band threw themselves at once upon the troops engaged in destroying the dikes. The rebels fled at the first onset, and the Spaniards closed the gates. Feeling the full importance of the moment, Count Louis ordered a large force of musketeers to recover the position and to complete the work of in-

undation. It was too late. The little band of Spaniards held the post with consummate tenacity. Charge after charge, volley after volley from the overwhelming force brought against them failed to loosen the fierce grip with which they held this key to the whole situation. Before they could be driven from the dikes their comrades arrived, when all their antagonists at once made a hurried retreat to their camp.

Alva having left a strong guard on the bridge at Reyden, and thus closed carefully every avenue, now advanced his fifteen hundred musketeers farther towards the camp. This small force, powerfully but secretly sustained, was to feel the enemy, to skirmish with him, and to draw him as soon as possible out of his trenches. The plan succeeded. Gradually the engagements between them and the troops sent out by Count Louis grew more earnest. By noon the rebels, not being able to see how large a portion of the Spanish army had arrived, began to think the affair not so serious. Count Louis sent out a reconnoitring party upon the river in a few boats. They returned without having been able to discover any large force. It seemed probable, therefore, that the inundation had been more successful in stopping their advance than had been supposed. Louis, always too rash, inflamed his men with temporary enthusiasm. Determined to cut their way out by one vigorous movement, the whole army at last marched forth from their intrenchments, with drums beating, colors flying; but already the concealed reinforcements of their enemies were on the spot. The patriots met with a warmer reception than they had expected. Their courage evaporated. Hardly had they advanced three hundred yards when the whole body wavered and then retreated precipitately towards the encampment, having scarcely exchanged a shot with the enemy. Count Louis, in a frenzy of rage and despair, flew from rank to rank, in vain endeavoring to rally his terror-stricken troops. It was hopeless. The battery which guarded the road was entirely deserted. He rushed to the cannon himself, and fired them all with his own hand. It was their first and last discharge. His single arm, however

bold, could not turn the tide of battle, and he was swept backward with his coward troops. In a moment afterwards, Don Lope de Figueroa, who led the van of the Spaniards, dashed upon the battery and secured it, together with the ravelins. Their own artillery was turned against the rebels, and the road was soon swept.

The Spaniards in large numbers now rushed through the trenches in pursuit of the retreating foe. No resistance was offered, no quarter given. An impossible escape was all which was attempted. It was not a battle, but a massacre. Many of the beggars in their flight threw down their arms; all had forgotten their use. Their antagonists butchered them in droves, while those who escaped the sword were hurled into the river. *Seven* Spaniards were killed, and *seven thousand* rebels. The swift ebb-tide swept the *hats* of the perishing wretches in such numbers down the stream that the people at Embden knew the result of the battle in an incredibly short period of time. The skirmishing had lasted from ten o'clock till one, but the butchery continued much longer. It took time to slaughter even unresisting victims. Large numbers obtained refuge for the night upon an island in the river. At low water next day the Spaniards waded to them and slew every man. Many found concealment in hovels, swamps, and thickets, so that the whole of the following day was occupied in ferreting out and despatching them. Count Louis himself stripped off his clothes, and made his escape, when all was over, by swimming across the Ems. With the paltry remnant of his troops he again took refuge in Germany.

Thus ended the campaign of Count Louis in Friesland. Thus signally and terribly had the Duke of Alva vindicated the supremacy of Spanish discipline and of his own military skill.

On his return to Groningen, the estates were summoned, and received a severe lecture for their suspicious demeanor in regard to the rebellion. In order more effectually to control both province and city, the governor-general ordered the construction of a strong fortress, which was soon begun, but never completed. Having thus furnished

himself with a key to this important and doubtful region, he returned by way of Amsterdam to Utrecht. There he was met by his son Frederic with strong reinforcements. The Duke reviewed his whole army, and found himself at the head of 30,000 infantry and 7000 cavalry.

CHAPTER IV

ORANGE TAKES THE FIELD

The Duke having thus crushed the project of Count Louis and quelled the insurrection in Friesland, returned in triumph to Brussels. Far from softened by the success of his arms, he renewed with fresh energy the butchery which, for a brief season, had been suspended during his brilliant campaign in the north. The altars again smoked with victims; the hanging, burning, drowning, beheading seemed destined to be the perpetual course of his administration so long as human bodies remained on which his fanatical vengeance could be wreaked. Four men of eminence were executed soon after his return to the capital. They had previously suffered such intense punishment on the rack that it was necessary to carry them to the scaffold and bind them upon chairs that they might be beheaded. These four sufferers were a Frisian nobleman named Galena, the secretaries of Egmont and Horn—Bakkerzeel and La Loo—and the distinguished burgomaster of Antwerp, Antony van Straalen.

Hundreds of obscure martyrs now followed in the same path to another world, where surely they deserved to find their recompense, if steadfast adherence to their faith, and a tranquil trust in God amid tortures and death too horrible to be related, had ever found favor above. The "Red-Rod," as the provost of Brabant was popularly designated, was never idle. He flew from village to village throughout the province, executing the bloody behests of his masters with congenial alacrity. Nevertheless his career was soon destined to close upon the same scaffold where he had so long officiated. Partly from caprice,

partly from an uncompromising and fantastic sense of justice, his master now hanged the executioner whose industry had been so untiring. The sentence, which was affixed to his breast as he suffered, stated that he had been guilty of much malpractice; that he had executed many persons without a warrant, and had suffered many guilty persons, for a bribe, to escape their doom. The reader can judge which of the two clauses constituted the more sufficient reason.

During all these triumphs of Alva, the Prince of Orange had not lost his self-possession. One after another each of his bold, skilfully conceived and carefully prepared plans had failed. The friends on whom William of Orange relied in Germany, never enthusiastic in his cause, although many of them true-hearted and liberal, now grew cold and anxious. For months long his most faithful and affectionate allies, such men as the Elector of Hesse and the Duke of Wurtemberg, as well as the less trustworthy Augustus of Saxony, had earnestly expressed their opinion that, under the circumstances, his best course was to sit still and watch the course of events.

But the Prince knew how much effect his sitting still would produce upon the cause of liberty and religion. He knew that the more impenetrable the darkness now gathering over that land of doom which he had devoted his life to defend, the more urgently was he forbidden to turn his face away from it in its affliction. He knew that thousands of human souls, nigh to perishing, were daily turning towards him as their only hope on earth, and he was resolved, so long as he could dispense a single ray of light, that his countenance should never be averted. To liberate the souls and bodies of millions, to maintain for a generous people, who had wellnigh lost their all, those free institutions which their ancestors had bequeathed, was a noble task for any man. But here stood a Prince of ancient race, vast possessions, imperial blood, one of the great ones of the earth, whose pathway along the beaten track would have been smooth and successful, but who was ready to pour out his wealth like water, and to coin his heart's blood, drop by drop, in this virtuous but almost desperate

cause. He felt that of a man to whom so much had been intrusted much was to be asked. God had endowed him with an incisive and comprehensive genius, unfaltering fortitude, and with the rank and fortune which enable a man to employ his faculties to the injury or the happiness of his fellows, on the widest scale. The Prince felt the responsibility, and the world was to learn the result.

It was about this time that a deep change came over his mind. Hitherto, although nominally attached to the communion of the ancient Church, his course of life and habits of mind had not led him to deal very earnestly with things beyond the world. The severe duties, the grave character of the cause to which his days were henceforth to be devoted, had already led him to a closer inspection of the essential attributes of Christianity. The Prince went into the Reformed worship step by step, and it was not until the 23d of October, 1573, that he publicly attended communion at a Calvinist meeting, but where is not mentioned. He was now enrolled for life as a soldier of the Reformation.* The Reformation was henceforth his fatherland, the sphere of his duty and his affection. The religious Reformers became his brethren, whether in France, Germany, the Netherlands, or England. Yet his mind had taken a higher flight than that of the most eminent Reformers. His goal was not a new doctrine, but religious liberty. In an age when to think was a crime, and when bigotry and a persecuting spirit characterized Romanists and Lutherans, Calvinists and Zwinglians, he had dared to announce freedom of conscience as the great object for which noble natures should strive. In an age when toleration was a vice, he had the manhood to cultivate it as a

* None of the Prince's own private letters relating to his step from the Roman to the Reformed faith have yet come to light, and the judgments of others on this event are purely subjective. Miss Ruth Putnam, in her *William the Silent*, New York, 1895, Vol. II., pages 39, 40, cites a letter (*Groen Van Prinsterer, Archives*, IV., 231) from Bartholdus Wilhelm, a minister in Dordrecht, to his fellow Christians in London. "Brothers: I must hasten to inform you that the Prince of Orange, our pious stadholder, has joined the congregation, broken the Master's bread with the people, and submitted to discipline." The letter is dated October 23.

virtue. His parting advice to the Reformers of the Netherlands, when he left them for a season in the spring of 1567, was to sink all lesser differences in religious union. Those of the Augsburg Confession and those of the Calvinistic Church, in their own opinion as incapable of commingling as oil and water, were, in his judgment, capable of friendly amalgamation. He appealed eloquently to the good and influential of all parties to unite in one common cause against oppression. Even while favoring daily more and more the cause of the purified Church, and becoming daily more alive to the corruption of Rome, he was yet willing to tolerate all forms of worship, and to leave reason to combat error.

Without a particle of cant or fanaticism, he had become a deeply religious man. Hitherto he had been only a man of the world and a statesman, but from this time forth he began calmly to rely upon God's providence in all the emergencies of his eventful life. His letters, written to his most confidential friends, to be read only by themselves, and which have been gazed upon by no other eyes until after the lapse of nearly three centuries, abundantly prove his sincere and simple trust. This sentiment was not assumed for effect to delude others, but cherished as a secret support for himself. His religion was not a cloak to his designs, but a consolation in his disasters. *Saevis tranquillus in undis*, he was never more placid than when the storm was wildest and the night darkest. He drew his consolations and refreshed his courage at the never-failing fountains of Divine mercy.

"I go to-morrow," he wrote to the unworthy Anne of Saxony; "but when I shall return, or when I shall see you, I cannot, on my honor, tell you with certainty. I have resolved to place myself in the hands of the Almighty, that He may guide me whither it is His good pleasure that I should go. *I see well enough that I am destined to pass this life in misery and labor, with which I am well content, since it thus pleases the Omnipotent*, for I know that I have merited still greater chastisement. I only implore Him graciously to send me strength to endure with patience."

In May, 1568, the Emperor Maximilian had formally is-

sued a requisition to the Prince of Orange to lay down his arms, and to desist from all levies and machinations against the King of Spain and the peace of the realm. This summons he was commanded to obey on pain of forfeiting all rights, fiefs, privileges, and endowments bestowed by imperial hands on himself or his predecessors, and of incurring the heaviest disgrace, punishment, and penalties of the empire.

To this document the Prince replied in August, having paid in the mean time but little heed to its precepts. Now that the Emperor, who at first was benignant, had begun to frown on his undertaking, he did not slacken in his own endeavors to set his army on foot. One by one, those among the princes of the empire who had been most stanch in his cause, and were still most friendly to his person, grew colder as tyranny became stronger; but the ardor of the Prince was not more chilled by their despair than by the overthrow at Jemmingen, which had been its cause. In August he answered the letter of the Emperor, respectfully but warmly, trusting that after reading the "Justification" which the Prince had recently published his Majesty would consider the resistance just, Christian, and conformable to the public peace. He expressed the belief that rather than interpose any hinderance his Majesty would thenceforth rather render assistance "to the poor and desolate Christians," even as it was his Majesty's office and authority to be the last refuge of the injured.

The Prince of Orange issued a formal declaration of war against the Duke of Alva, and also addressed a solemn and eloquent "warning" or proclamation to all the inhabitants of the Netherlands. Without the Prince and his efforts at this juncture there would probably have never been a free Netherland commonwealth. It is certain, likewise, that without an enthusiastic passion for civil and religious liberty throughout the masses of the Netherland people there would have been no successful effort on the part of the Prince. He knew his countrymen; while they, from highest to humblest, recognized in him their saviour. There was, however, no pretence of a revolutionary movement. The Prince came to maintain, not to overthrow.

The freedom which had been enjoyed in the provinces until the accession of the Burgundian dynasty it was his purpose to restore. The attitude which he now assumed was a peculiar one in history. This defender of a people's cause set up no revolutionary standard. In all his documents he paid apparent reverence to the authority of the King. By a fiction, which was not unphilosophical, he assumed that the monarch was incapable of the crimes which he charged upon the viceroy. Thus he did not assume the character of a rebel in arms against his Prince, but in his own capacity of sovereign he levied troops and waged war against a satrap whom he chose to consider false to his master's orders. In the interest of Philip, assumed to be identical with the welfare of his people, he took up arms against the tyrant who was sacrificing both. This mask of loyalty would never save his head from the block, as he well knew, but some spirits as lofty as his own might perhaps be influenced by a noble sophistry, which sought to strengthen the cause of the people by attributing virtue to the King.

And thus did the sovereign of an insignificant little principality stand boldly forth to do battle with the most powerful monarch in the world. At his own expense, and by almost superhuman exertions, he had assembled nearly thirty thousand men. He now boldly proclaimed to the world, and especially to the inhabitants of the provinces, his motives, his purposes, and his hopes.

"We, by God's grace Prince of Orange," said his declaration the 31st of August, 1568, "salute all faithful subjects of his Majesty. * * * We summon all loyal subjects of the Netherlands to come and help us. Let them take to heart the uttermost need of the country, the danger of perpetual slavery for themselves and their children, and of the entire overthrow of the Evangelical religion. Only when Alva's blood-thirstiness shall have been at last overpowered can the provinces hope to recover their pure administration of justice and a prosperous condition for their commonwealth."

In the "warning" or proclamation to all the inhabitants of the Netherlands, the Prince expressed similar sen-

timents. He announced his intention of expelling the Spaniards forever from the country. To accomplish the mighty undertaking, money was necessary. He accordingly called on his countrymen to contribute, the rich out of their abundance, the poor even out of their poverty, to the furtherance of the cause. He solemnly warned them "before God, the fatherland, and the world," to do this while it was yet time. After the title of this paper, the 28th, 29th, and 30th verses of the tenth chapter of Proverbs were cited. The favorite motto of the Prince, "*Pro lege, rege, grege*" (for the law, for the king, for the commonwealth), was also affixed to the document.

These appeals had, however, but little effect. Of three hundred thousand crowns, promised on behalf of leading nobles and merchants of the Netherlands by Marcus Perez, but ten or twelve thousand came to hand. The appeals to the gentlemen who had signed the Compromise, and to many others who had in times past been favorable to the liberal party, were powerless. A poor Anabaptist preacher collected a small sum from a refugee congregation on the outskirts of Holland, and brought it, at the peril of his life, into the Prince's camp. It came from people, he said, whose will was better than the gift. They never wished to be repaid, he said, except by kindness, when the cause of Reform should be triumphant in the Netherlands. The Prince signed a receipt for the money, expressing himself touched by this sympathy from these poor outcasts. In the course of time other contributions from similar sources, principally collected by Dissenting preachers, starving and persecuted church communities, were received. The poverty-stricken exiles contributed far more, in proportion, for the establishment of civil and religious liberty, than the wealthy merchants or the haughty nobles.

Late in September the Prince mustered his army in the province of Treves, near the monastery of Romersdorf. His force amounted to nearly thirty thousand men, of whom nine thousand were cavalry. The Prince crossed the Rhine at Saint Feit, a village belonging to himself. He descended along the banks as far as the neighborhood of Cologne. Then, after hovering in apparent un-

certainty about the territories of Juliers and Limburg, he suddenly, on a bright moonlight night, crossed the Meuse with his whole army, in the neighborhood of Stockheim. The operation was brilliantly effected. A compact body of cavalry, according to the plan which had been more than once adopted by Julius Cæsar, was placed in the midst of the current, under which shelter the whole army successfully forded the river. The Meuse was more shallow than usual, but the water was as high as the soldiers' necks. This feat was accomplished on the night and morning of the 4th and 5th of October. It was considered so bold an achievement that its fame spread far and wide. The Spaniards began to tremble at the prowess of a Prince whom they had affected to despise. The very fact of the passage was flatly contradicted. An unfortunate burgher at Amsterdam was scourged at the whipping-post because he mentioned it as matter of common report. The Duke of Alva refused to credit the tale when it was announced to him. "Is the army of the Prince of Orange a flock of wild geese," he asked, "that it can fly over rivers like the Meuse?" Nevertheless it was true. The outlawed, exiled Prince stood once more on the borders of Brabant, with an army of disciplined troops at his back. His banners bore patriotic inscriptions. "*Pro lege, rege, grege*" was emblazoned upon some. A pelican tearing her breast to nourish her young with her life-blood was the pathetic emblem of others. His determination being to force or entice the Duke of Alva into a general engagement, he marched into Brabant, and took up a position within six thousand paces of Alva's encampment. His plan was at every hazard to dare or to decoy his adversary into the chances of a stricken field. The governor was intrenched at a place called Keisersleger, which Julius Cæsar had once occupied. The city of Maastricht was in his immediate neighborhood, which was thus completely under his protection while it furnished him with supplies. The Prince sent to the Duke a herald, who was to propose that all prisoners who might be taken in the coming campaign should be exchanged instead of being executed. The herald, booted and spurred,

even as he had dismounted from his horse, was instantly hanged. This was the significant answer to the mission of mercy. Alva held no parley with rebels before a battle, nor gave quarter afterwards.

In the mean time the Duke had carefully studied the whole position of affairs, and had arrived at his conclusion. He was determined not to fight. It was obvious that the Prince would offer battle eagerly, ostentatiously, frequently, but the governor was resolved never to accept the combat. Once taken, his resolution was unalterable, and his plan, thus deliberately resolved upon, was accomplished with faultless accuracy. As a work of art, the present campaign of Alva against Orange was a more consummate masterpiece than the more brilliant and dashing expedition into Friesland.

The campaign lasted little more than a month. Twenty-nine times the Prince changed his encampment, and at every remove the Duke was still behind him, as close and seemingly as impalpable as his shadow. Thrice they were within cannon-shot of each other, twice without a single trench or rampart between them. The country people refused the Prince supplies, for they trembled at the vengeance of the governor. Alva had caused the irons to be removed from all the mills, so that not a bushel of corn could be ground in the whole province. The country thus afforded but little forage for the thirty thousand soldiers of the Prince. The troops, already discontented, were clamorous for pay and plunder. During one mutinous demonstration the Prince's sword was shot from his side, and it was with difficulty that a general outbreak was suppressed. The soldiery were maddened and tantalized by the tactics of Alva. They found themselves constantly in the presence of an enemy who seemed to court a battle at one moment and to vanish like a phantom at the next. They felt the winter approaching, and became daily more dissatisfied with the irritating hardships to which they were exposed. Upon the night of the 5th and 6th of October the Prince had crossed the Meuse at Stockheim. Thence he had proceeded to Tongres, followed closely by the enemy's force, who encamped in the

immediate neighborhood. From Tongres he had moved to St. Trond, still pursued and still baffled in the same cautious manner. The skirmishing at the outposts was incessant, but the main body was withdrawn as soon as there seemed a chance of its becoming involved.

From St. Trond, in the neighborhood of which he had remained several days, he advanced in a southerly direction towards Jodoigne. Count de Genlis, with a reinforcement of French Huguenots, for which the Prince had been waiting, had penetrated through the Ardennes, crossed the Meuse at Charlemont, and was now intending a junction with him at Waveron. The river Geta flowed between them. The Prince stationed a considerable force upon a hill near the stream to protect the passage, and then proceeded leisurely to send his army across the river. Count Hoogstraaten, with the rear-guard, consisting of about three thousand men, was alone left upon the hither bank, in order to provoke or to tempt the enemy, who, as usual, was encamped very near. Alva refused to attack the main army, but rapidly detached his son, Don Frederic, with a force of four thousand foot and three thousand horse, to cut off the rear-guard. The movement was effected in a masterly manner; the hill was taken, the three thousand troops which had not passed the river were cut to pieces, and Vitelli hastily despatched a gentleman named Barberini to implore the Duke to advance with the main body, cross the river, and, once for all, exterminate the rebels in a general combat. Alva, inflamed, not with ardor for an impending triumph, but with rage that his sagely conceived plans could not be comprehended even by his son and by his favorite officers, answered the eager messenger with peremptory violence. Nearly three thousand of the patriots were slain in this combat, including those burned or butchered after the battle was over. The Sieur de Louverwal was taken prisoner and soon afterwards beheaded in Brussels; but the greatest misfortune sustained by the liberal party upon this occasion was the death of Antony de Lalaing, Count of Hoogstraaten. This action was fought on the 20th of October.

The Prince, frustrated in his hopes of a general battle, was still more bitterly disappointed by the supineness of the country. Not a voice was raised to welcome the deliverer. Not a single city opened its gates. All were crouching, silent, abject. The rising, which perhaps would have been universal had a brilliant victory been obtained, was, by the masterly tactics of Alva, rendered an almost inconceivable idea. The mutinous demonstrations in the Prince's camp became incessant; the soldiers were discontented and weary. What the Duke had foretold was coming to pass, for the Prince's army was already dissolving. Obliged to countermarch towards the Rhine, he crossed the Geta, somewhat to Alva's astonishment, and proceeded in the direction of the Meuse. The autumn rains, however, had much swollen that river since his passage at the beginning of the month, so that it could no longer be forded. He approached the city of Liege, and summoned their Bishop, as he had done on his entrance into the country, to grant a free passage to his troops. The Bishop, who stood in awe of Alva and who had accepted his protection, again refused. The Prince had no time to parley. He was again obliged to countermarch, and took his way along the high road to France, still watched and closely pursued by Alva, between whose troops and his own daily skirmishes took place. At Le Quesnoy the Prince gained a trifling advantage over the Spaniards; at Câteau-Cambrésis he also obtained a slight and easy victory; but by the 17th of November the Duke of Alva had entered Câteau-Cambrésis, and the Prince had crossed the frontier of France.

The Maréchal de Cossé, who was stationed on the boundary of France and Flanders, now harassed the Prince by very similar tactics to those of Alva. He was, however, too weak to inflict any serious damage, although strong enough to create perpetual annoyance. He also sent a secretary to the Prince, with a formal prohibition, in the name of Charles the Ninth, against his entering the French territory with his troops.

It was in vain that the Prince endeavored to induce his army to try the fortunes of the civil war in France.

They had enlisted for the Netherlands, the campaign was over, and they insisted upon being led back to Germany. Forced to yield, the Prince led his army through Champagne and Lorraine to Strasburg, where they were disbanded. All the money which he had been able to collect was paid them. He pawned all his camp equipage, his plate, his furniture. What he could not pay in money he made up in promises, sacredly to be fulfilled when he should be restored to his possessions. He even solemnly engaged, should be return from France alive, and be still unable to pay their arrears of wages, to surrender his person to them as a hostage for his debt.

Thus triumphantly for Alva, thus miserably for Orange, ended the campaign. Thus hopelessly vanished the army to which so many proud hopes had attached themselves. Eight thousand men had been slain in paltry encounters, thirty thousand were dispersed, not easily to be again collected. All the funds which the Prince could command had been wasted without producing a result. For the present, nothing seemed to afford a ground of hope for the Netherlands, but the war of freedom had been renewed in France. A band of twelve hundred mounted men-at-arms were willing to follow the fortunes of the Prince. The three brothers accordingly, William, Louis, and Henry—a lad of eighteen, who had abandoned his studies at the university to obey the chivalrous instincts of his race—set forth early in the following spring to join the banner of Condé.

The Duke of Alva, having despatched from Câteau-Cambrésis a brief account of the victorious termination of the campaign, returned in triumph to Brussels, and instituted a succession of triumphant festivals. The people were called upon to rejoice and to be exceedingly glad, to strew flowers in his path, to sing Hosannas in his praise who came to them covered with the blood of those who had striven in their defence. The holiday was duly culled forth; houses where funeral hatchments for murdered inmates had been perpetually suspended were decked with garlands; the bells, which had hardly once omitted their daily knell for the victims of an incredible cruelty,

now rang their merriest peals; and in the very square where so lately Egmont and Horn, besides many other less distinguished martyrs, had suffered an ignominious death, a gay tournament was held day after day, with all the insolent pomp which could make the exhibition most galling.

But even these demonstrations of hilarity were not sufficient. The conqueror and tamer of the Netherlands felt that a more personal and palpable deification was necessary for his pride. The Duke of Alva, on his return from the battle-fields of Brabant and Friesland, reared a colossal statue of himself, and upon its pedestal caused these lines to be engraved: "To Fernando Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alva, Governor of the Netherlands under Philip the Second, for having extinguished sedition, chastised rebellion, restored religion, secured justice, established peace; to the King's most faithful minister this monument is erected."

The statue was colossal, and was placed in the citadel of Antwerp. Its bronze was furnished by the cannon captured at Jemmingen. It represented the Duke trampling upon a prostrate figure with two heads, four arms, and one body. The two heads were interpreted by some to represent Egmont and Horn, by others the two Nassaus, William and Louis. Others saw in them an allegorical presentment of the nobles and commons of the Netherlands, or perhaps an impersonation of the Compromise and the Request. Besides the chief inscription on the pedestal were sculptured various bass-reliefs; and the spectator whose admiration for the governor-general was not satiated with the colossal statue itself was at liberty to find a fresh personification of the hero either in a torch-bearing angel or a gentle shepherd. The work, which had considerable æsthetic merit, was executed by an artist named Jacob Jongeling. It remained to astonish and disgust the Netherlanders until it was thrown down and demolished by Alva's successor, Requesens.

CHAPTER V

ALVA'S EXPERIMENTS IN FINANCE

It was very soon after the Duke's return to Brussels that a quarrel between himself and the Queen of England took place. It happened thus: Certain vessels, bearing roving commissions from the Prince of Condé, had chased into the ports of England some merchantmen coming from Spain with supplies in specie for the Spanish army in the Netherlands. The trading-ships remained in harbor, not daring to leave for their destination, while the privateers remained in a neighboring port ready to pounce upon them should they put to sea. The commanders of the merchant fleet complained to the Spanish ambassador in London. The envoy laid the case before the Queen. The Queen promised redress, and, almost as soon as the promise had been made, seized upon all the specie in the vessels, amounting to about eight hundred thousand dollars, and appropriated the whole to her own benefit. The pretext for this proceeding was twofold. In the first place, she assured the ambassador that she had taken the money into her possession in order that it might be kept safe for her royal brother of Spain. In the second place, she affirmed that the money did not belong to the Spanish government at all, but that it was the property of certain Genoese merchants, from whom, as she had a right to do, she had borrowed it for a short period. Both these positions could hardly be correct, but either furnished an excellent reason for appropriating the funds to her own use.

The Duke of Alva being very much in want of money, was furious when informed of the circumstance. He immediately despatched Councillor d'Assonleville with other

commissioners on a special embassy to the Queen of England. His envoys were refused an audience, and the Duke was taxed with presumption in venturing, as if he had been a sovereign, to send a legation to a crowned head. No satisfaction was given to Alva, but a secret commissioner was despatched to Spain to discuss the subject there. The wrath of Alva was not appeased by this contemptuous treatment. Chagrined at the loss of his funds, and stung to the quick by a rebuke which his arrogance had merited, he resorted to a high-handed measure. He issued a proclamation commanding the personal arrest of every Englishman within the territory of the Netherlands, and the seizure of every article of property which could be found belonging to individuals of that nation. The Queen retaliated by measures of the same severity against Netherlanders in England. The Duke followed up his blow by a proclamation (of March 31, 1569), in which the grievance was detailed and strict non-intercourse with England enjoined. While the Queen and the viceroy were thus exchanging blows, the real sufferers were, of course, the unfortunate Netherlanders. Between the upper and nether millstones of Elizabeth's rapacity and Alva's arrogance, the poor remains of Flemish prosperity were wellnigh crushed out of existence. Proclamations and commissions followed hard upon each other, but it was not till April, 1573, that the matter was definitely arranged. Before that day arrived the commerce of the Netherlands had suffered, at the lowest computation, a dead loss of two million florins, not a stiver of which was ever reimbursed to the sufferers by the Spanish government.

Meantime, neither in the complacency of his triumph over William of Orange nor in the torrent of his wrath against the English Queen did the Duke for a moment lose sight of the chief end of his existence in the Netherlands. The gibbet and the stake were loaded with their daily victims. The records of the period are foul with the perpetually renewed barbarities exercised against the new religion. To the magistrates of the different cities were issued fresh instructions, by which all municipal of-

ficers were to be guided in the discharge of their great duty. They were especially enjoined by the Duke to take heed that Catholic midwives, and none other, should be provided for every parish, duly sworn to give notice within twenty-four hours of every birth which occurred, in order that the curate might instantly proceed to baptism. They were also ordered to appoint certain spies who should keep watch at every administration of the sacraments, whether public or private, whether at the altar or at death-beds, and who should report for exemplary punishment (that is to say, death by fire) all persons who made derisive or irreverential gestures, or who did not pay suitable honor to the said sacraments. Furthermore, in order that not even death itself should cheat the tyrant of his prey, the same spies were to keep watch at the couch of the dying, and to give immediate notice to government of all persons who should dare to depart this life without previously receiving extreme unction and the holy wafer. The estates of such culprits, it was ordained, should be confiscated, and their bodies dragged to the public place of execution.

While the agents of the Duke's government were zealously enforcing his decrees, a special messenger arrived from the Pope, bringing as a present to Alva a jewelled hat and sword. It was a gift rarely conferred by the Church, and never save upon the highest dignitaries, or upon those who had merited her most signal rewards by the most shining exploits in her defence. The Duke was requested, in the autograph letter from his Holiness which accompanied the presents, "to remember, when he put the hat upon his head, that he was guarded with it as with a helmet of righteousness and with the shield of God's help, indicating the heavenly crown which was ready for all princes who support the Holy Church and the Roman Catholic faith." The motto on the sword ran as follows: "*Accipe sanctum gladium, munus a Deo, in quo dejicies adversarios populi mei Israel*" (Receive this holy sword, a gift from God, by which thou shalt overthrow the enemies of My people, Israel).

The man of the jewelled hat and sword was now about

to show by an original scheme of his own how easily a great soldier may become a very paltry financier.

He had already informed his royal master that, after a very short time, remittances would no longer be necessary from Spain to support the expenses of the army and government in the Netherlands. He promised, on the contrary, that, through his new scheme, at least two millions yearly should be furnished by the provinces, over and above the cost of their administration, to enrich the treasury at home.

This scheme was nothing more than the substitution of an arbitrary system of taxation by the crown for the legal and constitutional right of the provinces to tax themselves. In the wreck of their social happiness, in the utter overthrow of their political freedom, the Netherlanders had still preserved the shadow, at least, of one great bulwark against despotism. The King could impose no tax.

The "joyeuse entrée" of Brabant, as well as the constitutions of Flanders, Holland, Utrecht, and all the other provinces, expressly prescribed the manner in which the requisite funds for government should be raised. The sovereign or his stadholder was to appear before the estates in person and make his request for money. It was for the estates, after consultation with their constituents, to decide whether or not this petition (Bede) should be granted, and should a single branch decline compliance, the monarch was to wait with patience for a more favorable moment. Such had been the regular practice in the Netherlands, nor had the reigning houses often had occasion to accuse the estates of parsimony. It was, however, not wonderful that the Duke of Alva should be impatient at the continued existence of this provincial privilege. A country of condemned criminals, a nation whose universal neck might at any moment be laid upon the block without ceremony, seemed hardly fit to hold the purse-strings, and to dispense alms to its monarch. The viceroy was impatient at this arrogant vestige of constitutional liberty. Moreover, although he had taken from the Netherlanders nearly all the attributes of freemen, he

was unwilling that they should enjoy the principal privilege of slaves, that of being fed and guarded at their master's expense. He had therefore summoned a general assembly of the provincial estates in Brussels, and on the 20th of March, 1569, had caused the following decrees to be laid before them:

A tax of the hundredth penny, or one per cent., was laid upon all property, real and personal, to be collected instantly. This impost, however, was not perpetual, but only to be paid once, unless, of course, it should suit the same arbitrary power by which it was assessed to require it a second time.

A tax of the twentieth penny, or five per cent., was laid upon every transfer of real estate. This imposition was perpetual.

Thirdly, a tax of the tenth penny, or ten per cent., was *assessed upon every article of merchandise or personal property, to be paid as often as it should be sold.* This tax was likewise to be perpetual.

The consternation in the assembly when these enormous propositions were heard can be easily imagined. People may differ about religious dogmas. In the most bigoted persecutions there will always be many who, from conscientious although misguided motives, heartily espouse the cause of the bigot. Moreover, although resistance to tyranny in matters of faith is always the most ardent of struggles, and is supported by the most sublime principle in our nature, yet all men are not of the sterner stuff of which martyrs are fashioned. In questions relating to the world above, many may be seduced from their convictions by interest or forced into apostasy by violence. Human nature is often malleable or fusible where religious interests are concerned, but in affairs material and financial opposition to tyranny is apt to be unanimous.

It was most unanswerably maintained in the assembly that this tenth and twentieth penny would utterly destroy the trade and the manufactures of the country. The hundredth penny, or the one per cent. assessment on all property throughout the land, although a severe subsidy, might be borne with for once. To pay, however, a twen-

tieth part of the full value of a house to the government as often as the house was sold was a most intolerable imposition. A house might be sold twenty times in a year, and in the course of the year, therefore, be confiscated in its whole value. It amounted either to a prohibition of all transfers of real estate, or to an eventual surrender of its price.

As to the tenth penny upon articles of merchandise, to be paid by the vender at every sale, the scheme was monstrous. All trade and manufactures must of necessity expire at the very first attempt to put it in execution. The same article might be sold ten times in a week, and might, therefore, pay one hundred per cent. weekly. An article, moreover, was frequently compounded of ten different articles, each of which might pay one hundred per cent., and therefore the manufactured article, if ten times transferred, one thousand per cent. weekly. Quick transfers and unfettered movements being the nerves and muscles of commerce, it was impossible for it long to survive the paralysis of such a tax. The impost could never be collected, and would only produce an entire prostration of industry. It could by no possibility enrich the government.

The King could not derive wealth from the ruin of his subjects; yet to establish such a system was the stern and absurd determination of the governor-general. The infantine simplicity of the effort seemed incredible. The ignorance was as sublime as the tyranny. The most lucid arguments and the most earnest remonstrances were all in vain. Too opaque to be illumined by a flood of light, too hard to be melted by a nation's tears, the viceroy held calmly to his purpose. To the keen and vivid representations of Viglius, who repeatedly exhibited all that was oppressive and all that was impossible in the tax, he answered simply that it was nothing more nor less than the Spanish *alcabala*, and that he derived fifty thousand ducats yearly from its imposition in his own city of Alva.

The report of the deputies to the assembly on their return to their constituents had created the most intense excitement and alarm. Petition after petition, report

after report, poured in upon the government. There was a cry of despair, and almost of defiance, which had not been elicited by former agonies. To induce, however, a more favorable disposition on the part of the Duke, the hundredth penny, once for all, was conceded by the estates. The tenth and twentieth occasioned severe and protracted struggles, until the various assemblies of the patrimonial provinces, one after another, exhausted, frightened, and hoping that no serious effort would be made to collect the tax, consented, under certain restrictions, to its imposition. The principal conditions were a protest against the legality of the proceeding, and the provision that the consent of no province should be valid until that of all had been obtained. Holland, too, was induced to give in its adhesion, although the city of Amsterdam long withheld its consent; but the city and province of Utrecht were inexorable. They offered a handsome sum in commutation, increasing the sum first proposed from seventy thousand to two hundred thousand florins, but they resolutely refused to be saddled with this permanent tax. Their stout resistance was destined to cost them dear. In the course of a few months Alva, finding them still resolute in their refusal, quartered the regiment of Lombardy upon them, and employed other coercive measures to bring them to reason. Many thousand citizens were ruined, many millions of property confiscated, and Utrecht deprived of all its ancient liberties, as a punishment for having dared to maintain them.

The estates of the province and the magistracy of the city appealed to his Majesty from the decision of the Duke. The case did not directly concern the interests of religion, for although the heretical troubles of 1566 furnished the nominal motives of the condemnation, the resistance to the tenth and twentieth penny was the real crime for which they were suffering. The King, therefore, although far from clement, was not extremely rigorous. He refused the object of the appeal, but he did not put the envoys to death by whom it was brought to Madrid. This would have certainly been the case in matters strictly religious, or even had the commissioners arrived two years

before, but even Philip believed, perhaps, that for the moment almost enough innocent blood had been shed. At any rate, he suffered the legates from Utrecht to return, not with their petition granted, but at least with their heads upon their shoulders. Early in the following year, the provinces still remaining under martial law, all the Utrecht charters were taken into the possession of the government and deposited in the castle of Vredenberg. It was not till after the departure of Alva that they were restored, according to royal command, by the new governor, Requesens.

By the middle of the year 1569 Alva wrote to the King, with great cheerfulness of tone, announcing that the estates of the provinces had all consented to the tax. He congratulated his Majesty upon the fact that this income might thenceforth be enjoyed in perpetuity, and that it would bring at least two millions yearly into his coffers, over and above the expenses of government. The hundredth penny, as he calculated, would amount to at least five millions.

He was, however, very premature in his triumph, for the estates were not long in withdrawing a concession which had either been wrung from them by violence or filched from them by misrepresentation. Taking the ground that the assent of all had been stipulated before that of any one should be esteemed valid, every province now refused to enforce or to permit the collection of the tenth or the twentieth penny within their limits. Dire were the threatenings and the wrath of the viceroy, painfully protracted the renewed negotiations with the estates. At last a compromise was effected and the final struggle postponed. Late in the summer it was agreed that the provinces should pay two millions yearly for the two following years, the term to expire in the month of August, 1571. Till that period, therefore, there was comparative repose upon the subject.

The question of a general pardon had been agitated for more than a year, both in Brussels and Madrid. Viglius, who knew his countrymen better than the viceroy knew them, had written frequently to his friend Hopper, on the

propriety of at once proclaiming an amnesty. The president knew full well that the point had been reached beyond which the force of tyranny could go no further. All additional pressure, he felt sure, could only produce reaction. Moreover, there were symptoms that Alva's favor was on the wane. The King had not been remarkably struck with the merits of the new financial measures, and had expressed much anxiety lest the trade of the country should suffer. The Duke was known to be desirous of his recall. His health was broken, he felt that he was bitterly detested throughout the country, and he was certain that his enemies at Madrid were fast undermining his credit. He seemed also to have a dim suspicion that his mission was accomplished in the Netherlands; that as much blood had been shed at present as the land could easily absorb. He wrote urgently and even piteously to Philip on the subject of his return. He also assured his Majesty as to the prosperous condition of financial affairs. His tax was to work wonders. He had conversed with capitalists who had offered him four millions yearly for the tenth penny, but he had refused, because he estimated the product at a much higher figure. The hundredth penny could not be rated lower than five millions. It was obvious, therefore, that instead of remitting funds to the provinces, his Majesty would, for the future, derive from them a steady and enormous income. Moreover, he assured the King that there was at present no one to inspire anxiety from within or without. The only great noble of note in the country was the Duke of Aerschot, who was devoted to his Majesty, and who, moreover, "amounted to very little," as the King well knew. As for the Prince of Orange, he would have business enough in keeping out of the clutches of his creditors. They had nothing to fear from Germany. England would do nothing as long as Germany was quiet; and France was sunk too low to be feared at all.

Such being the sentiments of the Duke, the King was already considering the propriety of appointing his successor. All this was known to the president, who was not only growing weary of his own sycophancy, but who

was obliged in his old age to exclaim, with whimsical petulance, that "the faithful servant is a perpetual ass."

It was now certain that an act of amnesty was in contemplation by the King. Viglius had furnished several plans, which, however, had been so much disfigured by the numerous exceptions suggested by Alva that the president could scarcely recognize his work. Granvelle, too, had frequently urged the pardon on the attention of Philip. Four different forms of pardon had been sent from Madrid towards the close of 1569. From these four the Duke was to select one and carefully to destroy the other three. It was not, however, till July of the following year that the choice was made and the viceroy in readiness to announce the pardon. On the 14th of that month a great festival was held at Antwerp for the purpose of solemnly proclaiming the long-expected amnesty. In the morning the Duke, accompanied by a brilliant staff and by a long procession of clergy in their gorgeous robes, paraded through the streets of the commercial capital, to offer up prayers and hear mass in the cathedral. The Bishop of Arras then began a sermon upon the blessings of mercy, with a running commentary upon the royal clemency about to be exhibited. At the very outset, however, of his discourse he was seized with convulsions, which necessitated his removal from the pulpit — an incident which was not considered of felicitous augury. In the afternoon the Duke with his suite appeared upon the square in front of the Town-house. Here a large scaffolding or theatre had been erected. The platform, and the steps which led to it, were covered with scarlet cloth. A throne, covered with cloth of gold, was arranged in the most elevated position for the Duke. On the steps immediately below him were placed two of the most beautiful women in Antwerp, clad in allegorical garments to represent righteousness and peace. The staircase and platform were lined with officers, the square was beset with troops and filled to its utmost verge with an expectant crowd of citizens. Towards the close of a summer afternoon the Duke, wearing the famous hat and sword bestowed by the Pope, took his seat on the throne with all the airs of

royalty. After a few preliminary ceremonies, a civil functionary, standing between two heralds, then recited the long-expected act of grace. His reading, however, was so indistinct that few save the soldiers in the immediate vicinity of the platform could hear a word of the document.

This effect was, perhaps, intentional. Certainly but little enthusiasm could be expected from the crowd had the text of the amnesty been heard. It consisted of three parts—a recitation of the wrongs committed, a statement of the terms of pardon, and a long list of exceptions. All the sins of omission and commission, the heresy, the public preaching, the image-breaking, the Compromise, the confederacy, the rebellion, were painted in lively colors. Pardon, however, was offered to all those who had not rendered themselves liable to positive impeachment, in case they should make their peace with the Church before the expiration of two months, and by confession and repentance obtain absolution. The exceptions, however, occupied the greater part of the document. When the general act of condemnation by which all Netherlanders were sentenced to death had been fulminated, the exceptions were very few, and all the individuals were mentioned by name. In the act of pardon the exceptions comprehended so many classes of inhabitants that it was impossible for any individual to escape a place in some one of the categories whenever it should please the government to take his life. Expressly excluded from the benefit of the act were all ministers, teachers, dogmatizers, *and all who had favored and harbored such dogmatizers and preachers;* all those in the least degree implicated in the image-breaking; all who had ever *been individually suspected of heresy or schism;* all who had *ever signed or favored the Compromise* or the Petition to the Regent; all those who had taken up arms, contributed money, distributed tracts; all those in any *manner chargeable with misprision,* or who had failed to denounce *those guilty of heresy.* All persons, however, who were included in any of these classes of exceptions might report themselves within six months, when, upon confession of their crime, *they might hope for a favorable consideration of their case.*

Such, in brief, and stripped of its verbiage, was this amnesty for which the Netherlands had so long been hoping. By its provisions not a man or woman was pardoned who had ever committed a fault. The innocent alone were forgiven. The murmur and discontent were universal, therefore, as soon as the terms of the act became known. Alva wrote to the King, to be sure, "that the people were entirely satisfied, save only the demagogues, who could tolerate no single exception from the amnesty"; but he could neither deceive his sovereign nor himself by such statements. Certainly, Philip was totally disappointed in the effect which he had anticipated from the measure. He had thought "it would stop the mouths of many people." On the contrary, every mouth in the Netherlands became vociferous to denounce the hypocrisy by which a new act of condemnation had been promulgated under the name of a pardon. In short, viewed as a measure by which government, without disarming itself of its terrible powers, was to pacify the popular mind, the amnesty was a failure. Viewed as a net by which fresh victims should be enticed to entangle themselves, who had already made their way into the distant atmosphere of liberty, it was equally unsuccessful. A few very obscure individuals made their appearance to claim the benefit of the act before the six months had expired. With these it was thought expedient to deal gently, but no one was deceived by such clemency. As the common people expressed themselves, the net was not spread on that occasion for finches.

The wits of the Netherlands, seeking relief from their wretched condition, named the new measure Pardona, and then by a still more wretched quibble rebaptized it Pandora. The conceit was not without meaning. The amnesty, descending from supernal regions, had been ushered into the presence of mortals as a messenger laden with heavenly gifts. The casket, when opened, had diffused curses instead of blessings. There, however, the classical analogy ended, for it would have puzzled all the pedants of Louvain to discover Hope lurking under any disguise within the clauses of the pardon.

Towards the close of the year 1570 a tremendous inun-

dation swept the whole coast from Flanders to Friesland. Not the memorable deluge of the thirteenth century, out of which the Zuyder Zee was born ; not that in which the waters of the Dollart had closed forever over the villages and churches of Groningen ; not one of those perpetually recurring floods by which the inhabitants of the Netherlands year after year were recalled to an anxious remembrance of the watery chaos out of which their fatherland had been created, and into which it was in daily danger of resolving itself again, had excited so much terror and caused so much destruction. A continued and violent gale from the northwest had long been sweeping the Atlantic waters into the North Sea, and had now piled them upon the fragile coasts of the provinces. The dikes, tasked beyond their strength, burst in every direction. The cities of Flanders to a considerable distance inland were suddenly invaded by the waters of the ocean. The whole narrow peninsula of North Holland was in imminent danger of being swept away forever. Between Amsterdam and Muiden the great Diemer dike was broken through in twelve places. The Honsbosch, a bulwark formed of oaken piles, fastened with metal clamps, moored with iron anchors, and secured by gravel and granite, was snapped to pieces like packthread. The "Sleeper," a dike thus called because it was usually left in repose by the elements, except in great emergencies, alone held firm, and prevented the consummation of the catastrophe. Still the ocean poured in upon the land with terrible fury. Dort, Rotterdam, and many other cities, were, for a time, almost submerged. Along the coast, fishing-vessels, and even ships of larger size, were floated up into the country, where they entangled themselves in groves and orchards, or beat to pieces the roofs and walls of houses. The destruction of life and of property was enormous throughout the maritime provinces, but in Friesland the desolation was complete. There nearly all the dikes and sluices were dashed to fragments, the country, far and wide, converted into an angry sea. The steeples and towers of inland cities became islands of the ocean. Thousands of human beings were swept out of existence in a few hours. Whole districts of territory, with all their

villages, farms, and churches, were rent from their places, borne along by the force of the waves, sometimes to be lodged in another part of the country, sometimes to be entirely ingulfed. Multitudes of men, women, children, of horses, oxen, sheep, and every domestic animal, were struggling in the waves in every direction. Every boat and every article which could serve as a boat were eagerly seized upon. Every house was inundated; even the graveyards gave up their dead. The living infant in his cradle and the long-buried corpse in his coffin floated side by side. The ancient Flood seemed about to be renewed. Everywhere, upon the tops of trees, upon the steeples of churches, human beings were clustered, praying to God for mercy and to their fellow-men for assistance. As the storm at last was subsiding, boats began to ply in every direction, saving those who were still struggling in the water, picking fugitives from roofs and tree-tops, and collecting the bodies of those already drowned. Colonel Robles, Seigneur de Billy, formerly much hated for his Spanish or Portuguese blood, made himself very active in this humane work. By his exertions, and those of the troops belonging to Groningen, many lives were rescued, and gratitude replaced the ancient animosity. It was estimated that at least twenty thousand persons were destroyed in the province of Friesland alone. Throughout the Netherlands one hundred thousand persons perished. The damage alone to property and the number of animals ingulfed in the sea were almost incalculable.

These events took place on the 1st and 2d of November, 1570, the former date being the day of All Saints, and the Spaniards maintained loudly that the vengeance of Heaven had descended upon the abode of heretics. The Netherlanders looked upon the catastrophe as ominous of still more terrible misfortunes in store for them. They seemed doomed to destruction by God and man. An overwhelming tyranny had long been chafing against their constitutional bulwarks, only to sweep over them at last; and now the resistless ocean, impatient of man's feeble barriers, had at last risen to reclaim his prey. Nature, as if disposed to put to the blush the feeble cruelty of man,

had thus wrought more havoc in a few hours than bigotry, however active, could effect in many years.

Nearly at the close of this year (1570) an incident occurred illustrating the ferocious courage so often engendered in civil contests. On the western verge of the Isle of Bommel stood the castle of Loevenstein, placed in a slender hook at the junction of the two rivers, and commanding the two cities of Gorcum and Dorcum, and the whole navigation of the waters. One evening towards the end of December four monks wearing the cowls and robes of Mendicant Gray Friars demanded hospitality at the castle gate. They were at once ushered into the presence of the commandant, a brother of President Tisnacq. He was standing by the fire conversing with his wife. The foremost monk approaching him, asked whether the castle held for the Duke of Alva or the Prince of Orange. The castellan replied that he recognized no prince save Philip, King of Spain. Thereupon the monk, who was no other than Herman de Ruyter, a drover by trade and a warm partisan of Orange, plucked a pistol from beneath his robe and shot the commandant through the head. The others soon made themselves masters of the place, and introduced into the castle four or five and twenty men, with which force they diligently set themselves to fortify the place and secure themselves in its possession. A larger reinforcement which they had reckoned upon was detained by the floods and frosts, which, for the moment, had made the roads and rivers alike impracticable.

Don Roderigo de Toledo, governor of Bois-le-Duc, immediately despatched a certain Captain Perea, at the head of two hundred soldiers, who were joined on the way by a miscellaneous force of volunteers, to recover the fortress as soon as possible. The Spaniards, by battering a breach in the wall with their cannon on the first day, and then escalading the inner works with remarkable gallantry upon the second, found themselves masters of the place within eight and forty hours of their first appearance before its gates. Most of the defenders were either slain or captured alive. De Ruyter alone had betaken himself to an inner hall of the castle, where he stood at bay upon the thresh-

old. Many Spaniards, one after another, as they attempted to kill or to secure him, fell before his sword, which he wielded with the strength of a giant. At last, overpowered by numbers and weakened by the loss of blood, he retreated slowly into the hall, followed by many of his antagonists. Here, by an unexpected movement, he applied a match to a train of powder which he had previously laid along the floor of the apartment. The explosion was instantaneous. The tower where the contest was taking place sprang into the air, and De Ruyter with his enemies shared a common doom. A part of the mangled remains of this heroic but ferocious patriot was afterwards dug from the ruins of the tower, and, with impotent malice, nailed upon the gallows at Bois-le-Duc. Of his surviving companions, some were beheaded, some were broken on the wheel, some were hanged and quartered—all were executed.

CHAPTER VI

THE BEGGARS OF THE SEA CAPTURE BRILL

The Prince of Orange, although again a wanderer, had never allowed himself to despair. During this whole period, the darkest hour for himself and for his country, he was ever watchful. After disbanding his troops at Strasburg, and after making the best arrangements possible under the circumstances for the eventual payment of their wages, he had joined the army which the Duke of Deux Ponts had been raising in Germany to assist the cause of the Huguenots in France.

At the battle of Moncontour, Count Peter Mansfeld, with five thousand troops sent by Alva, fought on the side of the royalists, and Louis of Nassau on that of the Huguenots; atoning, by the steadiness and skill with which he covered the retreat, for his intemperate courage, which had precipitated the action, and perhaps been the main cause of Coligny's overthrow. The Prince of Orange, who had been peremptorily called to the Netherlands in the beginning of the autumn, was not present at the battle. Disguised as a peasant, with but five attendants, and at great peril, he had crossed the enemy's lines, traversed France, and arrived in Germany before the winter. Count Louis remained with the Huguenots. So necessary did he seem to their cause, and so dear had he become to their armies, that, during the severe illness of Coligny in the course of the following summer, all eyes were turned upon him as the inevitable successor of that great man, the only remaining pillar of freedom in France.

Coligny recovered. The deadly peace between the Huguenots and the court succeeded. The Admiral, despite

his sagacity and his suspicions, embarked with his whole party upon that smooth and treacherous current which led to the horrible catastrophe of St. Bartholomew.

Equally deceived, and more sanguine than ever, Louis of Nassau was indefatigable in his attempts to gain friends for his cause. He had repeated audiences of the King of France, to whose court he had come in disguise. He made a strong and warm impression upon Elizabeth's envoy at the French court, Walsingham. It is probable that in the Count's impetuosity to carry his point he allowed more plausibility to be given to certain projects for subdividing the Netherlands than his brother would ever have sanctioned. The Prince was a total stranger to these inchoate schemes. His work was to set his country free and to destroy the tyranny which had grown colossal. That employment was sufficient for a lifetime, and there is no proof to be found that a paltry and personal self-interest had even the lowest place among his motives.

Meantime, in the autumn of 1569, Orange had again reached Germany. Paul Buys, Pensionary of Leyden, had kept him constantly informed of the state of affairs in the provinces. Through his means an extensive correspondence was organized and maintained with leading persons in every part of the Netherlands. Before his visit to France Orange had, moreover, issued commissions, in his capacity of sovereign, to various seafaring persons, who were empowered to cruise against Spanish commerce.

The "beggars of the sea," as these privateersmen designated themselves, soon acquired as terrible a name as the wild beggars or the forest beggars, but the Prince, having had many conversations with Admiral Coligny on the important benefits to be derived from the system, had faithfully set himself to effect a reformation of its abuses after his return from France. Strict orders were issued by Orange, forbidding all hostile measures against the Emperor or any of the Princes of the empire, against Sweden, Denmark, England, or against any potentates who were protectors of the true Christian religion. The

Duke of Alva and his adherents were designated as the only lawful antagonists. The Prince, moreover, gave minute instructions as to the discipline to be observed in his fleet. The articles of war were to be strictly enforced. Each commander was to maintain a minister on board his ship, who was to preach God's word, and to preserve Christian piety among the crew. No one was to exercise any command in the fleet save native Netherlanders, unless thereto expressly commissioned by the Prince of Orange. All prizes were to be divided and distributed by a prescribed rule. No persons were to be received on board, either as sailors or soldiers, save "folk of good name and fame." No man who had ever been punished of justice was to be admitted.

The Prince, however, on his return from France, had never been in so forlorn a condition. "Orange is plainly perishing," said one of the friends of the cause. Not only had he no funds to organize new levies, but he was daily exposed to the most clamorously urged claims, growing out of the army which he had been recently obliged to disband. The obscure and the oppressed throughout the provinces and Germany still freely contributed out of their weakness and their poverty, and taxed themselves beyond their means to assist enterprises for the relief of the Netherlands. The great ones of the earth, however, those on whom the Prince had relied, those to whom he had given his heart—dukes, princes, and electors—in this fatal change of his fortunes "fell away like water."

Still his spirit was unbroken. His letters showed a perfect appreciation of his situation, and of that to which his country was reduced; but they never exhibited a trace of weakness or despair. A modest but lofty courage, a pious but unaffected resignation breathed through every document, public or private, which fell from his pen during this epoch.

He was now obliged to attend personally to the most minute matters of domestic economy. The man who had been the mate of emperors, who was himself a sovereign, who had lived his life long in pomp and luxury, surrounded by countless nobles, pages, men-at-arms, and

menials, now calmly accepted the position of an outlaw and an exile. He cheerfully fulfilled tasks which had formerly devolved upon his grooms and valets.

He was always mindful, however, not only of the great cause to which he had devoted himself, but of the wants experienced by individuals who had done him service. He never forgot his friends. In the depth of his own misery he remembered favors received from humble persons.

The contest between the Duke and the estates, on the subject of the tenth and twentieth penny, had been for a season adjusted. The two years' term, however, during which it had been arranged that the tax should be commuted was to expire in the autumn of 1571. Early, therefore, in this year the disputes were renewed with greater acrimony than ever. The estates felt satisfied that the King was less eager than the viceroy. Viglius was satisfied that the power of Alva was upon the wane. While the King was not likely openly to rebuke his recent measures, it seemed not improbable that the governor's reiterated requests to be recalled might be granted.

The daily meetings of the board were almost entirely occupied by this single subject of the tax. Although since the arrival of Alva the Council of Blood had usurped nearly all the functions of the state and finance councils, yet there now seemed a disposition on the part of Alva to seek the countenance, even while he spurned the authority, of other functionaries. He found, however, neither sympathy nor obedience. The president stoutly told him that he was endeavoring to swim against the stream, that the tax was offensive to the people, and that the voice of the people was the voice of God. On the last day of July, however, the Duke issued an edict, by which summary collection of the tenth and twentieth penny was ordered. The whole country was immediately in uproar. The estates of every province, the assemblies of every city, met and remonstrated. The merchants suspended all business, the petty dealers shut up their shops. The people congregated together in masses, vowing resistance to the illegal and cruel impost. Not a farthing was collected.

No man saluted the governor as he passed through the

streets. Hardly an attempt was made by the people to disguise their abhorrence of his person. Alva, on his side, gave daily exhibitions of ungovernable fury. The firm attitude of the president increased the irritation of the viceroy, but shortly afterwards the Duke gave orders that the tenth penny should be remitted upon four great articles—corn, meat, wine, and beer. It was also not to be levied upon raw materials used in manufactures.

Certainly these were very important concessions. Still the constitutional objections remained. Alva could not be made to understand why the *alcabala*, which was raised without difficulty in the little town of Alva, should encounter such fierce opposition in the Netherlands. The estates, he informed the King, made a great deal of trouble. They withheld their consent at command of their satrap. The motive which influenced the leading men was not the interest of factories or fisheries, but the fear *that for the future they might not be able to dictate the law to their sovereign.* The people of that country, he observed, had still the same character which had been described by Julius Cæsar.

The Duke, however, did not find much sympathy at Madrid. Courtiers and councillors had long derided his schemes. As for the King, his mind was occupied with more interesting matters. Philip lived but to enforce what he chose to consider the will of God. While the Duke was fighting this battle with the Netherlands constitutionalists, his master had engaged at home in a secret but most comprehensive scheme. This was a plot to assassinate Queen Elizabeth of England, and to liberate Mary Queen of Scots, who was to be placed on the throne in her stead.

One Ridolfi, a Florentine long resident in England, had been sent to the Netherlands as secret agent of the Duke of Norfolk. Alva read his character immediately, and denounced him to Philip as a loose, prating creature, utterly unfit to be intrusted with affairs of importance. Philip, however, welcomed the agent of the conspiracy to Madrid, listened to his disclosures attentively, and, without absolutely committing himself by direct promises,

dismissed him with many expressions of encouragement. Long despatches were then exchanged between the Duke and the King concerning this iniquitous scheme.

Alva never positively refused to accept his share in the scheme to murder the Queen of England through assassination at the hands of Roberto Ridolfi. The enterprise came to naught. Alva's objections from the first were military, not moral. He took care not to lift his finger till the catastrophe in England had made all attempts futile. Philip, on the other hand, never positively withdrew from the conspiracy, but, after an infinite deal of writing and intriguing, concluded by leaving the whole affair in the hands of Alva. The only sufferer for Philip's participation in the plot was the Spanish envoy at London, Don Gueran de Espes. This gentleman was formally dismissed by Queen Elizabeth for having given treacherous and hostile advice to the Duke of Alva and to Philip, but her Majesty at the same time expressed the most profound consideration for her brother of Spain.

Towards the close of the same year, however (December, 1571), Alva sent two other Italian assassins to England, bribed by the promise of vast rewards, to attempt the life of Elizabeth quietly, by poison or otherwise. These ruffians were not destined to success. Eighteen months later (August, 1573), two Scotchmen, pensioners of Philip, came from Spain, with secret orders to consult with Alva. They had accordingly much negotiation with the Duke and his secretary, Albornoz. They boasted that they could easily capture Elizabeth, but said that the King's purpose was to kill her.

On the 25th of September, 1571, a commission of governor-general of the Netherlands was at last issued to John de la Cerda, Duke of Medina Cœli. Philip, in compliance with the Duke's repeated requests, and perhaps not entirely satisfied with the recent course of events in the provinces, had at last, after great hesitation, consented to Alva's resignation. His successor, however, was not immediately to take his departure, and in the mean time the Duke was instructed to persevere in his faithful services. These services had, for the present, reduced themselves

to a perpetual and not very triumphant altercation with his council, with the estates, and with the people, on the subject of his abominable tax. He was entirely alone. They who had stood unflinchingly at his side when the only business of the administration was to burn heretics, turned their backs upon him now that he had engaged in this desperate conflict with the whole money power of the country. The King was far from cordial in his support, the councillors much too crafty to retain their hold upon the wheel to which they had only attached themselves in its ascent. Viglius and Berlaymont, Noircarmes and Aerschot, opposed and almost defied the man they now thought sinking, and kept the King constantly informed of the vast distress which the financial measures of the Duke were causing.

During the course of this same year the Prince of Orange had been continuing his preparations. He had sent his agents to every place where a hope was held out to him of obtaining support. Money was what he was naturally most anxious to obtain from individuals; open and warlike assistance what he demanded from governments. His funds, little by little, were increasing, owing to the generosity of many obscure persons, and to the daring exploits of the beggars of the sea. His mission, however, to the northern courts had failed. His envoys had been received in Sweden and Denmark with barren courtesy.

Granvelle had already recommended that the young Count de Buren should be endowed with certain lands in Spain, in exchange for his hereditary estates, in order that the name and fame of the rebel William should be forever extinguished in the Netherlands. With the same view, a new sentence against the Prince of Orange was now proposed by the viceroy. This was to execute him solemnly in effigy, to drag his escutcheon through the streets at the tails of horses, and after having broken it in pieces, and thus cancelled his armorial bearings, to declare him and his descendants ignoble, infamous, and incapable of holding property or estates.

Not discouraged, the Prince continued to send his emissaries in every direction. Diedrich Sonoy, his most trust-

worthy agent, who had been chief of the legation to the northern courts, was now actively canvassing the governments and peoples of Germany with the same object. Several remarkable papers from the hand of Orange were used upon this service. A letter, drawn up and signed by his own hand, recited in brief and striking language the history of his campaign in 1568, and of his subsequent efforts in the sacred cause. It was now necessary, he said, that others besides himself should partake of his sacrifices. This he stated plainly and eloquently. The document was in truth a letter asking arms for liberty.

These urgent appeals did not remain fruitless. The strength of the Prince was slowly but steadily increasing. Meantime the abhorrence with which Alva was universally regarded had nearly reached to frenzy. In the beginning of the year 1572, Don Francis de Alava, Philip's ambassador in France, visited Brussels. He had already been enlightened as to the consequences of the Duke's course by the immense immigration of Netherlands refugees to France, which he had witnessed with his own eyes.

The ambassador did not wait till he could communicate with his sovereign by word of mouth. He forwarded to Spain an ample account of his observations and deductions. He painted to Philip in lively colors the hatred entertained by all men for the Duke. The whole nation, he assured his Majesty, united in one cry, "Let him begone, let him begone, let him begone!" As for the imposition of the tenth penny, that, in the opinion of Don Francis, was utterly impossible. He moreover warned his Majesty that Alva was busy in forming secret alliances with the Catholic princes of Europe, which would necessarily lead to defensive leagues among the Protestants.

While thus, during the earlier part of the year 1572, the Prince of Orange, discouraged by no defeats, was indefatigable in his exertions to maintain the cause of liberty, and while at the same time the most stanch supporters of arbitrary power were unanimous in denouncing to Philip the insane conduct of the viceroy, the letters of Alva himself were naturally full of complaints and expostulations.

The deputations appointed by the different provinces to

confer personally with the King received a reprimand upon their arrival for having dared to come to Spain without permission. Further punishment, however, than this rebuke was not inflicted. They were assured that the King was highly displeased with their venturing to bring remonstrances against the tax, but they were comforted with the assurance that his Majesty would take the subject of their petition into consideration. Thus, the expectations of Alva were disappointed, for the tenth penny was not formally confirmed, and the hopes of the provinces frustrated, because it was not distinctly disavowed.

Matters had reached another crisis in the provinces. "Had we money now," wrote the Prince of Orange, "we should, with the help of God, hope to effect something. This is a time when, with even small sums, more can be effected than at other seasons with ampler funds." The citizens were in open revolt against the tax. In order that the tenth penny should not be levied upon every sale of goods, the natural but desperate remedy was adopted—no goods were sold at all. Not only the wholesale commerce of the provinces was suspended, but the minute and indispensable traffic of daily life was entirely at a stand. The shops were all shut. "The brewers," says a contemporary, "refused to brew, the bakers to bake, the tapsters to tap." Multitudes, thrown entirely out of employment, and wholly dependent upon charity, swarmed in every city. The soldiery, furious for their pay, which Alva had for many months neglected to furnish, grew daily more insolent; the citizens, maddened by outrage and hardened by despair, became more and more obstinate in their resistance; while the Duke, rendered inflexible by opposition and insane by wrath, regarded the ruin which he had caused with a malignant spirit which had long ceased to be human.

The aspect of the capital was that of a city stricken with the plague. Articles of the most absolute necessity could not be obtained. It was impossible to buy bread or meat or beer. The tyrant, beside himself with rage at being thus braved in his very lair, privately sent for Master Carl, the executioner. In order to exhibit an unexpected and

salutary example, he had determined to hang eighteen of the leading tradesmen of the city in the doors of their own shops, with the least possible delay, and without the slightest form of trial. Master Carl was ordered, on the very night of his interview with the Duke, to prepare eighteen strong cords, and eighteen ladders, twelve feet in length. By this simple arrangement Alva was disposed to make manifest on the morrow, to the burghers of Brussels, that justice was thenceforth to be carried to every man's door. He supposed that the spectacle of a dozen and a half of butchers and bakers suspended in front of the shops which they had refused to open would give a more effective stimulus to trade than any to be expected from argument or proclamation. The hangman was making ready his cords and ladders; Don Frederic of Toledo was closeted with President Viglius, who, somewhat against his will, was aroused at midnight to draw the warrants for these impromptu executions; Alva was waiting with grim impatience for the dawn upon which the show was to be exhibited, when an unforeseen event suddenly arrested the homely tragedy. In the night arrived the intelligence that the town of Brill had been captured by the beggars of the sea.

Driven by Elizabeth from the ports of England, twenty-four vessels of various sizes, commanded by Van der Marck, Treslong, Adam van Haren, Brand, and other distinguished seamen, set sail from Dover in the very last days of March. Being almost in a state of starvation, these adventurers were naturally anxious to supply themselves with food. They determined to make a sudden foray upon the coasts of North Holland, and accordingly steered for Enkhuizen, both because it was a rich seaport and because it contained many secret partisans of the Prince. On Palm Sunday they captured two Spanish merchantmen. Soon afterwards, however, the wind becoming contrary, they were unable to double The Helder or Texel, and on Tuesday, the 1st of April, having abandoned their original intention, they dropped down towards Zeeland, and entered the broad mouth of the river Maas. Between the town of Brill, upon the southern lip of this estuary, and Maas-

landsluis, about half a league distant, upon the opposite side, the squadron suddenly appeared at about two o'clock of an April afternoon, to the great astonishment of the inhabitants of both places. It seemed too large a fleet to be a mere collection of trading-vessels, nor did they appear to be Spanish ships. Peter Koppelstok, a sagacious ferryman, informed the passengers whom he happened to be conveying across the river that the strangers were evidently the water beggars. The stout ferryman, who was secretly favorable to the cause of liberty, rowed boldly out to inquire the destination and purposes of the fleet.

The vessel which he first hailed was that commanded by William de Blois, Seigneur of Treslong, who at once recognized Koppelstok, and hastened with him on board the Admiral's ship, assuring Van der Marck that the ferryman was exactly the man for their purpose. It was absolutely necessary that a landing should be effected, for the people were without the necessaries of life. Treslong, therefore, who was really the hero of this memorable adventure, persuaded Van der Marck to send a message to the city of Brill, demanding its surrender. This was a bold summons to be made by a handful of men, three or four hundred at most, who were, both metaphorically and literally, beggars. The city of Brill was not populous, but it was well walled and fortified. It was, moreover, a most commodious port. Treslong gave his signet ring to the fisherman, Koppelstok, and ordered him, thus accredited as an envoy, to carry their summons to the magistracy.

With some difficulty two deputies were found sufficiently valiant to go forth to negotiate with the beggars. Two hours were given to the magistrates for decision, at the end of which the whole rebel force was divided into two parties, one of which, under Treslong, made an attack upon the southern gate, while the other, commanded by the Admiral, advanced upon the northern. Treslong after a short struggle succeeded in forcing his entrance, and arrested, in doing so, the governor of the city, just taking his departure. Van der Marck and his men made a bonfire at the northern gate, and then battered down the half-burned portal with the end of an old mast. Thus rudely

SEA-BEGGARS CAPTURING BRILL, 1572
(From an old print)

and rapidly did the Netherland patriots conduct their first successful siege. The two parties, not more perhaps than two hundred and fifty men in all, met before sunset in the centre of the city, and the foundation of the Dutch Republic was laid. The weary spirit of freedom, so long a fugitive over earth and sea, had at last found a resting-place, which rude and even ribald hands had prepared.

The panic created by the first appearance of the fleet had been so extensive that hardly fifty citizens had remained in the town. The rest had all escaped, with as much property as they could carry away. The Admiral, in the name of the Prince of Orange, as lawful stadholder of Philip, took formal possession of an almost deserted city. No indignity was offered to the inhabitants of either sex, but as soon as the conquerors were fairly established in the best houses of the place, the inclination to plunder the churches could no longer be restrained. The altars and images were all destroyed, the rich furniture and gorgeous vestments appropriated to private use. Thirteen unfortunate monks and priests, who had been unable to effect their escape, were arrested and thrown into prison, whence they were taken a few days later, by order of the ferocious Admiral, and executed under circumstances of great barbarity.

The news of this important exploit spread with great rapidity. Alva, surprised at the very moment of venting his rage on the butchers and grocers of Brussels, deferred this savage design in order to deal with the new difficulty. He had certainly not expected such a result from the ready compliance of Queen Elizabeth with his request. His rage was excessive; the triumph of the people, by whom he was cordially detested, proportionably great. The punsters of Brussels were sure not to let such an opportunity escape them, for the name of the captured town was susceptible of a quibble, and the event had taken place upon All-Fools' Day.

> "On April-Fool's Day,
> Duke Alva's spectacles were stolen away,"

became a popular couplet. The word *spectacles,* in Flemish, as well as the name of the suddenly surprised city, being Brill, this allusion to the Duke's loss and implied purblindness was not destitute of ingenuity. A caricature, too, was extensively circulated, representing Van der Marck stealing the Duke's spectacles from his nose, while the governor was supposed to be uttering his habitual expression whenever any intelligence of importance was brought to him—"*No es nada, no es nada*" ('Tis nothing, 'tis nothing).

The Duke, however, lost not an instant in attempting to repair the disaster. Count Bossu, gathering a force of some ten companies from the garrison of Utrecht, some of which very troops had recently, and unluckily for the government, been removed from Brill to that city, the Count crossed the Sluis to the island of Voorn upon Easter Day, and sent a summons to the rebel force to surrender Brill. The patriots being very few in number, were at first afraid to venture outside the gates to attack the much superior force of their invaders. A carpenter, however, who belonged to the city, but had long been a partisan of Orange, dashed into the water with his axe in his hand, and, swimming to the Nieuwland sluice, hacked it open with a few vigorous strokes. The sea poured in at once, making the approach to the city upon the north side impossible. Bossu then led his Spaniards along the Nieuwland dike to the southern gate, where they were received with a warm discharge of artillery, which completely staggered them. Meantime Treslong and Roobol had, in the most daring manner, rowed out to the ships which had brought the enemy to the island, cut some adrift, and set others on fire. The Spaniards at the southern gate caught sight of their blazing vessels, saw the sea rapidly rising over the dike, became panic-struck at being thus enclosed between fire and water, and dashed off in precipitate retreat along the slippery causeway and through the slimy and turbid waters, which were fast threatening to overwhelm them. Many were drowned or smothered in their flight, but the greater portion of the force effected their escape in the vessels which still remained within reach.

This danger averted, Admiral Van der Marck summoned all the inhabitants, a large number of whom had returned to the town after the capture had been fairly established, and required them, as well as all the population of the island, to take an oath of allegiance to the Prince of Orange as stadholder for his Majesty.

The Prince had not been extremely satisfied with the enterprise of Van der Marck. He thought it premature, and doubted whether it would be practicable to hold the place, as he had not yet completed his arrangements in Germany, nor assembled the force with which he intended again to take the field. More than all, perhaps, he had little confidence in the character of his Admiral. Orange was right in his estimate of Van der Marck. It had not been that rover's design either to take or to hold the place; and after the descent had been made, the ships victualled, the churches plundered, the booty secured, and a few monks murdered, he had given orders for the burning of the town and for the departure of the fleet. The urgent solicitations of Treslong, however, prevailed, with some difficulty, over Van der Marck's original intentions. It is to that bold and intelligent noble, therefore, more than to any other individual, that the merit of laying this corner-stone of the Batavian commonwealth belongs. The enterprise itself was an accident, but the quick eye of Treslong saw the possibility of a permanent conquest where his superior dreamed of nothing beyond a piratical foray.

Meantime Bossu, baffled in his attempt upon Brill, took his way towards Rotterdam. It was important that he should at least secure such other cities as the recent success of the rebels might cause to waver in their allegiance. He found the gates of Rotterdam closed. The authorities refused to comply with his demand to admit a garrison for the King. Professing perfect loyalty, the inhabitants very naturally refused to admit a band of sanguinary Spaniards to enforce their obedience. Compelled to parley, Bossu resorted to a perfidious stratagem. He requested permission for his troops to pass through the city without halting. This was granted by the magistrates, on

condition that only a corporal's command should be admitted at a time. To these terms the Count affixed his hand and seal. With the admission, however, of the first detachment, a violent onset was made upon the gate by the whole Spanish force. The towns-people, not suspecting treachery, were not prepared to make effective resistance. A stout smith, confronting the invaders at the gate almost singly with his sledge-hammer, was stabbed to the heart by Bossu with his own hand. The soldiers having thus gained admittance, rushed through the streets, putting every man to death who offered the slightest resistance. Within a few minutes four hundred citizens were murdered. The fate of the women, abandoned now to the outrage of a brutal soldiery, was worse than death. The capture of Rotterdam is infamous for the same crimes which blacken the record of every Spanish triumph in the Netherlands.

The important town of Flushing, on the isle of Walcheren, was first to vibrate with the patriotic impulse given by the success at Brill. The Seigneur de Erpt, a warm partisan of Orange, excited the burghers assembled in the market-place to drive the small remnant of the Spanish garrison from the city. A little later upon the same day a considerable reinforcement arrived before the walls. The Duke had determined, although too late, to complete the fortress which had been commenced long before to control the possession of this important position at the mouth of the western Scheldt. The troops who were to resume this too long intermitted work arrived just in time to witness the expulsion of their comrades. De Erpt easily persuaded the burghers that the die was cast, and that their only hope lay in a resolute resistance. The people warmly acquiesced, while a half-drunken, half-witted fellow in the crowd valiantly proposed, in consideration of a pot of beer, to ascend the ramparts and to discharge a couple of pieces of artillery at the Spanish ships. The offer was accepted, and the vagabond, merrily mounting the height, discharged the guns. Strange to relate, the shot thus fired by a lunatic's hand put the invading ships to flight. A sudden panic seized the Spaniards, the

whole fleet stood away at once in the direction of Middelburg, and were soon out of sight.

The patriot party, however, was not so strong in soldiers as in spirit. No sooner, therefore, had they established their rebellion to Alva as an incontrovertible fact than they sent off emissaries to the Prince of Orange and to Admiral Van der Marck at Brill. Finding that the inhabitants of Flushing were willing to provide arms and ammunition, Van der Marck readily consented to send a small number of men, bold and experienced in partisan warfare, of whom he had now collected a larger number than he could well arm or maintain in his present position.

The detachment, two hundred in number, in three small vessels, set sail accordingly from Brill for Flushing; and a wild crew they were of reckless adventurers, under command of the bold Treslong. The expedition seemed a fierce but whimsical masquerade. Every man in the little fleet was attired in the gorgeous garments of the plundered churches — in cassocks of varied hue, glittering vestments, or the more sombre cowls and robes of Capuchin friars. So sped the early standard-bearers of that ferocious liberty which had sprung from the fires in which all else for which men cherish their fatherland had been consumed. So swept that resolute but fantastic band along the placid estuaries of Zeeland, waking the stagnant waters with their wild beggar songs and cries of vengeance.

That vengeance found soon a distinguished object. Pacheco, the chief engineer of Alva, who had accompanied the Duke in his march from Italy, who had since earned a world-wide reputation as the architect of the Antwerp citadel, had been just despatched in haste to Flushing to complete the fortress whose construction had been so long delayed. Too late for his work, too soon for his safety, the ill-fated engineer had arrived almost at the same moment with Treslong and his crew. He was seized, imprisoned, and hanged on the day of his arrival.

So perished miserably a brave soldier, and one of the most distinguished engineers of his time; a man whose character and accomplishments had certainly merited for him a better fate. But while we stigmatize as it deserves the

atrocious conduct of a few Netherland partisans, we should remember who first unchained the demon of international hatred in this unhappy land, nor should it ever be forgotten that the great leader of the revolt, by word, proclamation, example, by entreaties, threats, and condign punishment, constantly rebuked, and to a certain extent restrained, the sanguinary spirit by which some of his followers disgraced the noble cause which they had espoused.

Treslong did not long remain in command at Flushing. An officer high in the confidence of the Prince, Jerome Tseraerts, now arrived at Flushing with a commission to be lieutenant-governor over the whole isle of Walcheren. He was attended by a small band of French infantry, while at nearly the same time the garrison was further strengthened by the arrival of a large number of volunteers from England.

CHAPTER VII

COUNT LOUIS, THE HUGUENOTS, AND ST. BARTHOLOMEW

THE example thus set by Brill and Flushing was rapidly followed. Instantly afterwards, half the island of Walcheren renounced the yoke of Alva. Next, Enkhuizen, the key to the Zuyder Zee, the principal arsenal, and one of the first commercial cities in the Netherlands, rose against the Spanish Admiral, and hung out the banner of Orange on its ramparts. Oudewater, Dort, Haarlem, Leyden, Gorcum, Loevenstein, Gouda, Medenblik, Horn, Alkmaar, Edam, Monnikendam, Purmerende, as well as Flushing, Veer, and Enkhuizen, all ranged themselves under the government of Orange, as lawful stadholder for the King.

Nor was it in Holland and Zeeland alone that the beacon fires of freedom were lighted. City after city in Gelderland, Overyssel, and the See of Utrecht; all the important towns of Friesland—some sooner, some later; some without a struggle, some after a short siege; some with resistance by the functionaries of government, some by amicable compromise—accepted the garrisons of the Prince, and formally recognized his authority. Out of the chaos which a long and preternatural tyranny had produced, the first struggling elements of a new and a better world began to appear. It were superfluous to narrate the details which marked the sudden restoration of liberty in these various groups of cities. Traits of generosity marked the change of government in some, circumstances of ferocity disfigured the revolution in others. The island of Walcheren, equally divided as it was between the two parties, was the scene of much truculent and diabolical warfare.

In other parts of the country the revolution was, on the

whole, accomplished with comparative calmness. Even traits of generosity were not uncommon.

A new board of magistrates had been chosen in all the redeemed cities by popular election. They were required to take an oath of fidelity to the King of Spain, and to the Prince of Orange as his stadholder; to promise resistance to the Duke of Alva, the tenth penny, and the inquisition; "to support every man's freedom and the welfare of the country; to protect widows, orphans, and miserable persons, and to maintain justice and truth."

Diedrich Sonoy arrived on the 2d of June at Enkhuizen. He was provided by the Prince with a commission appointing him lieutenant-governor of North Holland, or Waterland. Thus, to combat the authority of Alva was set up the authority of the King. The stadholderate over Holland and Zeeland, to which the Prince had been appointed in 1559, he now resumed. Upon this fiction reposed the whole provisional polity of the revolted Netherlands. To recover practical liberty and their historical rights, and to shake from their shoulders a most sanguinary government, was the purpose of William and of the people. No revolutionary standard was displayed.

The written instructions given by the Prince to his lieutenant, Sonoy, were to "see that the Word of God was preached, without, however, *suffering any hinderance to the Roman Church in the exercise of its religion;* to restore fugitives and the banished for conscience sake, and to require of all magistrates and officers of guilds and brotherhoods an oath of fidelity." The Prince likewise prescribed the form of that oath, repeating therein, to his eternal honor, the same strict prohibition of intolerance. "Likewise," said the formula, "shall those of 'the religion' offer no let or hinderance to the Roman churches."

The Prince was still in Germany, engaged in raising troops and providing funds. He directed, however, the affairs of the insurgent provinces in their minutest details, by virtue of the dictatorship inevitably forced upon him both by circumstances and by the people. In the mean time Louis of Nassau, the Bayard of the Nether-

lands, captured the important city of Mons. This town, the capital of Hainault, situated in a fertile, undulating, and beautiful country, protected by lofty walls, a triple moat, and a strong citadel, was one of the most flourishing and elegant places in the Netherlands. It was, moreover, from its vicinity to the frontiers of France, a most important acquisition to the insurgent party. The capture had been accomplished by a most clever stratagem after a larger number of adherents within the city had already been secured. Soon a garrison of five thousand Huguenots gained entrance into the city.

Thus the Duke of Alva suddenly found himself exposed to a tempest of revolution. One thunderbolt after another seemed descending around him in breathless succession. Nevertheless, he preserved his courage, if not his temper. Blinded for a brief season by the rapid attacks made upon him, he had been uncertain whither to direct his vengeance. This last blow, in so vital a quarter as Mons, determined him at once. He forthwith despatched Don Frederic to undertake the siege of Mons, and earnestly set about raising large reinforcements to his army. Don Frederic took possession, without much opposition, of the Bethlehem cloister in the immediate vicinity of the city, and with four thousand troops began the investment in due form.

On the 10th of June the Duke of Medina Cœli, with a fleet of more than forty sail, arrived off Blankenburg, intending to enter the Scheldt. Julian Romero, with two thousand Spaniards, was also on board the fleet. Nothing, of course, was known to the new-comers of the altered condition of affairs in the Netherlands, nor of the unwelcome reception which they were likely to meet in Flushing. A few of the lighter craft having been taken by the patriot cruisers, the alarm was spread through all the fleet. Medina Cœli, with a few transports, was enabled to effect his escape to Sluis, whence he hastened to Brussels in a much less ceremonious manner than he had originally contemplated. Twelve Biscayan ships stood out to sea, descried a large Lisbon fleet, by a singular coincidence suddenly heaving in sight, changed their course

again, and with a favoring breeze bore boldly up the Hond, passed Flushing in spite of a severe cannonade from the forts, and eventually made good their entrance into Rammekens, whence the soldiery, about one-half of whom had thus been saved, were transferred at a very critical moment to Middelburg.

The great Lisbon fleet followed in the wake of the Biscayans with much inferior success. Totally ignorant of the revolution which had occurred in the isle of Walcheren, it obeyed the summons of the rebel fort to come to anchor, and, with the exception of three or four, the vessels were all taken. It was the richest booty which the insurgents had yet acquired by sea or land. The fleet was laden with spices, money, jewelry, and the richest merchandise. Five hundred thousand crowns of gold were taken, and it was calculated that the plunder altogether would suffice to maintain the war for two years at least. One thousand Spanish soldiers, and a good amount of ammunition, were also captured. The unexpected condition of affairs made a pause natural and almost necessary, before the government could be decorously transferred. Medina Cœli, with Spanish grandiloquence, avowed his willingness to serve as a soldier, under a general whom he so much venerated, while Alva ordered that, in all respects, the same outward marks of respect should be paid to his appointed successor as to himself. Beneath all this external ceremony, however, much mutual malice was concealed.

Meantime the Duke, who was literally "without a single real," was forced at last to smother his pride in the matter of the tenth penny. On the 24th of June he summoned the estates of Holland to assemble on the 15th of the ensuing month. In the missive issued for this purpose he formally agreed to abolish the whole tax, on condition that the estates-general of the Netherlands would furnish him with a yearly supply of two millions of florins. Almost at the same moment the King had dismissed the deputies of the estates from Madrid with the public assurance that the tax was to be suspended, and a private intimation that it was not abolished in terms only in order to save the dignity of the Duke.

These healing measures came entirely too late. The estates of Holland met, indeed, on the appointed day of July, but they assembled not in obedience to Alva, but in consequence of a summons from William of Orange. They met, too, not at The Hague, but at Dort, to take formal measures for renouncing the authority of the Duke. The first congress of the Netherland commonwealth still professed loyalty to the crown, but was determined to accept the policy of Orange without a question.

The Prince had again assembled an army in Germany, consisting of fifteen thousand foot and seven thousand horse, besides a number of Netherlanders, mostly Walloons, amounting to nearly three thousand more. Before taking the field, however, it was necessary that he should guarantee at least three months' pay to his troops. This he could no longer do, except by giving bonds endorsed by certain cities of Holland as his securities. He had accordingly addressed letters in his own name to all the principal cities, fervently adjuring them to remember, at last, what was due to him, to the fatherland, and to their own character.

The King's authority was invoked against himself in the person of the Prince of Orange, to whom, thirteen years before, a portion of that divine right had been delegated. The estates of Holland met at Dort on the 15th of July as representatives of the people, but they were summoned by Orange, royally commissioned in 1559 as stadholder, and therefore the supreme legislative and executive officer of certain provinces. This was the theory of the provisional government. The Prince represented the royal authority, the nobles represented both themselves and the people of the open country, while the twelve cities represented the whole body of burghers. Together they were supposed to embody all authority, both divine and human, which a congress could exercise. Thus the whole movement was directed against Alva and against Count Bossu, appointed stadholder by Alva in the place of Orange. Philip's name was destined to figure for a long time at the head of documents by which moneys were raised, troops levied, and taxes collected, all to be used in deadly war against himself.

The estates were convened on the 15th of July, when Paul Buys, Pensionary of Leyden, the tried and confidential friend of Orange, was elected Advocate of Holland. The convention was then adjourned till the 18th, when Saint-Aldegonde made his appearance, with full powers to act provisionally in behalf of his Highness.

The distinguished plenipotentiary delivered before the congress a long and very effective harangue. His impassioned eloquence produced a profound impression. The men who had obstinately refused the demands of Alva now unanimously resolved to pour forth their gold and their blood at the call of Orange. It was resolved that the requisite amount should be at once raised, partly from the regular imposts and current "requests," partly by loans from the rich, from the clergy, from the guilds and brotherhoods, partly from superfluous church ornaments and other costly luxuries. It was directed that subscriptions should be immediately opened throughout the land, that gold and silver plate, furniture, jewelry, and other expensive articles should be received by voluntary contributions, for which inventories and receipts should be given by the magistrates of each city, and that upon these money should be raised, either by loan or sale. An enthusiastic and liberal spirit prevailed. All seemed determined, rather than pay the tenth to Alva, to pay the whole to the Prince.

The Prince was, in reality, clothed with dictatorial and even regal powers. This authority had been forced upon him by the prayers of the people, but he manifested no eagerness as he partly accepted the onerous station. He was provisionally the depositary of the whole sovereignty of the northern provinces, but he cared much less for theories of government than for ways and means. So little was he disposed to strengthen his own individual power that he voluntarily imposed limits on himself, by an act, supplemental to the proceedings of the Congress of Dort. In this important ordinance made by the Prince of Orange as a provisional form of government, he publicly announced "that he *would do and ordain nothing* except by the advice of the estates, by reason that they were best acquainted

with the circumstances and the humors of the inhabitants." He directed the estates to appoint receivers for all public taxes, and ordained that all military officers should make oath of fidelity to him, as stadholder, and *to the estates* of Holland, to be true and obedient, in order to liberate the land from the Albanian and Spanish tyranny, *for the service of his royal Majesty as Count of Holland.* The provisional constitution, thus made by a sovereign Prince and actual dictator, was certainly as disinterested as it was sagacious.

The war which had opened vigorously in Hainault proved disastrous to the Huguenots, while Don Frederic held the city closely beleaguered. Louis sent word to Genlis, who was approaching with reinforcements, urging him to effect first a junction with the Prince of Orange, who had already crossed the Rhine. Genlis, who wanted all the glory of relieving the city, disregarded this advice. His rashness proved his ruin. On the 19th of July, within two degrees of the city, he was surprised by Don Frederic and his troops were cut to pieces. Genlis was captured and afterwards strangled in Antwerp. About one hundred foot soldiers succeeded in making their entrance into Mons, and this was all the succor which Count Louis was destined to receive from France, upon which country he had built such lofty and such reasonable hopes.

While this unfortunate event was occurring, the Prince had already put his army in motion. On the 7th of July he had crossed the Rhine at Duisburg with fourteen thousand foot, seven thousand horse—enlisted in Germany—besides a force of three thousand Walloons. On the 23d of July he took the city of Roermonde after a sharp cannonade, at which place his troops already began to disgrace the honorable cause in which they were engaged by imitating the cruelties and barbarities of their antagonists.

The Prince was delayed for a month at Roermonde, because, as he expressed it, "he had not a single sou," and because, in consequence, the troops refused to advance into the Netherlands. Having at last been furnished with the requisite guarantees from the Holland cities for three months' pay, on the 27th of August, the day of the publi-

cation of his letter to the Emperor, he crossed the Meuse and took his circuitous way through Diest, Tirlemont, Sichem, Louvain, Mechlin, Termonde, Oudenarde, and Nivelles. Many cities and villages accepted his authority and admitted his garrisons. Louvain purchased its neutrality for the time with sixteen thousand ducats; Brussels obstinately refused to listen to him, and was too powerful to be forcibly attacked at that juncture; other important cities, convinced by the arguments and won by the eloquence of the various proclamations which he scattered as he advanced, ranged themselves spontaneously and even enthusiastically upon his side. How different would have been the result of his campaign but for the unexpected earthquake which at that instant was to appall Christendom and to scatter all his well-matured plans and legitimate hopes. His chief reliance, under Providence and his own strong heart, had been upon French assistance. On the 11th of August, Coligny had written hopefully of his movements towards the Netherlands, *sanctioned and aided by his King.* A fortnight from that day occurred the "Paris wedding"; and the Admiral, with thousands of his religious confederates, invited to confidence by superhuman treachery, and lulled into security by the music of august marriage-bells, was suddenly butchered in the streets of Paris by royal and noble hands.

The Prince proceeded on his march, during which the heavy news had been brought to him, but he felt convinced that, with the very arrival of the awful tidings, the fate of that campaign was sealed, and the fall of Mons inevitable. In his own language, he had been struck to the earth "with the blow of a sledge-hammer,"—nor did the enemy draw a different augury from the great event.

On the 11th of September, Don Frederic, with a force of four thousand picked men, established himself at Saint Florian, a village near the Havré gate of Mons, while the Prince had encamped at Hermigny, within half a league of the same place, whence he attempted to introduce reinforcements into the town. On the night of the 11th and 12th, Don Frederic hazarded an *encamisada* upon the enemy's camp, which proved eminently successful, and

had nearly resulted in the capture of the Prince himself. A chosen band of six hundred arquebusiers, attired, as was customary in these nocturnal expeditions, with their shirts outside their armor, that they might recognize each other in the darkness, were led by Julian Romero within the lines of the enemy. The sentinels were cut down, the whole army surprised, and, for a moment, powerless, while, for two hours long, from one o'clock in the morning until three, the Spaniards butchered their foes, hardly aroused from their sleep, ignorant by how small a force they had been thus suddenly surprised, and unable in the confusion to distinguish between friend and foe. The boldest, led by Julian in person, made at once for the Prince's tent. His guards and himself were in profound sleep, but a small spaniel, which always passed the night upon his bed, was a more faithful sentinel. The creature sprang forward, barking furiously at the sound of hostile footsteps and scratching his master's face with his paws. There was but just time for the Prince to mount a horse, which was ready saddled, and to effect his escape through the darkness before his enemies sprang into the tent. His servants were cut down, his master of the horse and two of his secretaries, who gained their saddles a moment later, all lost their lives, and but for the little dog's watchfulness William of Orange, upon whose shoulders the whole weight of his country's fortunes depended, would have been led within a week to an ignominious death. Afterwards to his dying day the Prince kept a spaniel of the same race in his bedchamber. The midnight slaughter still continued, but the Spaniards in their fury set fire to the tents. The glare of the conflagration showed the Orangists by how paltry a force they had been surprised. Before they could rally, however, Romero led off his arquebusiers, every one of whom had at least killed his man. Six hundred of the Prince's troops had been put to the sword, while many others were burned in their beds, or drowned in the little rivulet which flowed outside their camp. Only sixty Spaniards lost their lives.

This disaster did not alter the plans of the Prince, for those plans had already been frustrated. The whole mar-

row of his enterprise had been destroyed in an instant by the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew. He retreated to Péronne and Nivelles, an assassin named Heist, a German by birth but a French chevalier, following him secretly in his camp, pledged to take his life for a large reward promised by Alva — an enterprise not destined, however, to be successful. The soldiers flatly refused to remain an hour longer in the field, or even to furnish an escort for Count Louis, if, by chance, he could be brought out of the town. The Prince was obliged to inform his brother of the desperate state of his affairs, and to advise him to capitulate on the best terms which he could make. With a heavy heart he left the chivalrous Louis besieged in the city which he had so gallantly captured, and took his way across the Meuse towards the Rhine. A furious mutiny broke out among his troops. His life was with difficulty saved from the brutal soldiery—infuriated at his inability to pay them, except in the overdue securities of the Holland cities—by the exertions of the officers, who still regarded him with veneration and affection. Crossing the Rhine at Orsoy, he disbanded his army and betook himself, almost alone, to Holland.

Yet even in this hour of distress and defeat the Prince seemed more heroic than many a conqueror in his day of triumph. With all his hopes blasted, with the whole fabric of his country's fortunes shattered by the colossal crime of his royal ally, he never lost his confidence in himself nor his unfaltering trust in God. All the cities which, but a few weeks before, had so eagerly raised his standard, now fell off at once. He went to Holland, the only province which remained true, and which still looked up to him as its saviour, but he went thither expecting and prepared to perish. "*There I will make my sepulchre,*" was his simple and sublime expression in a private letter to his brother.

Meanwhile Count Louis lay confined to his couch with a burning fever. His soldiers refused any longer to hold the city, now that the altered intentions of Charles the Ninth were known and the forces of Orange withdrawn. Alva offered the most honorable conditions, and it was therefore impossible for the Count to make longer resist-

ance. The city was so important, and time was at that moment so valuable, that the Duke was willing to forego his vengeance upon the rebel whom he so cordially detested, and to be satisfied with depriving him of the prize which he had seized with such audacity. Out of policy, Count Louis was received with studied courtesy by the two Dukes. The capitulation was made late at night, on the 20th of September, without the provision which Charles the Ninth had hoped for—namely, the massacre of De la Noue and his companions. The city was evacuated on the 21st of September. Alva entered it upon the 24th. Most of the volunteers departed with the garrison, but many who had most unfortunately prolonged their farewells to their families, trusting to the word of the Spanish Captain Molinos, were thrown into prison. Noircarmes, the butcher of Valenciennes, now made his appearance in Mons. As grand bailiff of Hainault, he came to the place as one in authority, and his deeds were now to complete the infamy which must forever surround his name. In brutal violation of the terms upon which the town had surrendered, he now set about the work of massacre and pillage. A Commission of Troubles, in close imitation of the famous Council of Blood at Brussels, was established, the members of the tribunal being appointed by Noircarmes, and all being inhabitants of the town. The council commenced proceedings by condemning all the volunteers, although expressly included in the capitulation. The work of hanging, burning, beheading, and confiscation went on day after day, month after month. Till the 27th of August of the following year (1573) the executioner never rested, and when Requesens, successor to Alva, caused the prisons of Mons to be opened, there were found still seventy-five individuals condemned to the block and awaiting their fate.

The Spaniards had thus recovered Mons, by which event the temporary revolution throughout the whole southern Netherlands was at an end. The keys of that city unlocked the gates of every other in Brabant and Flanders. The towns which had so lately embraced the authority of Orange now hastened to disavow the Prince and to return

to their ancient, hypocritical, and cowardly allegiance. The new oaths of fidelity were in general accepted by Alva, but the beautiful archiepiscopal city of Mechlin was selected for an example and a sacrifice.

There were heavy arrears due to the Spanish troops. To indemnify them, and to make good his blasphemous prophecy of Divine chastisement for its past misdeeds, Alva now abandoned this town to the license of his soldiery. By his command Don Frederic advanced to the gates and demanded its surrender. Early next morning there issued from the gates a solemn procession of priests, with banner and crozier, followed by a long and suppliant throng of citizens, who attempted by this demonstration to avert the wrath of the victor. While the penitential psalms were resounding the soldiers were busily engaged in heaping dried branches and rubbish in the moat. Before the religious exercises were concluded, thousands had forced the gates or climbed the walls, and entered the city with a celerity which only the hope of rapine could inspire. The sack instantly commenced. The property of friend and foe, of papist and Calvinist, was indiscriminately rifled. Everything was dismantled and destroyed.

Three days long the city was abandoned to that trinity of furies which ever wait upon War's footsteps—Murder, Lust, and Rapine—under whose promptings human beings become so much more terrible than the most ferocious beasts. In his letter to his master, the Duke congratulated him upon these foul proceedings as upon a pious deed well accomplished.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MASSACRES AT ZUTPHEN, NAARDEN, AND HAARLEM

While thus Brabant and Flanders were scourged back to the chains which they had so recently broken, the affairs of the Prince of Orange were not improving in Zeeland. Never was a twelvemonth so marked by contradictory fortune; never were the promises of a spring followed by such blight and disappointment in autumn than in the memorable year 1572. On the island of Walcheren, Middelburg and Arnemuyden still held for the King—Campveer and Flushing for the Prince of Orange. On the island of South Beveland, the city of Goes, or Tergoes, was still stoutly defended by a small garrison of Spanish troops. As long as the place held out, the city of Middelburg could be maintained. Should that important city fall, the Spaniards would lose all hold upon Walcheren and the province of Zeeland.

Jerome Tseraerts, a brave, faithful, but singularly unlucky officer, commanded for the Prince in Walcheren. He had attempted by various hastily planned expeditions to give employment to his turbulent soldiery, but fortune had refused to smile upon his efforts. He now assembled a force of seven thousand men, marched again to Tergoes, and upon the 26th of August laid siege to the place in form. Alva ordered D'Avila, who commanded in Antwerp, to throw succor into Tergoes without delay. Attempts were made, by sea and by land, to this effect, but were all unsuccessful. The Zeelanders commanded the waters with their fleet, and were too much at home among those gulfs and shallows not to be more than a match for their enemies. Baffled in their attempt to relieve the

town by water or by land, the Spaniards conceived an amphibious scheme. Their plan led to one of the most brilliant feats of arms which distinguishes the history of this war.

Captain Blomaert, a Fleming of great experience and bravery, warmly attached to the King's cause, conceived the plan of sending reinforcements across the Drowned Land between the island of South Beveland and the mainland. Accompanied by two peasants of the country well acquainted with the track, he twice accomplished the dangerous and difficult passage, which, from dry land to dry land, was nearly ten English miles in length, through water which was five feet deep at low tide. Having thus satisfied himself as to the possibility of the enterprise, he laid his plan before the Spanish colonel Mondragon.

That courageous veteran eagerly embraced the proposal, examined the ground, and, after consultation with Sancho d'Avila, resolved to lead in person an expedition along the path suggested by Blomaert. Three thousand picked men—a thousand from each nation, Spaniards, Walloons, and Germans, were speedily and secretly assembled at Bergen-op-Zoom, from the neighborhood of which city, at a place called Agger, it was necessary that the expedition should set forth. A quantity of sacks were provided, in which a supply of biscuit and of powder was placed, one to be carried by each soldier upon his head. Although it was already late in the autumn, the weather was propitious; the troops, not yet informed as to the secret enterprise for which they had been selected, were already assembled at the edge of the water, and Mondragon, who, notwithstanding his age, had resolved upon heading the hazardous expedition, now briefly, on the evening of the 20th of October, explained to them the nature of the service. His statement of the dangers which they were about to encounter rather inflamed than diminished their ardor. Their enthusiasm became unbounded as he described the importance of the city which they were about to save, and alluded to the glory which would be won by those who thus courageously came forward to its rescue. The time of about half ebb-tide having arrived, the veteran, pre-

ceded only by the guides and Blomaert, plunged gayly into the waves, followed by his army, almost in single file. The water was never lower than the breast, often higher than the shoulders. The distance to the island, three and a half leagues at least, was to be accomplished within, at most, six hours, or the rising tide would overwhelm them forever. And thus, across the quaking and uncertain slime, which often refused them a footing, that adventurous band pursued their night march, five hours long, sometimes swimming for their lives, and always struggling with the waves, which every instant threatened to ingulf them.

Before the tide had risen to more than half-flood, before the day had dawned, the army set foot on dry land again, at the village of Yerseke. Of the whole three thousand, only nine unlucky individuals had been drowned; so much had courage and discipline availed in that dark and perilous passage through the very bottom of the sea. A panic broke out among the patriots as the Spanish fell upon a foe much superior in number to their own force. It was impossible for Tseraerts to induce his soldiers to offer resistance. They fled precipitately and ignominiously to their ships, hotly pursued by the Spaniards, who overtook and destroyed the whole of their rear guard before they could embark. This done, the gallant little garrison, which had so successfully held the city, was reinforced with the courageous veterans who had come to their relief. His audacious project thus brilliantly accomplished, the "good old Mondragon," as his soldiers called him, returned to the province of Brabant.

After the capture of Mons and the sack of Mechlin, the Duke of Alva had taken his way to Nimwegen, having despatched his son, Don Frederic, to reduce the northern and eastern country, which was only too ready to submit to the conqueror. Very little resistance was made by any of the cities which had so recently, and with such enthusiasm, embraced the cause of Orange. Zutphen attempted a feeble opposition to the entrance of the King's troops, and received a dreadful chastisement in consequence. Alva sent orders to his son to leave *not a single man alive*

in the city, and to burn every house to the ground. The Duke's command was almost literally obeyed. Don Frederic entered Zutphen, and without a moment's warning put the whole garrison to the sword. The citizens next fell a defenceless prey—some being stabbed in the streets, some hanged on the trees which decorated the city, some stripped stark naked and turned out into the fields to freeze to death in the wintry night. As the work of death became too fatiguing for the butchers, five hundred innocent burghers were tied two and two, back to back, and drowned like dogs in the river Yssel. A few stragglers who had contrived to elude pursuit at first, were afterwards taken from their hiding places and hanged upon *the gallows by the feet,* some of which victims suffered four days and nights of agony before death came to their relief. It is superfluous to add that the outrages upon women were no less universal in Zutphen than they had been in every city captured or occupied by the Spanish troops. These horrors continued till scarcely chastity or life remained throughout the miserable city.

Count Van den Berg, another brother-in-law of Orange, proving himself signally unworthy of the illustrious race to which he was allied, basely abandoned the field where he had endeavored to gather laurels while the sun of success had been shining. With his flight all the cities which, under his guidance, had raised the standard of Orange deserted the cause at once. No rebellion being left, except in the northwestern extremities of the Netherlands, Don Frederic was ordered to proceed from Zutphen to Amsterdam, thence to undertake the conquest of Holland. The little city of Naarden, on the coast of the Zuyder Zee, lay in his path, and had not yet formally submitted.

Early in December, Don Frederic reached Bussem with his army. The deputation of citizens commissioned to surrender the city was met on the way by Julian Romero. He demanded the keys of the city, and gave the deputation a solemn pledge that the lives and property of all the inhabitants should be sacredly respected. To attest this assurance, Don Julian gave his hand three several times

to Lambert Hortensius. A soldier's word thus plighted, the commissioners, without exchanging any written documents, surrendered the keys, and immediately afterwards accompanied Romero into the city, who was soon followed by five or six hundred musketeers.

To give these guests a hospitable reception, all the house-wives of the city at once set about preparations for a sumptuous feast, to which the Spaniards did ample justice, while the colonel and his officers were entertained by Senator Gerrit at his own house. As soon as this conviviality had come to an end, Romero, accompanied by his host, walked into the square. The great bell had been meantime ringing, and the citizens had been summoned to assemble in the Gast Huis Church, then used as a town-hall. In the course of a few minutes five hundred had entered the building, and stood quietly awaiting whatever measures might be offered for their deliberation. Suddenly a priest, who had been pacing to and fro before the church door, entered the building, and bade them all prepare for death; but the announcement, the preparation, and the death, were simultaneous. The door was flung open, and a band of armed Spaniards rushed across the sacred threshold. They fired a single volley upon the defenceless herd, and then sprang in upon them with sword and dagger. A yell of despair arose as the miserable victims saw how hopelessly they were engaged and beheld the ferocious faces of their butchers. The carnage within that narrow space was compact and rapid. Within a few minutes all were despatched, and among them Senator Gerrit, from whose table the Spanish commander had but just risen. The church was then set on fire, and the dead and dying were consumed to ashes together.

Inflamed but not satiated, the Spaniards then rushed into the streets, thirsty for fresh horrors. The houses were all rifled of their contents, and men were forced to carry the booty to the camp, who were then struck dead as their reward. The town was then fired in every direction, that the skulking citizens might be forced from their hiding-places. As fast as they came forth they were put to death by their impatient foes. Some were pierced with

rapiers, some were chopped to pieces with axes, some were surrounded in the blazing streets by troops of laughing soldiers, intoxicated, not with wine but with blood, who tossed them to and fro with their lances, and derived a wild amusement from their dying agonies. Those who attempted resistance were crimped alive like fishes, and left to gasp themselves to death in lingering torture. The soldiers becoming more and more insane as the foul work went on, opened the veins of some of their victims and drank their blood as if it were wine. Some of the burghers were for a time spared that they might witness the violation of their wives and daughters, and were then butchered in company with these still more unfortunate victims. Miracles of brutality were accomplished. Neither church nor hearth was sacred. Men were slain, women outraged at the altars, in the streets, in their blazing homes.

Nearly all the inhabitants of Naarden, soldiers and citizens, were thus destroyed; and now Don Frederic issued peremptory orders that no one, on pain of death, should give lodging or food to any fugitive. He likewise forbade to the dead all that could now be forbidden them—a grave. Three weeks long did these unburied bodies pollute the streets, nor could the few wretched women who still cowered within such houses as had escaped the flames ever move from their lurking-places without treading upon the festering remains of what had been their husbands, their fathers, or their brethren. Shortly afterwards came an order to dismantle the fortifications, which had certainly proved sufficiently feeble in the hour of need, and to raze what was left of the city from the surface of the earth. The work was faithfully accomplished, and for a long time Naarden ceased to exist.

After the army which the Prince had so successfully led to the relief of Mons had been disbanded, he had himself repaired to Holland. He had come to Kampen shortly before its defection from his cause. Thence he had been escorted across the Zuyder Zee to Enkhuizen. He came to that province, the only one which through good and ill report remained entirely faithful to him, not as a conqueror, but as an unsuccessful, proscribed man. But there

were warm hearts beating within those cold lagoons, and no conqueror returning from a brilliant series of victories could have been received with more affectionate respect than William in that darkest hour of the country's history. He had but seventy horsemen at his back, all that remained of the twenty thousand troops which he had a second time levied in Germany, and he felt that it would be at that period hopeless for him to attempt the formation of a third army. He had now come thither to share the fate of Holland, at least, if he could not accomplish her liberation. He went from city to city, advising with the magistracies and with the inhabitants, and arranging many matters pertaining both to peace and war. At Haarlem the States of the Provinces, according to his request, had been assembled. The assembly begged him to lay before them, if it were possible, any schemes and means which he might have devised for further resistance to the Duke of Alva. Thus solicited, the Prince, in a very secret session, unfolded his plans, and satisfied them as to the future prospects of the cause.

After the conclusion of the sack and massacre of Naarden, Don Frederic had hastened to Amsterdam, where the Duke was then quartered, that he might receive the paternal benediction for his well-accomplished work. The royal approbation was soon afterwards added to the applause of his parent, and the Duke was warmly congratulated in a letter written by Philip as soon as the murderous deed was known, that Don Frederic had so plainly shown himself to be his father's son. There was now more work for father and son.

The King's representative, Bossu, had formally proclaimed the extermination of man, woman, and child in every city which opposed his authority, but the promulgation and practice of such a system had an opposite effect to the one intended. The hearts of the Hollanders were rather steeled to resistance than awed into submission by the fate of Naarden. A fortunate event, too, was accepted as a lucky omen for the coming contest. A little fleet of armed vessels, belonging to Holland, had been frozen up in the neighborhood of Amsterdam. Don

Frederic, on his arrival from Naarden, despatched a body of picked men over the ice to attack the imprisoned vessels. The crews had, however, fortified themselves by digging a wide trench around the whole fleet, which thus became for the moment an almost impregnable fortress. Out of this frozen citadel a strong band of well-armed and skilful musketeers sallied forth upon skates as the besieging force advanced. A rapid, brilliant, and slippery skirmish succeeded, in which the Hollanders, so accustomed to such sports, easily vanquished their antagonists and drove them off the field, with the loss of several hundred left dead upon the ice. "'Twas a thing never heard of before to-day," said Alva, "to see a body of arquebusiers thus skirmishing upon a frozen sea." In the course of the next four-and-twenty hours a flood and a rapid thaw released the vessels, which all escaped to Enkhuizen, while a frost, immediately and strangely succeeding, made pursuit impossible.

The Spaniards were astonished at these novel manœuvres upon the ice. It is amusing to read their elaborate descriptions of the wonderful appendages which had enabled the Hollanders to glide so glibly into battle with a superior force, and so rapidly to glance away after achieving a signal triumph. Nevertheless, the Spaniards could never be dismayed, and were always apt scholars, even if an enemy were the teacher. Alva immediately ordered seven thousand pairs of skates, and his soldiers soon learned to perform military evolutions with these new accoutrements as audaciously, if not as adroitly, as the Hollanders.

Haarlem, over whose ruins the Spanish tyranny intended to make its entrance into Holland, lay in the narrowest part of that narrow isthmus which separates the Zuyder Zee from the German Ocean. The distance from sea to sea is hardly five English miles across.

The city was one of the largest and most beautiful in the Netherlands. It was also one of the weakest. The walls were of antique construction, turreted, but not strong. The extent and feebleness of the defences made a large garrison necessary, but, unfortunately, the garrison

was even weaker than the walls. The city's main reliance was on the stout hearts of the inhabitants. The streets were, for that day, spacious and regular, the canals planted with limes and poplars. The ancient church of St. Bavon, a large, imposing structure of brick, stood almost in the centre of the place, the most prominent object not only of the town but of the province, visible over leagues of sea and of land more level than the sea, and seeming to gather the whole quiet little city under its sacred and protective wings. Its tall, open-work, leaden spire was surmounted by a colossal crown, which an exalted imagination might have regarded as the emblematic guerdon of martyrdom held aloft over the city, to reward its heroism and its agony.

It was at once obvious that the watery expanse between Haarlem and Amsterdam would be the principal theatre of the operations about to commence. The siege was soon begun. On the 10th of December, Don Frederic sent a strong detachment to capture the fort and village of Spaarndam, as an indispensable preliminary to the commencement of the siege. A peasant having shown Zapata, the commander of the expedition, a secret passage across the flooded and frozen meadows, the Spaniards stormed the place gallantly, routed the whole garrison, killed three hundred, and took possession of the works and village. Next day Don Frederic appeared before the walls of Haarlem, and proceeded regularly to invest the place. The misty weather favored his operations, nor did he cease reinforcing himself until at least thirty thousand men, including fifteen hundred cavalry, had been encamped around the city. The Germans, under Count Overstein, were stationed in a beautiful and extensive grove of limes and beeches, which spread between the southern walls and the shore of Haarlem Lake. Don Frederic, with his Spaniards, took up a position on the opposite side, at a place called the House of Kleef, the ruins of which still remain. The Walloons and other regiments were distributed in different places, so as completely to encircle the town. On the edge of the mere the Prince of Orange had already ordered a cluster of

forts to be erected, by which the command of its frozen surface was at first secured for Haarlem. In the course of the siege, however, other forts were erected by Don Frederic, so that the aspect of things suffered a change.

The garrison numbered about one thousand pioneers or delvers, three thousand fighting men, and about three hundred fighting women. The last was a most efficient corps, all females of respectable character, armed with sword, musket, and dagger. Their chief, Kenau Hasselaer,* was a widow of distinguished family and unblemished reputation, about forty-seven years of age, who, at the head of her amazons, participated in many of the most fiercely contested actions of the siege, both within and without the walls. When such a spirit animated the maids and matrons of the city, it might be expected that the men would hardly surrender the place without a struggle. The Prince had assembled a force of three or four thousand men at Leyden, which he sent before the middle of December towards the city, under the command of Van der Marck. These troops were, however, attacked on the way by a strong detachment under Bossu, Noircarmes, and Romero. After a sharp action in a heavy snow-storm, Van der Marck was completely routed. One thousand of his soldiers were cut to pieces, and a large number carried off as prisoners to the gibbets, which were already conspicuously erected in the Spanish camp, and which from the commencement to the close of the siege were never bare of victims. Among the captives was a gallant officer, Baptist van Trier, for whom Van der Marck

* Kenau van Hasselaer, who figures so largely in art and song, and whose statue, with hat, sword, and spear, adorns more than one Dutch city, is a historic personage. After undue exaggeration of popular enthusiasm, and the embroidery of the original story at the hands of orators and fiction-writers, the sceptic and critical historian have laid "the legend" on the dissecting-table in the antiseptic, "bacteria-vrij" atmosphere appropriate to the literary surgeon, who is anxious to remove parasitic or morbid growths. The result of Dutch researches is to place Kenau van Hasselaer on the solid ground of history. A wood-cut, dated 1573, represents in picture what the latest historian, Dr. P. J. Blok, says in his text, "met eene vrouwenscheen onder aanvoering van de vurige Kenau Hasselaer aan de verdeding een werkzaam aandeel nam." Vol. III., page 117.

in vain offered two thousand crowns and nineteen Spanish prisoners. The proposition was refused with contempt. Van Trier was hanged upon the gallows by one leg until he was dead, in return for which barbarity the nineteen Spaniards were immediately gibbeted by Van der Marck. With this interchange of cruelties the siege may be said to have opened.

Don Frederic had stationed himself in a position opposite to the Gate of the Cross, which was not very strong, but fortified by a ravelin. Intending to make a very short siege of it, he established his batteries immediately, and on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of December directed a furious cannonade against the Cross Gate, the St. John's Gate, and the curtain between the two. Six hundred and eighty shots were discharged on the first, and nearly as many on each of the two succeeding days. The walls were much shattered, but men, women, and children worked night and day within the city, repairing the breaches as fast as made. They brought bags of sand, blocks of stone, cart-loads of earth from every quarter, and they stripped the churches of all their statues, which they threw by heaps into the gaps. After three days' cannonade the assault was ordered, Don Frederic only intending a rapid massacre, to crown his achievements at Zutphen and Naarden. The place, he thought, would fall in a week, and after another week of sacking, killing, and ravishing, he might sweep on until Holland was overwhelmed.

Romero advanced to the breach, followed by a numerous storming party, but met with a resistance which astonished the Spaniards. The church bells rang the alarm throughout the city, and the whole population swarmed to the walls. The besiegers were encountered not only with sword and musket, but with every implement which the burghers' hands could find. Heavy stones, boiling oil, live coals, were hurled upon the heads of the soldiers; hoops, smeared with pitch and set on fire, were dexterously thrown upon their necks. Even Spanish courage and Spanish ferocity were obliged to shrink before the steady determination of a whole population animated by

a single spirit. Romero lost an eye in the conflict, many officers were killed and wounded, and three or four hundred soldiers left dead in the breach, while only three or four of the townsmen lost their lives. The signal of recall was reluctantly given, and the Spaniards abandoned the assault. Don Frederic was now aware that Haarlem would not fall at his feet at the first sound of his trumpet.

Meantime the Prince of Orange, from his headquarters at Sassenheim, on the southern extremity of the mere, made a fresh effort to throw succor into the place. Two thousand men, with seven field-pieces and many wagon-loads of munitions, were sent forward under Batenburg. This officer had replaced Van der Marck, whom the Prince had at last deprived of his commission. The reckless and unprincipled freebooter was no longer to serve a cause which was more sullied by his barbarity than it could be advanced by his desperate valor. Batenburg's expedition was, however, not more successful than the one made by his predecessor. The troops, after reaching the vicinity of the city, lost their way in the thick mists which almost perpetually enveloped the scene. Cannons were fired, fog-bells were rung, and beacon-fires were lighted on the ramparts, but the party was irretrievably lost. The Spaniards fell upon them before they could find their way to the city. Many were put to the sword, others made their escape in different directions; a very few succeeded in entering Haarlem. Batenburg brought off a remnant of the forces, but all the provisions, so much needed, were lost, and the little army entirely destroyed.

De Koning, the second in command, was among the prisoners. The Spaniards cut off his head and threw it over the walls into the city, with this inscription: "This is the head of Captain de Koning, who is on his way with reinforcements for the good city of Haarlem." The citizens retorted with a practical jest which was still more barbarous. They cut off the heads of eleven prisoners and put them into a barrel, which they threw into the Spanish camp. A label upon the barrel contained these words: "Deliver these ten heads to Duke Alva in payment of his tenpenny tax, with one additional head for interest."

With such ghastly merriment did besieged and besiegers vary the monotonous horror of that winter's siege. As the sallies and skirmishes were of daily occurrence, there was a constant supply of prisoners upon whom both parties might exercise their ingenuity, so that the gallows in camp or city was perpetually garnished.

Since the assault of the 21st of December, Don Frederic had been making his subterranean attack by regular approaches. As fast, however, as the Spaniards mined, the citizens countermined. Spaniard and Netherlander met daily in deadly combat within the bowels of the earth. Desperate and frequent were the struggles within gangways so narrow that nothing but daggers could be used, so obscure that the dim lanterns hardly lighted the death-stroke. They seemed the conflicts not of men but of evil spirits. Nor were these hand-to-hand battles all. A shower of heads, limbs, mutilated trunks, the mangled remains of hundreds of human beings often spouted from the earth as if from an invisible volcano. The mines were sprung with unexampled frequency and determination. Still the Spaniards toiled on with undiminished zeal, and still the besieged, undismayed, delved below their works and checked their advance by sword and spear and horrible explosions.

The Prince of Orange, meanwhile, encouraged the citizens to persevere by frequent promises of assistance. His letters, written on extremely small bits of paper, were sent into the town by carrier-pigeons. On the 28th of January he despatched a considerable supply of the two necessaries, powder and bread, on one hundred and seventy sledges across the Haarlem Lake, together with four hundred veteran soldiers. The citizens continued to contest the approaches to the ravelin before the Cross Gate, but it had become obvious that they could not hold it long. Secretly, steadfastly, and swiftly they had, therefore, during the long wintry nights, been constructing a half-moon of solid masonry on the inside of the same portal. Old men, feeble women, tender children, united with the able-bodied to accomplish this work, by which they hoped still to maintain themselves after the ravelin had fallen.

On the 31st of January, after two or three days' cannonade against the gates of the Cross and of St. John, and the intervening curtains, Don Frederic ordered a midnight assault. The besieged, as before, defended themselves with musket and rapier, with melted pitch, with firebrands, with clubs and stones. After morning prayers in the Spanish camp, the trumpet for a general assault was sounded. A tremendous onset was made upon the Gate of the Cross, and the ravelin was carried at last. The Spaniards poured into this fort, so long the object of their attack, expecting instantly to sweep into the city with sword and fire. As they mounted its wall they became for the first time aware of the new and stronger fortification which had been secretly constructed on the inner side. The reason why the ravelin had been at last conceded was revealed. The half-moon, whose existence they had not suspected, rose before them bristling with cannon. A sharp fire was instantly opened upon the besiegers, while at the same instant the ravelin, which the citizens had undermined, blew up with a severe explosion, carrying into the air all the soldiers who had just entered it so triumphantly. This was the turning-point. The retreat was sounded and the Spaniards fled to their camp, leaving at least three hundred dead beneath the walls.

It was now resolved that Haarlem should be reduced by famine. Still, as the winter wore on, the immense army without the walls were as great sufferers by that scourge as the population within. The soldiers fell in heaps before the diseases engendered by intense cold and insufficient food, for, as usual in such sieges, these deaths far outnumbered those inflicted by the enemy's hand. The sufferings inside the city necessarily increased day by day, the whole population being put on a strict allowance of food. Their supplies were daily diminishing, and with the approach of the spring and the thawing of the ice on the lake, there was danger that they would be entirely cut off. If the possession of the water were lost, they must yield or starve ; and they doubted whether the Prince would be able to organize a fleet. The gaunt spectre of famine already rose before them with a menace which

could not be misunderstood. In their misery they longed for the assaults of the Spaniards, that they might look in the face of a less formidable foe. They paraded the ramparts daily, with drums beating, colors flying, taunting the besiegers to renewed attempts. To inflame the religious animosity of their antagonists, they attired themselves in the splendid gold-embroidered vestments of the priests, which they took from the churches, and moved about in mock procession, bearing aloft images bedizened in ecclesiastical finery, relics, and other symbols, sacred in Catholic eyes, which they afterwards hurled from the ramparts, or broke, with derisive shouts, into a thousand fragments.

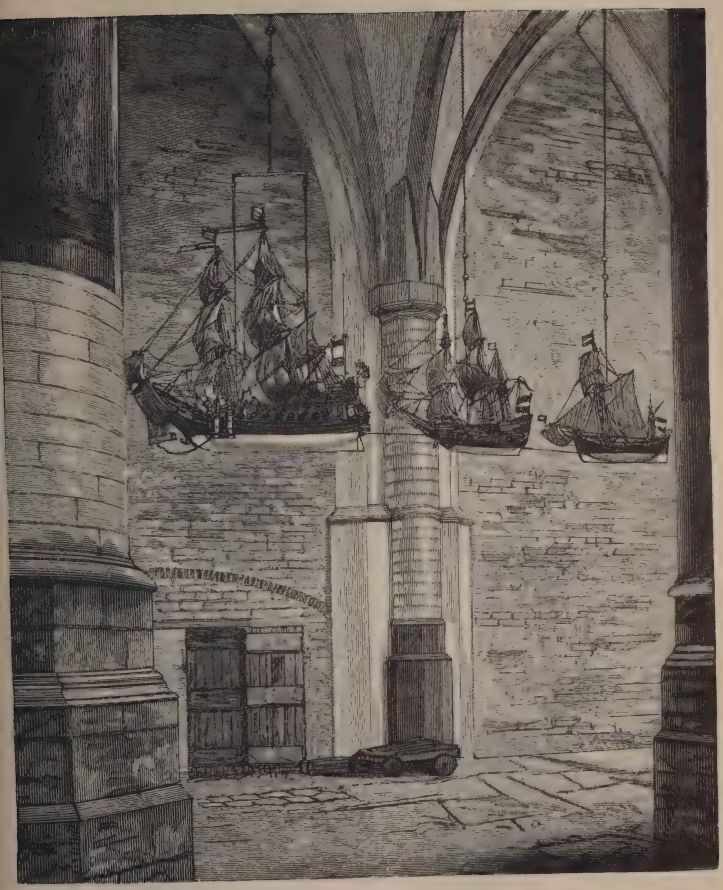
In one outbreak the Haarlemers, under cover of a thick fog, marched up to the enemy's chief battery, and attempted to spike the guns before his face. They were all slain at the cannon's mouth, whither patriotism, not vainglory, had led them, and lay dead around the battery, with their hammers and spikes in their hands. The same spirit was daily manifested. As the spring advanced, the kine went daily out of the gates to their peaceful pasture, notwithstanding all the turmoil within and around ; nor was it possible for the Spaniards to capture a single one of these creatures without paying at least a dozen soldiers as its price. "These citizens," wrote Don Frederic, "do as much as the best soldiers in the world could do."

The combats before the walls were of almost daily occurrence. On the 25th of March one thousand of the besieged made a brilliant sally, drove in all the outposts of the enemy, burned three hundred tents, and captured seven cannon, nine standards, and many wagon-loads of provisions, all which they succeeded in bringing with them into the city. Having thus reinforced themselves, in a manner not often practised by the citizens of a beleaguered town, in the very face of thirty thousand veterans —having killed eight hundred of the enemy, which was nearly one for every man engaged, while they lost but four of their own party—the Haarlemers, on their return, erected a trophy of funereal but exulting aspect. A mound of earth was constructed upon the ramparts, in the form

of a colossal grave, in full view of the enemy's camp, and upon it were planted the cannon and standards so gallantly won in the skirmish, with the taunting inscription floating from the centre of the mound—"Haarlem is the graveyard of the Spaniards."

The Spaniards had been reinforced both by land and water, but the Prince of Orange had, on the other hand, provided more than one hundred sail of various descriptions, so that naval skirmishes took place almost daily. At last, on the 28th of May, a decisive engagement of the fleets took place. The vessels grappled with each other, and there was a long, fierce, hand-to-hand combat. Under Bossu were one hundred vessels; under Martin Brand, admiral of the patriot fleet, nearly one hundred and fifty, but of lesser dimensions. Batenburg commanded the troops on board the Dutch vessels. After a protracted conflict, in which several thousands were killed, the victory was decided in favor of the Spaniards. Twenty-two of the Prince's vessels being captured, and the rest totally routed, Bossu swept across the lake in triumph. The forts belonging to the patriots were immediately taken, and the Haarlemers, with their friends, entirely excluded from the lake.

This was the beginning of the end. Despair took possession of the city. The whole population had been long subsisting upon an allowance of a pound of bread to each man, and half a pound for each woman; but the bread was now exhausted, the famine had already begun, and, with the loss of the lake, starvation was close at their doors. They sent urgent entreaties to the Prince to attempt something in their behalf. Three weeks more they assigned as the longest term during which they could possibly hold out. He sent them word by carrier-pigeons to endure yet a little time, for he was assembling a force, and would still succeed in furnishing them with supplies. Meantime, through the month of June, the sufferings of the inhabitants increased hourly. Men, women, and children fell dead by scores in the streets, perishing of pure starvation, and the survivors had hardly the heart or the strength to bury them out of their sight. They who yet



MODELS OF SHIPS IN GROOTE KERK, HAARLEM

lived seemed to flit like shadows to and fro, envying those whose sufferings had already been terminated by death.

Thus wore away the month of June. On the 1st of July the burghers consented to a parley. Deputies were sent to confer with the besiegers, but the negotiations were abruptly terminated, for no terms of compromise were admitted by Don Frederic. On the 3d a tremendous cannonade was reopened upon the city. One thousand and eight balls were discharged—the most which had ever been thrown in one day since the commencement of the siege. The walls were severely shattered, but the assault was not ordered, because the besiegers were assured that it was physically impossible for the inhabitants to hold out many days longer. A last letter, written in blood, was now despatched to the Prince of Orange, stating the forlorn condition to which they were reduced. At the same time, with the derision of despair, they flung into the hostile camp the few loaves of bread which yet remained within the city walls. A day or two later a second and a third parley were held, with no more satisfactory result than had attended the first. A black flag was now hoisted on the cathedral tower, the signal of despair to friend and foe, but a pigeon soon afterwards flew into the town with a letter from the Prince, begging them to maintain themselves two days longer, because succor was approaching.

The Prince had, indeed, been doing all which, under the circumstances, was possible. He assembled the citizens of Delft in the market-place, and announced his intention of marching in person to the relief of the city, in the face of the besieging army, if any troops could be obtained. Four thousand armed volunteers, with six hundred mounted troopers under Carlo de Noot, had been assembled, and the Prince now placed himself at their head. There was, however, a universal cry of remonstrance from the magistracies and burghers of all the towns, and from the troops themselves, at this project. They would not consent that a life so precious, so indispensable to the existence of Holland, should be needlessly hazarded. It was important to succor Haarlem, but the Prince was of more value than

many cities. He at last reluctantly consented, therefore, to abandon the command of the expedition to Baron Batenburg, the less willingly from the want of confidence which he could not help feeling in the character of the forces. On the 8th of July, at dusk, the expedition set forth from Sassenheim. It numbered nearly five thousand men, who had with them four hundred wagon-loads of provisions and seven field-pieces. Among the volunteers, Oldenbarneveld, afterwards so illustrious in the history of the Republic, marched in the ranks with his musket on his shoulder. Such was a sample of the spirit which pervaded the population of the province.

Unfortunately for the patriots, the whole Spanish army were under arms awaiting this undisciplined force. They had learned of its coming from the carrier-pigeons which they had shot. Batenburg was slain and his whole force routed. The Spaniards announced the results to the citizens by throwing a few heads over the wall and sending in a prisoner with his nose and ears cut off.

The citizens were now in despair; but, nevertheless, Don Frederic felt, after what he had witnessed in the past seven months, that there was nothing which the Haarlemers could not do or dare. He feared lest they should set fire to their city, and consume their houses, themselves, and their children to ashes together, and he was unwilling that the fruits of his victory, purchased at such a vast expense, should be snatched from his hand as he was about to gather them. A letter was accordingly, by his order, sent to the magistracy and leading citizens, in the name of Count Overstein, commander of the German forces in the besieging army. This despatch invited a surrender at discretion, but contained the solemn assurance that no punishment should be inflicted except upon those who, in the judgment of the citizens themselves, had deserved it, and promised ample forgiveness if the town should submit without further delay. At the moment of sending this letter Don Frederic was in possession of strict orders from his father not to leave a man alive of the garrison, excepting only the Germans, and to execute besides a large number of the burghers. These commands he dared not

disobey, even if he had felt any inclination to do so. In consequence of the semi-official letter of Overstein, however, the city formally surrendered at discretion on the 12th of July.

The great bell was tolled, and orders were issued that all arms in the possession of the garrison or the inhabitants should be brought to the town-house. The men were then ordered to assemble in the cloister of Zyl, the women in the cathedral. On the same day, Don Frederic, accompanied by Count Bossu and a numerous staff, rode into the city. The scene which met his view might have moved a heart of stone.

The next day Alva came over to the camp. He rode about the place, examining the condition of the fortifications from the outside, but returned to Amsterdam without having entered the city. On the following morning the massacre commenced. The plunder had been commuted for two hundred and forty thousand guilders, which the citizens bound themselves to pay in four instalments; but murder was an indispensable accompaniment of victory, and admitted of no compromise. Moreover, Alva had already expressed the determination to effect a general massacre upon this occasion. The garrison, during the siege, had been reduced from four thousand to eighteen hundred. Of these the Germans, six hundred in number, were, by Alva's order, dismissed, on a pledge to serve no more against the King. All the rest of the garrison were immediately butchered, with at least as many citizens. Five executioners, with their attendants, were kept constantly at work; and when at last they were exhausted with fatigue, or perhaps sickened with horror, three hundred wretches were tied two and two, back to back, and drowned in the Haarlem Lake.

At last, after twenty-three hundred human creatures had been murdered in cold blood, within a city where so many thousands had previously perished by violent or by lingering deaths, the blasphemous farce of a pardon was enacted. Fifty-seven of the most prominent burghers of the place were, however, excepted from the act of amnesty, and taken into custody as security for the future good con-

duct of the other citizens. Of these hostages some were soon executed, some died in prison, and all would have been eventually sacrificed had not the naval defeat of Bossu soon afterwards enabled the Prince of Orange to rescue the remaining prisoners. Ten thousand two hundred and fifty-six shots had been discharged against the walls during the siege. Twelve thousand of the besieging army had died of wounds or disease during the seven months and two days between the investment and the surrender. In the earlier part of August, after the executions had been satisfactorily accomplished, Don Frederic made his triumphal entry, and the first chapter in the invasion of Holland was closed. Such was the memorable siege of Haarlem, an event in which we are called upon to wonder equally at human capacity to inflict and to endure misery.

The Spaniards celebrated a victory, while in Utrecht they made an effigy of the Prince of Orange, which they carried about in procession, broke upon the wheel, and burned. It was, however, obvious that if the reduction of Haarlem were a triumph, it was one which the conquerors might well exchange for a defeat. At any rate, it was certain that the Spanish empire was not strong enough to sustain many more such victories. If it had required thirty thousand choice troops—among which were three regiments called by Alva, respectively, the "Invincibles," the "Immortals," and the "None-such"—to conquer the weakest city of Holland in seven months, and with the loss of twelve thousand men, how many men, how long a time, and how many deaths would it require to reduce the rest of that little province? For, as the sack of Naarden had produced the contrary effect from the one intended, inflaming rather than subduing the spirit of Dutch resistance, so the long and glorious defence of Haarlem, notwithstanding its tragical termination, had only served to strain to the highest pitch the hatred and patriotism of the other cities in the province. Even the treasures of the New World were inadequate to pay for the conquest of that little sand-bank. Within five years twenty-five millions of florins had been sent from Spain for war expenses

in the Netherlands. Yet this amount, with the addition of large sums annually derived from confiscations, of five millions at which the proceeds of the hundredth penny was estimated, and the two millions yearly for which the tenth and twentieth pence had been compounded, was insufficient to save the treasury from beggary and the unpaid troops from mutiny.

Nevertheless, for the moment, the joy created was intense. Philip was lying dangerously ill at the wood of Segovia when the happy tidings of the reduction of Haarlem, with its accompanying butchery, arrived. The account of all this misery, minutely detailed to him by Alva, acted like magic. The blood of twenty-three hundred of his fellow-creatures—coldly murdered by his orders in a single city—proved for the sanguinary monarch the elixir of life; he drank and was refreshed.

While such was the exultation of the Spaniards, the Prince of Orange was neither dismayed nor despondent. As usual, he trusted to a higher power than man. "I had hoped to send you better news," he wrote Count Louis; "nevertheless, since it has otherwise pleased the good God, we must conform ourselves to His divine will. I take the same God to witness that I have done everything, according to my means, which was possible to succor the city." A few days later, writing in the same spirit, he informed his brother that the Zeelanders had succeeded in capturing the castle of Rammekens, on the isle of Walcheren.

CHAPTER IX

ALKMAAR AND DUTCH VICTORIES ON THE ZUYDER ZEE

Alva had for some time felt himself in a false and uncomfortable position. While he continued to be the object of a popular hatred as intense as ever glowed, he had gradually lost his hold upon those who, at the outset of his career, had been loudest and lowest in their demonstrations of respect. Even Aerschot, for whom the Duke had long maintained an intimacy half affectionate, half contemptuous, now began to treat him with a contumely which it was difficult for so proud a stomach to digest.

But the main source of discomfort was doubtless the presence of Medina Cœli. This was the perpetual thorn in his side, which no cunning could extract. A successor who would not and could not succeed him, yet who attended him as his shadow and his evil genius—a confidential colleague who betrayed his confidence, mocked his projects, derided his authority, and yet complained of ill treatment—a rival who was neither compeer nor subaltern, and who affected to be his censor—a functionary of a purely anomalous character, sheltering himself under his abnegation of an authority which he had not dared to assume, and criticising measures which he was not competent to grasp; such was the Duke of Medina Cœli, in Alva's estimation.

The bickering between the two Dukes became unceasing and disgraceful. Of course, each complained to the King, and each, according to his own account, was a martyr to the other's tyranny, but the meekness manifested by Alva, in all his relations with the new-comer, was wonderful, if we are to believe the accounts furnished

by himself and by his confidential secretary. On the other hand, Medina Cœli wrote to the King, complaining of Alva in most unmitigated strains, and asserting that he *was himself never allowed to see any despatches*, nor to have the slightest information as to the policy of the government. He reproached the Duke with shrinking from personal participation in military operations, and begged the royal forgiveness if he withdrew from a scene where he felt himself to be superfluous.

Accordingly, towards the end of November, he took his departure, without paying his respects. The governor complained to the King of this unceremonious proceeding, and assured his Majesty that never were courtesy and gentleness so ill requited as his had been by this ingrate and cankered Duke.

Immediately after the fall of Haarlem another attempt was made by Alva to win back the allegiance of the other cities by proclamations. It had become obvious to the governor that so determined a resistance on the part of the first place besieged augured many long campaigns before the whole province could be subdued. A circular was accordingly issued upon the 26th of July, from Utrecht, and published immediately afterwards in all the cities of the Netherlands. It was a paper of singular character, commingling an affectation of almost ludicrous clemency with honest and hearty brutality.

It is almost superfluous to add that this circular remained fruitless. The royal wrath, blasphemously identifying itself with divine vengeance, inspired no terror, the royal blandishments no affection.

The next point of attack was the city of Alkmaar, situate quite at the termination of the peninsula, among the lagoons and redeemed prairies of North Holland. The Prince of Orange had already provided it with a small garrison. The city had been summoned to surrender by the middle of July, and had returned a bold refusal. Meantime, the Spaniards had retired from before the walls, while the surrender and chastisement of Haarlem occupied them during the next succeeding weeks. The month of August, moreover, was mainly consumed by Alva in quell-

ing a dangerous and protracted mutiny, which broke out among the Spanish soldiers at Haarlem, between three and four thousand of them having been quartered upon the ill-fated population of that city.

The Duke went to Amsterdam, accordingly, where by his exertions, ably seconded by those of the Marquis Vitelli, and by the payment of thirty crowns to each soldier—fourteen on account of arrearages and sixteen as his share in the Haarlem compensation money—the rebellion was appeased and obedience restored.

There was now leisure for the general to devote his whole energies against the little city of Alkmaar. On that bank and shoal, the extreme verge of habitable earth, the spirit of Holland's freedom stood at bay. The gray towers of Egmont Castle and of Egmont Abbey rose between the city and the sea, and there the troops sent by the Prince of Orange were quartered during the very brief period in which the citizens wavered as to receiving them. The die was soon cast, however, and the Prince's garrison admitted. The Spaniards advanced, burned the village of Egmont to the ground as soon as the patriots had left it, and on the 21st of August Don Frederic, appearing before the walls, proceeded formally to invest Alkmaar. In a few days this had been so thoroughly accomplished that, in Alva's language, "it was impossible for a sparrow to enter or go out of the city." The odds were somewhat unequal. Sixteen thousand veteran troops constituted the besieging force. Within the city were a garrison of *eight hundred* soldiers, together with *thirteen hundred* burghers capable of bearing arms. The rest of the population consisted of a very few refugees, besides the women and children. Two thousand one hundred able-bodied men, of whom only about one-third were soldiers, to resist sixteen thousand regulars! Nor was there any doubt as to the fate which was reserved for them, should they succumb.

Upon Diedrich Sonoy, lieutenant-governor for Orange in the province of North Holland, devolved the immediate responsibility of defending this part of the country. As the storm rolled slowly up from the south, even that

experienced officer became uneasy at the unequal conflict impending. He despatched a letter to his chief, giving a gloomy picture of his position. The Prince answered: "You ask if I have entered into a firm treaty with any great king or potentate, to which I answer, that before I ever took up the cause of the oppressed Christians in these provinces, I had entered *into a close alliance with the King of kings;* and I am firmly convinced that all who put their trust in Him shall be saved by His almighty hand. The God of armies will raise up armies for us to do battle with our enemies and His own." In conclusion, he stated his preparations for attacking the enemy by sea as well as by land, and encouraged his lieutenant and the citizens of the northern quarter to maintain a bold front before the advancing foe.

Affairs soon approached a crisis within the beleaguered city. Daily skirmishes, without decisive result, had taken place outside the walls. At last, on the 18th of September, after a steady cannonade of nearly twelve hours, Don Frederic, at three in the afternoon, ordered an assault. Notwithstanding his seven months' experience at Haarlem, he still believed it certain that he should carry Alkmaar by storm. The attack took place at once upon the Frisian Gate and upon the red tower on the opposite side. Two choice regiments, recently arrived from Lombardy, led the onset, rending the air with their shouts, and confident of an easy victory. They were sustained by what seemed an overwhelming force of disciplined troops. Every living man was on the walls. The storming parties were assailed with cannon, with musketry, with pistols. The women and children, unscared by the balls flying in every direction, or by the hand-to-hand conflicts on the ramparts, passed steadily to and fro from the arsenals to the fortifications, constantly supplying their fathers, husbands, and brothers with powder and ball. Thus, every human being in the city that could walk had become a soldier. At last darkness fell upon the scene. The trumpet of recall was sounded, and the Spaniards, utterly discomfited, retired from the walls, leaving at least one thousand dead in the trenches, while only thirteen

burghers and twenty-four of the garrison lost their lives. "Plain-looking fishermen" had defeated the veterans of Alva.

The day following the assault a fresh cannonade was opened upon the city. Seven hundred shots having been discharged, the attack was ordered. It was in vain: neither threats nor entreaties could induce the Spaniards, hitherto so indomitable, to mount the breach. The place seemed to their imagination protected by more than mortal powers; otherwise how was it possible that a few half-starved fishermen could already have so triumphantly overthrown the time-honored legions of Spain? It was thought, no doubt, that the devil, whom they worshipped, would continue to protect his children. Neither the entreaties nor the menaces of Don Frederic were of any avail. Several soldiers allowed themselves to be run through the body by their own officers rather than advance to the walls; and the assault was accordingly postponed to an indefinite period.

Meantime, as Governor Sonoy had opened many of the dikes, the land in the neighborhood of the camp was becoming plashy, although as yet the threatened inundation had not taken place. The soldiers were already very uncomfortable and very refractory. Peter Van der Mey, the carpenter envoy from Alkmaar, had not been idle, having, upon the 26th of September, arrived at Sonoy's quarters, bearing letters from the Prince of Orange. These despatches gave distinct directions to Sonoy to flood the country at all risks, rather than allow Alkmaar to fall into the enemy's hands. The harvests were doomed to destruction, and a frightful loss of property rendered inevitable; but, at any rate, the Spaniards, if this last measure were taken, must fly or perish to a man.

This decisive blow having been thus ordered and promised, the carpenter set forth towards the city, but, while occupied in saving himself, was so unlucky, or, as it proved, so fortunate, as to lose the stick in which his despatches were enclosed. His letters were laid before the general of the besieging army, and made a profound impression upon Don Frederic's mind. The situation hav-

ing been discussed in a council of officers, the result was reached that sufficient had been already accomplished for the glory of Spanish arms. Neither honor nor loyalty, it was thought, required that sixteen thousand soldiers should be sacrificed in a contest, not with man, but with the ocean.

On the 8th of October, accordingly, the siege, which had lasted seven weeks, was raised, and Don Frederic rejoined his father in Amsterdam.

On the 1st of May, 1573, the articles of convention between England and Spain, with regard to the Netherland difficulty, had been formally published in Brussels. The Duke, in communicating the termination of these arrangements, quietly recommended his master thenceforth to take the English ministry into his pay. In particular he advised his Majesty to bestow an annual bribe upon Lord Burleigh, "who held the kingdom in his hand; for it has always been my opinion," he continued, "that it was an excellent practice for princes to give pensions to the ministers of other potentates, and to keep those at home who took bribes from nobody."

On the other hand, the negotiations of Orange with the English court were not yet successful, and he still found it almost impossible to raise the requisite funds for carrying on the war. Certainly, his private letters showed that neither he nor his brothers were self-seekers in their negotiations. The restoration of civil and religious liberty, *the establishment of the great principle of toleration* in matters of conscience, constituted the purpose to which his days and nights were devoted, his princely fortune sacrificed, his life-blood risked. At the same time, his enforcement of toleration to both religions excited calumny against him among the bigoted adherents of each. By the Catholics he was accused of having instigated the excesses which he had done everything in his power to repress. The enormities of Van der Marck, which had inspired the Prince's indignation, were even laid at the door of him who had risked his life to prevent and to chastise them. Van der Marck had, indeed, by his subsequent cruelties, more than counterbalanced his great

service in the taking of Brill. At the beginning of the following year (1574) he was at last compelled to leave the provinces, which he never again troubled with his presence. Some years afterwards he died of the bite of a mad dog, an end not inappropriate to a man of so rabid a disposition.

The main reliance of Orange was upon the secret negotiations which his brother Louis was then renewing with the French government. The Prince had felt an almost insurmountable repugnance towards entertaining any relation with that blood-stained court since the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew. But a new face had recently been put upon that transaction. Instead of glorying in their crime, the King and his mother now assumed a tone of compunction, and averred that the deed had been unpremeditated; that it had been the result of a panic or an ecstasy of fear inspired by the suddenly discovered designs of the Huguenots; and that, in the instinct of self-preservation, the King, with his family and immediate friends, had plunged into a crime which they now bitterly lamented. The French envoys at the different courts of Europe were directed to impress this view upon the minds of the monarchs to whom they were accredited.

To humble the power of Spain, to obtain the hand of Queen Elizabeth for the Duke of Alençon, to establish an insidious kind of protectorate over the Protestant princes of Germany, to obtain the throne of Poland for the Duke of Anjou, and even to obtain the imperial crown for the house of Valois — all these cherished projects seemed dashed to the ground by the Paris massacre and the abhorrence which it had created. Charles and Catharine were not slow to discover the false position in which they had placed themselves, while the Spanish jocularity at the immense error committed by France was visible enough through the assumed mask of holy horror.

Charles the Ninth, although it was not possible for him to recall to life the countless victims of the Parisian wedding, was yet ready to explain those murders to the satisfaction of every unprejudiced mind. This had become strictly necessary. Although the accession of either his

Most Christian or Most Catholic Majesty to the throne of the Cæsars was a most improbable event, yet the humbler elective throne actually vacant was indirectly in the gift of the same powers. It was possible that the crown of Poland might be secured for the Duke of Anjou. That key unlocks the complicated policy of this and the succeeding year.

It was difficult for the Prince to overcome his repugnance to the very name of the man whose crime had at once made France desolate and blighted the fair prospects under which he and his brother had the year before entered the Netherlands. Nevertheless, he was willing to listen to the statements by which the King and his ministers endeavored, not entirely without success, to remove from their reputations, if not from their souls, the guilt of deep design. Orange was induced, therefore, to accept, however distrustfully, the expression of a repentance which was to be accompanied with healing measures. He allowed his brother Louis to resume negotiations with Schömberg in Germany. He drew up and transmitted to him the outlines of a treaty which he was willing to make with Charles. The main conditions of this arrangement illustrated the disinterested character of the man. He stipulated that the King of France should immediately make peace with his subjects, declaring expressly that he had been abused by those who, under pretext of his service, had sought their own profit at the price of ruin to the crown and people. The King should make religion free. The edict to that effect should be confirmed by all the parliaments and estates of the kingdom, and such confirmations should be distributed without reserve or deceit among all the princes of Germany. If his Majesty were not inclined to make war for the liberation of the Netherlands, he was to furnish the Prince of Orange with one hundred thousand crowns at once, and every three months with another hundred thousand. The Prince was to have liberty to raise one thousand cavalry and seven thousand infantry in France. Every city or town in the provinces which should be conquered by his arms, except in Holland or Zeeland, should

be placed under the sceptre and in the hands of the King of France. The provinces of Holland and Zeeland should also be placed under his protection, but should be governed by their own gentlemen and citizens. Perfect religious liberty and maintenance of the ancient constitutions, privileges, and charters were to be guaranteed "without any cavilling whatsoever." The Prince of Orange, or the estates of Holland or Zeeland, were to reimburse his Christian Majesty for the sums which he was to advance. In this last clause was the only mention which the Prince made of himself, excepting in the stipulation that he was to be allowed a levy of troops in France. His only personal claims were to enlist soldiers to fight the battles of freedom, and to pay their expense, if it should not be provided for by the estates. At nearly the same period he furnished his secret envoys, Lumbres and Dr. Taijaert, who were to proceed to Paris, with similar instructions.

Count Louis required peremptorily that the royal repentance should bring forth the fruit of salvation for the remaining victims. Out of the nettles of these dangerous intrigues his fearless hand plucked the "flower of safety" for his down-trodden cause. He demanded not words, but deeds, or at least pledges. He maintained with the agents of Charles and with the monarch himself the same hardy scepticism which was manifested by the Huguenot deputies in their conferences with Catharine de Medici. "Is the word of a king," said the dowager to the commissioners, who were insisting upon guarantees—"is the word of a king not sufficient?" "No, madam," replied one of them—"*by St. Bartholomew*, no!"

On the 23d of March, 1573, Schömberg had an interview with Count Louis, which lasted seven or eight hours. In that interview the enterprises of the Count, "which," said Schömberg, "are assuredly grand and beautiful," were thoroughly discussed, and a series of conditions, drawn up partly in the hand of one, partly in that of the other negotiator, definitely agreed upon. These conditions were on the basis of a protectorate over Holland and Zeeland for the King of France, with sovereignty over the other places to be acquired in the Netherlands. They

were in strict accordance with the articles furnished by the Prince of Orange. Liberty of worship for those of both religions, sacred preservation of municipal charters, and stipulation of certain annual subsidies on the part of France—in case his Majesty should not take the field—were the principal features.

While Louis was thus busily engaged in Germany, Orange was usually established at Delft. He felt the want of his brother daily, for the solitude of the Prince, in the midst of such fiery trials, amounted almost to desolation.

It was not alone the battles and sieges which furnished him with occupation and filled him with anxiety. Alone he directed in secret the politics of the country, and, powerless and outlawed though he seemed, was in daily correspondence not only with the estates of Holland and Zeeland, whose deliberations he guided, but with the principal governments of Europe. The estates of the Netherlands, moreover, had been formally assembled by Alva in September, at Brussels, to devise ways and means for continuing the struggle. It seemed to the Prince a good opportunity to make an appeal to the patriotism of the whole country. He furnished the province of Holland, accordingly, with the outlines of an address which was forthwith despatched, in their own and his name, to the general assembly of the Netherlands. The estates-general were earnestly adjured to come forward like brothers in blood and join hands with Holland, that together they might rescue the fatherland and restore its ancient prosperity and bloom.

At almost the same time the Prince drew up and put in circulation one of the most vigorous and impassioned productions which ever came from his pen. It was entitled an "Epistle, in form of supplication, to his royal Majesty of Spain, from the Prince of Orange and the estates of Holland and Zeeland." The document produced a profound impression throughout Christendom. It was a royal appeal to the monarch's loyalty—a demand that the land-privileges should be restored and the Duke of Alva removed. It contained a startling picture of his atroci-

ties and the nation's misery, and, with a few energetic strokes, demolished the pretence that these sorrows had been caused by the people's guilt.

The brave words in this document were destined to be bravely fulfilled, as the life and death of the writer and the records of his country proved, from generation unto generation. If we seek for the main-spring of the energy which thus sustained the Prince in the unequal conflict to which he had devoted his life, we shall find it in the one pervading principle of his nature—confidence in God. He was the champion of the political rights of his country, but before all he was the defender of its religion. Liberty of conscience for his people was his first object. Freedom of worship for all denominations, toleration for all forms of faith, this was the great good in his philosophy. For himself, he had now become a member of the Calvinist, or Reformed Church, having delayed for a time his public adhesion to this communion in order not to give offence to the Lutherans and to the Emperor. He was never a dogmatist, however, and he sought in Christianity for that which unites rather than for that which separates Christians. In the course of October he publicly joined the Church at Dort.

The happy termination of the siege of Alkmaar was followed, three days afterwards, by another signal success on the part of the patriots. Count Bossu, who had constructed or collected a considerable fleet at Amsterdam, had, early in October, sailed into the Zuyder Zee, notwithstanding the sunken wrecks and other obstructions by which the patriots had endeavored to render the passage of the Y impracticable. The patriots of North Holland had, however, not been idle, and a fleet of five-and-twenty vessels, under Admiral Dirkzoon, was soon cruising in the same waters. A few skirmishes took place, but Bossu's ships, which were larger, and provided with heavier cannon, were apparently not inclined for the close quarters which the patriots sought. The Spanish Admiral, Hollander as he was, knew the mettle of his countrymen in a close encounter at sea, and preferred to trust to the calibre of his cannon. On the 11th of October, how-

ever, the whole patriot fleet, favored by a strong easterly breeze, bore down upon the Spanish armada, which, numbering now thirty sail of all denominations, was lying off and on in the neighborhood of Horn and Enkhuizen. After a short and general engagement, nearly all the Spanish fleet retired with precipitation, closely pursued by most of the patriot Dutch vessels. Five of the King's ships were eventually taken, the rest effected their escape. Only the Admiral remained, who scorned to yield, although his forces had thus basely deserted him. His ship, the *Inquisition*, for such was her insolent appellation, was far the largest and best manned of both the fleets. Most of the enemy had gone in pursuit of the fugitives, but four vessels of inferior size had attacked the *Inquisition* at the commencement of the action. The Hollander, as usual, attacked with pitch hoops, boiling oil, and molten lead. Repeatedly they effected their entrance to the Admiral's ship, and as often they were repulsed and slain in heaps or hurled into the sea. The battle began at three in the afternoon, and continued without intermission through the whole night, and was renewed the next day. At eleven o'clock the next morning Admiral Bossu surrendered, and with three hundred prisoners was carried into Holland. Bossu was himself imprisoned at Horn, in which city he was received on his arrival with great demonstrations of popular hatred. The massacre of Rotterdam, due to his cruelty and treachery, had not yet been forgotten or forgiven.

This victory, following so hard upon the triumph at Alkmaar, was as gratifying to the patriots as it was galling to Alva. As his administration drew to a close, it was marked by disaster and disgrace on land and sea. Such of the hostages from Haarlem as had not yet been executed, now escaped with their lives. Moreover, Sainte-Aldegonde, the eloquent patriot and confidential friend of Orange, who was taken prisoner a few weeks later in an action at Maaslandsluis, was preserved from inevitable destruction by the same cause. The Prince hastened to assure the Duke of Alva that the same measure would be dealt to Bossu as should be meted to Sainte-

Aldegonde. It was, therefore, impossible for the governor-general to execute his prisoner, and he was obliged to submit to the vexation of seeing a leading rebel and heretic in his power whom he dared not strike. Both the distinguished prisoners eventually regained their liberty.

The Duke was, doubtless, lower sunk in the estimation of all classes than he had ever been before during his long and generally successful life. The reverses sustained by his army, the belief that his master had grown cold towards him, the certainty that his career in the Netherlands was closing without a satisfactory result, the natural weariness produced upon men's minds by the contemplation of so monotonous and unmitigated a tyranny during so many years, all contributed to diminish his reputation. He felt himself odious alike to princes and to plebeians. Moreover, he had kept himself, for the most part, at a distance from the seat of government. During the military operations in Holland his headquarters had been at Amsterdam. Here, as the year drew to its close, he had become as unpopular as in Brussels.

He had contracted an enormous amount of debt, both public and private. He accordingly, early in November, caused a proclamation to be made throughout the city, by sound of trumpet, that all persons having demands upon him were to present their claims, in person, upon a specified day. During the night preceding the day so appointed the Duke and his train very noiselessly took their departure, without notice or beat of drum. By this masterly generalship his unhappy creditors were foiled upon the very eve of their anticipated triumph; the heavy accounts which had been contracted on the faith of the King and the governor remained for the most part unpaid, and many opulent and respectable families were reduced to beggary. Such was the consequence of the unlimited confidence which they had reposed in the honor of their tyrant.

On the 17th of November, Don Luis de Requesens y Cuñiga, Grand Commander of St. Jago, the appointed successor of Alva, arrived in Brussels, where he was received

with great rejoicings. There was, of course, a profuse interchange of courtesy between the departing and the newly arrived governors. Alva was willing to remain a little while, to assist his successor with his advice, but preferred that the Grand Commander should immediately assume the reins of office. To this Requesens, after much respectful reluctance, at length consented. On the 29th of November he accordingly took the oaths, at Brussels, as lieutenant-governor and captain-general, in presence of the Duke of Aerschot, Baron Berlaymont, the President of the Council, and other functionaries.

On the 18th of December the Duke of Alva departed from the provinces forever. He was well received by his royal master, and remained in favor until a new adventure of Don Frederic brought father and son into disgrace. Having deceived and abandoned a maid of honor, he suddenly espoused his cousin in order to avoid that reparation by marriage which was demanded for his offence. In consequence, both the Duke and Don Frederic were imprisoned and banished, nor was Alva released till a general of experience was required for the conquest of Portugal. Thither, as it were with fetters on his legs, he went. After having accomplished the military enterprise entrusted to him he fell into a lingering fever, at the termination of which he was so much reduced that he was only kept alive by milk which he drank from a woman's breast. Such was the gentle second childhood of the man who had almost literally been drinking blood for seventy years. He died on the 12th of December, 1582.*

* A valuable addition to the original material accessible for the study of the life and times of Philip's great general is the *Documentos Escogidos del Archivo de la Casa de Alba*, published by the Duchess of Berwick and Alva at Madrid in 1891. Most of these letters and papers of prominent actors in European affairs from the 15th to the 18th centuries have never been published, and throw new light on many points of history. Among other curiosities is a musical panegyric upon Alva as Governor of the Low Countries.

Part IV

ADMINISTRATION OF THE GRAND COMMANDER

1573–1576

CHAPTER I

THE DOLEFUL DEFEAT AT MOOKERHEYDE

The horrors of Alva's administration had caused men to look back with fondness upon the milder and more vacillating tyranny of the Duchess Margaret. From the same cause the advent of the Grand Commander was hailed with pleasure and with a momentary gleam of hope. The new governor-general was, doubtless, human, and it had been long since the Netherlanders imagined anything in common between themselves and the late viceroy.

Apart from this hope, however, there was little encouragement to be derived from anything positively known of the new functionary, or the policy which he was to represent. Don Luis de Requesens and Cuñiga, Grand Commander of Castile and the late governor of Milan, was a man of mediocre abilities, who possessed a reputation for moderation and sagacity which he hardly deserved. His military prowess had been chiefly displayed in the bloody and barren battle of Lepanto, where his conduct and counsel were supposed to have contributed, in some measure, to the victorious result. His administration at Milan had been characterized as firm and moderate. Nevertheless, his character was regarded with anything but favorable eyes in the Netherlands. Men told each other of his broken faith to the Moors in Granada, and of his unpopularity in Milan, where, notwithstanding his boasted moderation, he had, in reality, so oppressed the people as to gain their deadly hatred. They complained, too, that it was an insult to send, as governor-general of the provinces, not a prince of the blood, as used to be the case, but a simple "gentleman of cloak and sword."

To conquer the people of the provinces, except by extermination, seemed difficult — to judge by the seven years of execution, sieges, and campaigns which had now passed without a definite result. It was, therefore, thought expedient to employ concession. The new governor accordingly, in case the Netherlanders would abandon every object for which they had been so heroically contending, was empowered to concede a pardon. It was expressly enjoined upon him, however, that no conciliatory measures should be adopted in which the King's absolute supremacy and the total prohibition of every form of worship but the Roman Catholic were not assumed as a basis. Now, as the people had been contending at least ten years long for constitutional rights against prerogative, and at least seven for liberty of conscience against papistry, it was easy to foretell how much effect any negotiations thus commenced were likely to produce.

Yet, no doubt, in the Netherlands there was a most earnest longing for peace. The Catholic portion of the population were desirous of a reconciliation with their brethren of the new religion. The universal vengeance which had descended upon heresy had not struck the heretics only. It was difficult to find a fireside, Protestant or Catholic, which had not been made desolate by execution, banishment, or confiscation. The common people and the grand seigniors were alike weary of the war. Not only Aerschot and Viglius, but Noircarmes and Berlaymont were desirous that peace should be at last compassed upon liberal terms, and the Prince of Orange fully and unconditionally pardoned. Even the Spanish commanders had become disgusted with the monotonous butchery which had stained their swords.

Moreover, the Grand Commander discovered, at his first glance into the disorderly state of the exchequer, that at least a short respite was desirable before proceeding with the interminable measures of hostility against the rebellion. If any man had ever been disposed to give Alva credit for administrative ability, such delusion must have vanished at the spectacle of confusion and bankruptcy which presented itself at the termination of his govern-

DE REQUESENS

ment. He took his departure, accordingly, leaving Requesens in profound ignorance as to his past accounts; an ignorance in which it is probable that the Duke himself shared to the fullest extent. The rebellion had already been an expensive matter to the Crown. The army in the Netherlands numbered more than sixty-two thousand men, eight thousand being Spaniards, the rest Walloons and Germans. Forty millions of dollars had already been sunk, and it seemed probable that it would require nearly the whole annual produce of the American mines to sustain the war. The transatlantic gold and silver, disinterred from the depths where they had been buried for ages, were employed, not to expand the current of a healthy, life-giving commerce, but to be melted into blood. The sweat and the tortures of the King's pagan subjects in the primeval forests of the New World were made subsidiary to the extermination of his Netherlands people and the destruction of an ancient civilization. To this end had Columbus discovered a hemisphere for Castile and Aragon, and the new Indies revealed their hidden treasures?

Forty millions of ducats had been spent. Six and a half millions of arrearages were due to the army, while its current expenses were six hundred thousand a month. The military expenses alone of the Netherlands were accordingly more than seven millions of dollars yearly, and the mines of the New World produced, during the half century of Philip's reign, an average of only eleven millions. Against this constantly increasing deficit there was not a stiver in the exchequer, nor the means of raising one.

It was, therefore, obvious to Requesens that it would be useful at the moment to hold out hopes of pardon and reconciliation. He saw, what he had not at first comprehended, and what few bigoted supporters of absolutism in any age have ever comprehended, that national enthusiasm, when profound and general, makes a rebellion more expensive to the despot than to the insurgents. The moral which the new governor drew from his correct diagnosis of the prevailing disorder was not that this national enthusiasm should be respected, but that it should be deceived. He deceived no one but himself, however. He

censured Noircarmes and Romero for their intermeddling, but held out hopes of a general pacification. He repudiated the idea of any reconciliation between the King and the Prince of Orange, but proposed at the same time a settlement of the revolt. He had not yet learned that the revolt and William of Orange were one. Although the Prince himself had repeatedly offered to withdraw for ever from the country if his absence would expedite a settlement satisfactory to the provinces, there was not a patriot in the Netherlands who could contemplate his departure without despair. Moreover, they all knew, better than did Requesens, the inevitable result of the pacific measures which had been daily foreshadowed.

In the embarrassed condition of affairs, and while waiting for further supplies, the Commander was secretly disposed to try the effect of a pardon. The object was to deceive the people and to gain time; for there was no intention of conceding liberty of conscience, of withdrawing foreign troops, or of assembling the states-general. It was, however, not possible to apply these hypocritical measures of conciliation immediately. The war was in full career, and could not be arrested even in that wintry season. The patriots held Mondragon closely besieged in Middelburg, the last point in the isle of Walcheren which held for the King. There was a considerable treasure in money and merchandise shut up in that city; and, moreover, so deserving and distinguished an officer as Mondragon could not be abandoned to his fate. At the same time, famine was pressing him sorely, and by the end of the year garrison and townspeople had nothing but rats, mice, dogs, cats, and such repulsive substitutes for food to support life withal. It was necessary to take immediate measures to relieve the place.

On the other hand, the situation of the patriots was not very encouraging. Their superiority on the sea was unquestionable, for the Hollanders and Zeelanders were the best sailors in the world, and they asked of their country no payment for their blood but thanks. The land forces, however, were usually mercenaries, who were apt to mutiny at the commencement of an action if, as was too

often the case, their wages could not be paid. Holland was entirely cut in twain by the loss of Haarlem and the leaguer of Leyden, no communication between the dissevered portions being possible, except with difficulty and danger. The estates, although they had done much for the cause and were prepared to do much more, were too apt to wrangle about economical details. They irritated the Prince of Orange by huckstering about subsidies to a degree which his proud and generous nature could hardly brook. He had strong hopes from France. Louis of Nassau had held secret interviews with the Duke of Alençon and the Duke of Anjou, now King of Poland, at Blamont. Alençon had assured him secretly, affectionately, and warmly that he would be as sincere a friend to the cause as were his two royal brothers. The Count had even received one hundred thousand livres in hand as an earnest of the favorable intentions of France, and was now busily engaged, at the instance of the Prince, in levying an army in Germany for the relief of Leyden and the rest of Holland, while William, on his part, was omitting nothing, whether by representations to the estates or by secret foreign missions and correspondence, to further the cause of the suffering country.

The most pressing matter, upon the Grand Commander's arrival, was obviously to relieve the city of Middelburg. Mondragon, after so stanch a defence, would soon be obliged to capitulate, unless he should promptly receive supplies. Requesens accordingly collected seventy-five ships at Bergen-op-Zoom, which were placed nominally under the command of Admiral de Glimes, but in reality under that of Julian Romero. Another fleet of thirty vessels had been assembled at Antwerp under Sancho d'Avila. Both, amply freighted with provisions, were destined to make their way to Middelburg by the two different passages of the Honde and the Eastern Scheldt. On the other hand, the Prince of Orange had repaired to Flushing to superintend the operations of Admiral Boisot, who already, in obedience to his orders, had got a powerful squadron in readiness at that place. Late in January, 1574, d'Avila arrived in the neighborhood of

Flushing, where he awaited the arrival of Romero's fleet. United, the two commanders were to make a determined attempt to reinforce the starving city of Middelburg. At the same time, Governor Requesens made his appearance in person at Bergen-op-Zoom to expedite the departure of the stronger fleet, but it was not the intention of the Prince of Orange to allow this expedition to save the city. The Spanish generals, however valiant, were to learn that their genius was not amphibious, and that the Beggars of the Sea were still invincible on their own element, even if their brethren of the land had occasionally quailed.

Admiral Boisot's fleet had already moved up the Scheldt and taken a position nearly opposite to Bergen-op-Zoom. On the 20th of January the Prince of Orange, embarking from Zierikzee, came to make them a visit before the impending action. They swore that they would shed every drop of blood in their veins, but they would sustain the Prince and the country; and they solemnly vowed not only to serve, if necessary, without wages, but to sacrifice all that they possessed in the world rather than abandon the cause of their fatherland. Having by his presence and his language aroused their valor to so high a pitch of enthusiasm, the Prince departed for Delft, to make arrangements to drive the Spaniards from the siege of Leyden.

On the 29th of January the fleet of Romero sailed from Bergen, disposed in three divisions, each numbering twenty-five vessels of different sizes. As the Grand Commander stood on the dike of Schakerlo to witness the departure, a general salute was fired by the fleet in his honor, but with most unfortunate augury. The discharge, by some accident, set fire to the magazines of one of the ships, which blew up with a terrible explosion, every soul on board perishing. The expedition, nevertheless, continued its way. Opposite Romerswael, the fleet of Boisot awaited them, drawn up in battle array.

A single broadside from the Spaniards proved to be the first and last of the cannonading. As many of Romero's vessels as could be grappled with in the narrow estuary

found themselves locked in close embrace with their enemies. A murderous hand-to-hand conflict succeeded. Battle-axe, boarding-pike, pistol, and dagger were the weapons. Every man who yielded himself a prisoner was instantly stabbed and tossed into the sea by the remorseless Zeelanders. Fighting only to kill, and not to plunder, they did not even stop to take the gold chains which many Spaniards wore on their necks. It had, however, been obvious from the beginning that the Spanish fleet were not likely to achieve that triumph over the patriots which was necessary before they could relieve Middelburg. The battle continued a little longer; but after fifteen ships had been taken and twelve hundred royalists slain, the remainder of the enemy's fleet retreated into Bergen. Sancho d'Avila, hearing of the disaster which had befallen his countrymen, brought his fleet, with the greatest expedition, back to Antwerp. Thus the gallant Mondragon was abandoned to his fate.

That fate could no longer be protracted. The city of Middelburg had reached and passed the starvation point. Still Mondragon was determined not to yield at discretion, although very willing to capitulate. The Prince, knowing that the brave Spaniard was entirely capable of executing his threats of firing the city and perishing with all in the flames, granted honorable conditions, which, on the 18th of February, were drawn up in five articles, and signed, and the city evacuated.

The Spaniards had thus been successfully driven from the isle of Walcheren, leaving the Hollanders and Zeelanders masters of the sea-coast. Since the siege of Alkmaar had been raised, however, the enemy had remained within the territory of Holland. Leyden was closely invested, the country in a desperate condition, and all communication between its different cities nearly suspended. It was comparatively easy for the Prince of Orange to equip and man his fleets. The genius and habits of the people made them at home upon the water, and inspired them with a feeling of superiority to their adversaries. It was not so upon land. Strong to resist, patient to suffer, the Hollanders, although terrible in defence, had

not the necessary discipline or experience to meet the veteran legions of Spain with confidence in the open field. To raise the siege of Leyden, the main reliance of the Prince was upon Count Louis, who was again in Germany.

Louis had been actively engaged all the earlier part of the winter in levying troops and raising supplies. He had been assisted by the French princes with considerable sums of money, as an earnest of what he was in future to expect from that source. He had made an unsuccessful attempt to effect the capture of Requesens on his way to take the government of the Netherlands. He had then passed to the frontier of France, where he had held his important interview with Catharine de Medici and the Duke of Anjou, then on the point of departure to ascend the throne of Poland. He had received liberal presents, and still more liberal promises.

Count John was indefatigable in arranging the finances of the proposed expedition, and in levying contributions among his numerous relatives and allies in Germany, while Louis had profited by the occasion of Anjou's passage into Poland to acquire for himself two thousand German and French cavalry, who had served to escort that Prince, and who, being now thrown out of employment, were glad to have a job offered them by a general who was thought to be in funds. Another thousand of cavalry and six thousand foot were soon assembled from those ever-swarming nurseries of mercenary warriors, the smaller German states. With these, towards the end of February, Louis crossed the Rhine in a heavy snow-storm, and bent his course towards Maastricht. All the three brothers of the Prince accompanied this little army, besides Duke Christopher, son of the Elector Palatine. Before the end of the month the army reached the Meuse, and encamped within four miles of Maastricht, on the opposite side of the river.

Meantime the Prince of Orange had raised six thousand infantry, whose rendezvous was the isle of Bommel. He was disappointed at the paucity of the troops which Louis had been able to collect, but he sent messengers immediately to him, with a statement of his own condition, and

with directions to join him in the isle of Bommel as soon as Maastricht should be reduced. It was, however, not in the destiny of Louis to reduce Maastricht. When he encamped opposite Maastricht he found the river neither frozen nor open, the ice obstructing the navigation, but being too weak for the weight of an army. While he was thus delayed and embarrassed, Mendoza arrived in the city with reinforcements. It seemed already necessary for Louis to abandon his hopes of Maastricht. On the 3d of March Avila arrived with a large body of troops at Maastricht, and on the 18th Mendoza crossed the river in the night, giving the patriots so severe an *encamisada* that seven hundred were killed, at the expense of only seven of his own party. Harassed, but not dispirited, by these disasters, Louis broke up his camp on the 21st, and took a position farther down the river. On the 8th of April, the Spaniards having assembled a large force of veteran troops to oppose him, he again shifted his encampment, and took his course along the right bank of the Meuse, between that river and the Rhine, in the direction of Nimwegen. Avila promptly decided to follow him, upon the opposite bank of the Meuse, intending to throw himself between Louis and the Prince of Orange, and by a rapid march to give the Count battle before he could join his brother. On the 8th of April, at early dawn, Louis had left the neighborhood of Maastricht, and on the 13th he encamped at the village of Mook, on the Meuse, near the confines of Cleves. Sending out his scouts, he learned to his vexation that the enemy had outmarched him and were now within cannon-shot. Thrust as he was like a wedge into the very heart of a hostile country, he was obliged to force his way through, or to remain in his enemy's power. Moreover, and worst of all, his troops were in a state of mutiny for their wages. While he talked to them of honor they howled to him for money. It was the custom of these mercenaries to mutiny on the eve of battle—of the Spaniards, after it had been fought. By the one course a victory was often lost which might have been achieved; by the other, when won, it was rendered fruitless.

The skirmishing began at early dawn of the 14th of April with an attack upon the trench, and continued some hours, without bringing on a general engagement. Towards ten o'clock Count Louis became impatient. All the trumpets of the patriots now rang out a challenge to their adversaries. The Spaniards, just after returning the defiance and preparing a general onset, received a reinforcement of one thousand men, and promise of five hundred more next day. A council of war hastily held decided to go on with the battle. The skirmishing at the trench which extended from Mook was renewed with redoubled vigor, an additional force being sent against it. After a short and fierce struggle it was carried, and the Spaniards rushed into the village, but were soon dislodged by a larger detachment of infantry which Count Louis sent to the rescue. The battle now became general at this point.

Nearly all the patriot infantry were employed to defend the post; nearly all the Spanish infantry were ordered to assail it. The Spaniards, dropping on their knees according to custom, said a Pater-noster and an Ave-Maria, and then rushed in mass to the attack. After a short but sharp conflict the trench was again carried, and the patriots completely routed. Upon this, Count Louis charged with all his cavalry upon the enemy's horse, which had hitherto remained motionless. With the first shock the mounted arquebusiers of Schenk, constituting the vanguard, were broken, and fled in all directions. So great was their panic, as Louis drove them before him, that they never stopped till they had swum or been drowned in the river, the survivors carrying the news to Grave and to other cities that the royalists had been completely routed. This was, however, very far from the truth. The patriot cavalry, mostly carabineers, wheeled after the first discharge and retired to reload their pieces, but before they were ready for another attack the Spanish lancers and the German black troopers, who had all remained firm, set upon them with great spirit. A fierce, bloody, and confused action succeeded, in which the patriots were completely overthrown.

Count Louis, finding that the day was lost and his

army cut to pieces, rallied around him a little band of troopers, among whom were his brother—Count Henry—and Duke Christopher, and together they made a final and desperate charge. It was the last that was ever seen of them on earth. They all went down together in the midst of the fight, and were never heard of more. The battle terminated, as usual in those conflicts of mutual hatred, in a horrible butchery, hardly any of the patriot army being left to tell the tale of their disaster. At least four thousand were killed, including those who were slain on the field, those who were suffocated in the marshes or the river, and those who were burned in the farm-houses where they had taken refuge. It was uncertain which of those various modes of death had been the lot of Count Louis, his brother, and his friend. The mystery was never solved. They had probably all died on the field; but, stripped of their clothing, with their faces trampled upon by the hoofs of horses, it was not possible to distinguish them from the less illustrious dead.

Thus perished Louis of Nassau in the flower of his manhood, in the midst of a career already crowded with events such as might suffice for a century of ordinary existence. It is difficult to find in history a more frank and loyal character. His life was noble; the elements of the heroic and the genial so mixed in him that the imagination contemplates him, after three centuries, with an almost affectionate interest. He was not a great man. He was far from possessing the subtle genius or the expansive views of his brother; but, called as he was to play a prominent part in one of the most complicated and imposing dramas ever enacted by man, he nevertheless always acquitted himself with honor. His direct, fearless, and energetic nature commanded alike the respect of friend and foe. As a politician, a soldier, and a diplomatist, he was busy, bold, and true. He accomplished by sincerity what many thought could only be compassed by trickery. Dealing often with the most adroit and most treacherous of princes and statesmen, he frequently carried his point, and he never stooped to flattery. From the time when, attended by his "twelve disciples," he assumed the most

prominent part in the negotiations with Margaret of Parma, through all the various scenes of the revolution, through all the conferences with Spaniards, Italians, Huguenots, Malcontents, Flemish councillors, or German princes, he was the consistent and unflinching supporter of religious liberty and constitutional law. The battle of Heiliger Lee and the capture of Mons were his most signal triumphs, but the fruits of both were annihilated by subsequent disaster. His headlong courage was his chief foible. The French accused him of losing the battle of Moncontour by his impatience to engage; yet they acknowledged that to his masterly conduct it was owing that their retreat was effected in so successful, and even so brilliant, a manner. He was censured for rashness and precipitancy in this last and fatal enterprise, but the reproach seems entirely without foundation. The expedition, as already stated, had been deliberately arranged, with the full co-operation of his brother, and had been several months in preparation. That he was able to set no larger force on foot than that which he led into Guelders was not his fault. But for the floating ice, which barred his passage of the Meuse, he would have surprised Maastricht; but for the mutiny, which rendered his mercenary soldiers cowards, he might have defeated Avila at Mookerheyde. Had he done so he would have joined his brother in the isle of Bommel in triumph, the Spaniards would probably have been expelled from Holland, and Leyden saved the horrors of that memorable siege which she was soon called upon to endure. These results were not in his destiny. Providence had decreed that he should perish in the midst of his usefulness; that the Prince, in his death, should lose the right hand which had been so swift to execute his various plans, and the faithful fraternal heart which had always responded so readily to every throb of his own.

In figure he was below the middle height, but martial and noble in his bearing. The expression of his countenance was lively; his manner frank and engaging. All who knew him personally loved him, and he was the idol of his gallant brethren. His mother always addressed him as her

dearly beloved, her heart's cherished Louis. "You must come soon to me," she wrote in the last year of his life, "for I have many matters to ask your advice upon; and I thank you beforehand, for you have loved me as your mother all the days of your life; for which may God Almighty have you in His holy keeping."

It was the doom of this high-born, true-hearted dame to be called upon to weep oftener for her children than is the usual lot of mothers. Count Adolphus had already perished in his youth, on the field of Heiliger Lee, and now Louis, and his young brother Henry, who had scarcely attained his twenty-sixth year, and whose short life had been passed in that faithful service to the cause of freedom which was the instinct of his race, had both found a bloody and an unknown grave.* Count John, who had already done so much for the cause, was fortunately spared to do much more. Although of the expedition, and expecting to participate in the battle, he had, at the urgent solicitation of all the leaders, left the army for a brief season, in order to obtain at Cologne a supply of money for the mutinous troops. He had started upon this mission two days before the action in which he, too, would otherwise have been sacrificed.

The victory of the King's army at Mookerheyde had been rendered comparatively barren by the mutiny which broke forth the day after the battle. Three years' pay was due to the Spanish troops, and it was not surprising that upon this occasion one of those periodic rebellions should break forth, by which the royal cause was frequently so much weakened and the royal governors so intolerably perplexed.

On receiving nothing but promises in answer to their clamorous demands, they mutinied to a man, and crossed the Meuse to Grave, whence, after accomplising the usual

* Dr. P. J. Blok, successor of Professor Fruin in the chair of modern history in Leyden University, and author of a *History of the Netherlandish People*, has published a biography of Count Louis ("Lodewijk Van Nassau"), Hague, 1889. Largely through Dr. Blok's labors and influence there has been erected in the Reformed Church at Mook a handsome memorial in colored marbles to the noble patriots Louis and Henry.

elections, they took their course to Antwerp. Being in such strong force, they determin to strike at the capital. Rumor flew before them. Champagny, brother of Granvelle, and royal governor of the city, wrote in haste to apprise Requesens of the approaching danger. The Grand Commander, attended only by Vitelli, repaired instantly to Antwerp. Champagny advised throwing up a breastwork with bales of merchandise upon the esplanade, between the citadel and the town, for it was at this point, where the connection between the fortifications of the castle and those of the city had never been thoroughly completed, that the invasion might be expected. Requesens hesitated. He trembled at a conflict with his own soldiery. If successful, he could only be so by trampling upon the flower of his army. If defeated, what would become of the King's authority, with rebellious troops triumphant in rebellious provinces? Sorely perplexed, the commander could think of no expedient. Not knowing what to do, he did nothing. In the mean time, Champagny, who felt himself odious to the soldiery, retreated to the Newtown, and barricaded himself, with a few followers, in the house of the Baltic merchants.

On the 26th of April the mutinous troops, in perfect order, marched into the city, effecting their entrance precisely at the weak point where they had been expected. Numbering at least three thousand, they encamped on the esplanade, where Requesens appeared before them alone on horseback, and made them an oration. They listened with composure, but answered briefly and with one accord, "Dinero y non palabras" (Money and not words). Requesens promised profusely, but the time was past for promises. Hard silver dollars would alone content an army which, after three years of bloodshed and starvation, had at last taken the law into its own hands. Requesens withdrew to consult the Broad Council of the city. He was without money himself, but he demanded four hundred thousand crowns of the city. This was at first refused, but the troops knew the strength of their position, for these mutinies were never repressed, and rarely punished. On this occasion the commander was afraid to

employ force, and the burghers, after the army had been quartered upon them for a time, would gladly pay a heavy ransom to be rid of their odious and expensive guests. The mutineers, foreseeing that the work might last a few weeks and determined to proceed leisurely, took possession of the great square. The Eletto, or leader, with his staff of councillors, was quartered in the Town-house, while the soldiers distributed themselves among the houses of the most opulent citizens, no one escaping a billet who was rich enough to receive such company : bishop or burgomaster, margrave or merchant. The most famous kitchens were naturally the most eagerly sought, and sumptuous apartments, luxurious dishes, delicate wines, were daily demanded. The burghers dared not refuse.

The six hundred Walloons, who had been previously quartered in the city, were expelled, and for many days the mutiny reigned paramount. The mutineers raised an altar of chests and bales upon the public square, and celebrated mass under the open sky, solemnly swearing to be true to one another to the last. Scenes of carousing and merry-making were repeatedly renewed at the expense of the citizens, who were exposed to nightly alarms from the boisterous mirth and ceaseless mischief-making of the soldiers. Before the end of the month, the Broad Council, exhausted by the incubus which had afflicted them so many weeks, acceded to the demand of Requesens, and furnished four hundred thousand crowns, the Grand Commander accepting them as a loan, and giving in return bonds duly signed and countersigned, together with a mortgage upon all the royal domains. The citizens received the documents as a matter of form, but they had handled such securities before, and valued them but slightly. The mutineers now agreed to settle with the governor-general, on condition of receiving all their wages, either in cash or cloth, together with a solemn promise of pardon for all their acts of insubordination. This pledge was formally rendered with appropriate religious ceremonies, by Requesens, in the cathedral. The payments were made directly afterwards, and a great banquet was held on the same day, by the whole mass of the

soldiery, to celebrate the event. The feast took place on the place of the Meer, and was a scene of furious revelry. The soldiers, more thoughtless than children, had arrayed themselves in extemporaneous costumes, cut from the cloth which they had at last received in payment of their sufferings and their blood. Broadcloths, silks, satins, and gold-embroidered brocades, worthy of a queen's wardrobe, were hung in fantastic drapery around the sinewy forms and bronzed faces of the soldiery, who, the day before, had been clothed in rags. The mirth was fast and furious; and scarce was the banquet finished before every drum-head became a gaming-table, around which gathered groups eager to sacrifice in a moment their dearly bought gold.

The fortunate or the prudent had not yet succeeded in entirely plundering their companions when the distant booming of cannon was heard from the river. Instantly, accoutred as they were in their holiday and fantastic costumes, the soldiers, no longer mutinous, were summoned from banquet and gaming-table, and were ordered forth upon the dikes. The patriot Admiral Boisot, who had so recently defeated the fleet of Bergen, under the eyes of the Grand Commander, had unexpectedly sailed up the Scheldt, determined to destroy the fleet of Antwerp, which upon that occasion had escaped. Between the forts of Lillo and Calloo he met with twenty-two vessels under the command of Vice-Admiral Haemstede. After a short and sharp action he was completely victorious. Fourteen of the enemy's ships were burned or sunk, with all their crews, and Admiral Haemstede was taken prisoner. The soldiers opened a brisk fire of musketry upon Boisot from the dike, to which he responded with his cannon. The distance of the combatants, however, made the action unimportant, and the patriots retired down the river after achieving a complete victory. The Grand Commander was farther than ever from obtaining that foothold on the sea which, as he had informed his sovereign, was the only means by which the Netherlands could be reduced.

CHAPTER II

SIEGE AND RELIEF OF LEYDEN

The invasion of Louis of Nassau had effected the raising of the first siege of Leyden. That leaguer had lasted from the 31st of October, 1573, to the 21st of March, 1574, when the soldiers were summoned away to defend the frontier. By extraordinary and culpable carelessness, the citizens, neglecting the advice of the Prince, had not taken advantage of the breathing-time thus afforded them to revictual the city and strengthen the garrison. They seemed to reckon more confidently upon the success of Count Louis than he had even done himself; for it was very probable that, in case of his defeat, the siege would be instantly resumed. This natural result was not long in following the battle of Mookerheyde.

On the 26th of May Valdez reappeared before the place, at the head of eight thousand Walloons and Germans, and Leyden was now destined to pass through a fiery ordeal. This city was one of the most beautiful in the Netherlands. Placed in the midst of broad and fruitful pastures, which had been reclaimed by the hand of industry from the bottom of the sea, it was fringed with smiling villages, blooming gardens, fruitful orchards. The ancient, and at last decrepit, Rhine, flowing languidly towards its sandy death-bed, had been multiplied into innumerable artificial currents, by which the city was completely interlaced. These watery streets were shaded by lime-trees, poplars, and willows, and crossed by one hundred and forty-five bridges, mostly of hammered stone. The houses were elegant, the squares and streets spacious, airy, and clean, the churches and public edifices imposing, while

the whole aspect of the place suggested thrift, industry, and comfort. Upon an artificial elevation, in the centre of the city, rose a ruined tower of unknown antiquity. By some it was considered to be of Roman origin, while others preferred to regard it as a work of the Anglo-Saxon Hengist, raised to commemorate his conquest of England.* Surrounded by fruit trees, and overgrown in the centre with oaks, it afforded from its mouldering battlements a charming prospect over a wide expanse of level country, with the spires of neighboring cities rising in every direction. It was from this commanding height, during the long and terrible summer days which were approaching, that many an eye was to be strained anxiously seaward, watching if yet the ocean had begun to roll over the land.

Valdez lost no time in securing himself in the possession of Maaslandsluis, Vlaardingen, and The Hague. Five hundred English, under command of Colonel Edward Chester, abandoned the fortress of Valkenburg, and fled towards Leyden. Refused admittance by the citizens, who now, with reason, distrusted them, they surrendered to Valdez, and were afterwards sent back to England. In the course of a few days Leyden was thoroughly invested, no fewer than sixty-two redoubts, some of them having remained undestroyed from the previous siege, now girdling the city, while the besiegers already numbered nearly eight thousand—a force to be daily increased. On the other hand, there were no troops in the town, save a small corps of "freebooters" and five companies of the burgher guard. John Van der Does, Seigneur of Nordwyck, a gentleman of distinguished family, but still more distinguished for his learning, his poetical genius, and his valor, had accepted the office of military commandant.

The main reliance of the city, under God, was on the stout hearts of its inhabitants within the walls, and on

* Excavations have shown that the present mound is the accumulated result of Keltic, Teutonic, Roman, and Mediæval fortification, which commanded the two branches of the Rhine, the tower, or lookout, giving its name to Lugdunum, the first syllable of which name is of the same root with the word "look."

the sleepless energy of William the Silent without. The Prince, hastening to comfort and encourage the citizens, although he had been justly irritated by their negligence in having omitted to provide more sufficiently against the emergency while there had yet been time, now reminded them that they were not about to contend for themselves alone, but that the fate of their country and of unborn generations would, in all human probability, depend on the issue about to be tried. Eternal glory would be their portion if they manifested a courage worthy of their race and of the sacred cause of religion and liberty. He implored them to hold out at least three months, assuring them that he would, within that time, devise the means of their deliverance. The citizens responded courageously and confidently to these missives, and assured the Prince of their firm confidence in their own fortitude and his exertions.

And truly they had a right to rely on that calm and unflinching soul as on a rock of adamant. All alone, without a being near him to consult, his right arm struck from him by the death of Louis, with no brother left to him but the untiring and faithful John, he prepared without delay for the new task imposed upon him. France, since the defeat and death of Louis, and the busy intrigues which had followed the accession of Henry the Third, had but small sympathy for the Netherlands. The English government, relieved from the fear of France, was more cold and haughty than ever. An Englishman employed by Requesens to assassinate the Prince of Orange had been arrested in Zeeland, who impudently pretended that he had undertaken to perform the same office for Count John, with the full consent and privity of Queen Elizabeth. The provinces of Holland and Zeeland were stanch and true, but the inequality of the contest between a few brave men upon that hand-breadth of territory and the powerful Spanish Empire seemed to render the issue hopeless.

Moreover, it was now thought expedient to publish the amnesty which had been so long in preparation, and this time the trap was more liberally baited. The pardon,

which had passed the seals upon the 8th of March, was formally issued by the Grand Commander on the 6th of June.

For a moment the Prince feared lest the pardon might produce some effect upon men wearied by interminable suffering, but the event proved him wrong. It was received with universal and absolute contempt. The city of Leyden was equally cold to the messages of mercy which were especially addressed to its population by Valdez and his agents.

According to the advice early given by the Prince of Orange, the citizens had taken an account of their provisions of all kinds, including the live-stock. By the end of June the city was placed on a strict allowance of food, all the provisions being purchased by the authorities at an equitable price. Half a pound of meat and half a pound of bread were allotted to a full-grown man, and to the rest a due proportion. The city being strictly invested, no communication, save by carrier-pigeons, and by a few swift and skilful messengers called jumpers, was possible. Sorties and fierce combats were, however, of daily occurrence, and a handsome bounty was offered to any man who brought into the city gates the head of a Spaniard. The reward was paid many times, but the population was becoming so excited and so apt that the authorities felt it dangerous to permit the continuance of these conflicts. Lest the city, little by little, should lose its few disciplined defenders, it was now proclaimed, by sound of church bell, that in future no man should leave the gates.

The Prince had his headquarters at Delft and at Rotterdam. Between those two cities an important fortress, called Polderwaert, secured him in the control of the alluvial quadrangle, watered on two sides by the Yssel and the Meuse. On the 29th of June the Spaniards, feeling its value, had made an unsuccessful effort to carry this fort by storm. They had been beaten off, with the loss of several hundred men, the Prince remaining in possession of the position, from which alone he could hope to relieve Leyden. He still held in his hand the

keys with which he could unlock the ocean gates and let the waters in upon the land, and he had long been convinced that nothing could save the city but to break the dikes. Leyden was not upon the sea, but he could send the sea to Leyden, although an army fit to encounter the besieging force under Valdez could not be levied. The battle of Mookerheyde had, for the present, quite settled the question of land relief, but it was possible to besiege the besiegers with the waves of the ocean. The Spaniards occupied the coast from The Hague to Vlaardingen, but the dikes along the Meuse and Yssel were in possession of the Prince. He determined that these should be pierced, while, at the same time, the great sluices at Rotterdam, Schiedam, and Delftshaven should be opened. The damage to the fields, villages, and growing crops would be enormous, but he felt that no other course could rescue Leyden, and with it the whole of Holland, from destruction. His clear expositions and impassioned eloquence at last overcame all resistance. By the middle of July the estates fully consented to his plan, and its execution was immediately undertaken. On the 3d of August the Prince, accompanied by Paul Buys, chief of the commission appointed to execute the enterprise, went in person along the Yssel, as far as Kappelle, and superintended the rupture of the dikes in sixteen places. The gates at Schiedam and Rotterdam were opened, and the ocean began to pour over the land. While waiting for the waters to rise, provisions were rapidly collected, according to an edict of the Prince, in all the principal towns of the neighborhood, and some two hundred vessels of various sizes had also been got ready at Rotterdam, Delftshaven, and other ports.

The citizens of Leyden were, however, already becoming impatient, for their bread was gone, and of its substitute, malt-cake, they had but slender provision. On the 12th of August they received a letter from the Prince, encouraging them to resistance and assuring them of a speedy relief, and on the 21st they addressed a despatch to him in reply, stating that they had now fulfilled their original promise, for they had held out two months with

food and another month without food. If not soon assisted, human strength could do no more; their malt-cake would last but four days, and after that was gone there was nothing left but starvation. Upon the same day, however, they received a letter, dictated by the Prince, who now lay in bed at Rotterdam with a violent fever, assuring them that the dikes were all pierced, and that the water was rising upon the "Land-scheiding," the great outer barrier which separated the city from the sea. He said nothing, however, of his own illness, which would have cast a deep shadow over the joy which now broke forth among the burghers.

The letter was read publicly in the market-place, and to increase the cheerfulness, Burgomaster Van der Werf, knowing the sensibility of his countrymen to music, ordered the city musicians to perambulate the streets playing lively melodies and martial airs. Salvos of cannon were likewise fired, and the starving city for a brief space put on the aspect of a holiday, much to the astonishment of the besieging forces, who were not yet aware of the Prince's efforts. They perceived very soon, however, as the water everywhere about Leyden had risen to the depth of ten inches, that they stood in a perilous position. It was no trifling danger to be thus attacked by the waves of the ocean, which seemed about to obey with docility the command of William the Silent. Valdez became anxious and uncomfortable at the strange aspect of affairs; for the besieging army was now in its turn beleaguered, and by a stronger power than man's. He consulted with the most experienced of his officers, with the country people, with the most distinguished among the Glippers, or Dutch friends of the King, and derived encouragement from their views concerning the Prince's plan. They pronounced it utterly futile and hopeless. The Glippers knew the country well, and ridiculed the desperate project in unmeasured terms.

The fever of the Prince had, meanwhile, reached its height. He lay at Rotterdam, utterly prostrate in body, and with mind agitated nearly to delirium by the perpetual and almost unassisted schemes which he was con-

structing. Relief, not only for Leyden but for the whole country, now apparently sinking into the abyss, was the vision which he pursued as he tossed upon his restless couch. Never was illness more unseasonable.

Towards the end of August a vague report had found its way into his sick chamber that Leyden had fallen, and although he refused to credit the tale, yet it served to harass his mind and to heighten the fever. Cornelius Mierop, who paid a timely visit, was enabled flatly to contradict the fiction. The Prince began to mend from that hour. By the end of the first week of September he wrote a long letter to his brother, assuring him of his convalescence and expressing, as usual, a calm confidence in the divine decrees—"God will ordain for me," said he, "all which is necessary for my good and my salvation. He will load me with no more afflictions than the fragility of this nature can sustain."

The preparations for the relief of Leyden, which, notwithstanding his exertions, had grown slack during his sickness, were now vigorously resumed. On the 1st of September Admiral Boisot arrived out of Zeeland with a small number of vessels and with eight hundred veteran sailors. A wild and ferocious crew were those eight hundred Zeelanders. Scarred, hacked, and even maimed, in the unceasing conflicts in which their lives had passed; wearing crescents in their caps with the inscription, "Rather Turkish than Popish"; renowned far and wide, as much for their ferocity as for their nautical skill; the appearance of these wildest of the "sea-beggars" was both eccentric and terrific. They were known never to give nor to take quarter, for they went to *mortal* combat only, and had sworn not to spare noble or simple, king, kaiser, or pope, should they fall into their power.

More than two hundred vessels had been now assembled, carrying generally ten pieces of cannon, with from ten to eighteen oars, and manned with twenty-five hundred veterans, experienced both on land and water. The work was now undertaken in earnest. The distance from Leyden to the outer dike, over whose ruins the ocean had already been admitted, was nearly fifteen miles. This re-

claimed territory, however, was not maintained against the sea by these external barriers alone. The flotilla made its way with ease to the Land-scheiding, a strong dike within five miles of Leyden, but here its progress was arrested. The approach to the city was surrounded by many strong ramparts, one within the other, by which it was defended against its ancient enemy, the ocean, precisely like the circumvallations by means of which it was now assailed by its more recent enemy, the Spaniard. To enable the fleet, however, to sail over the land, it was necessary to break through this twofold series of defences. Between the Land-scheiding and Leyden were several dikes which kept out the water; upon the level territory thus encircled were many villages, together with a chain of sixty-two forts, which completely occupied the land. All these villages and fortresses were held by the veteran troops of the King — the besieging force being about four times as strong as that which was coming to the rescue.

The Prince had given orders that the Land-scheiding, which was still one and a half feet above water, should be taken possession of at every hazard. On the night of the 10th and 11th of September this was accomplished by surprise and in a masterly manner. Then followed nearly a fortnight of fighting on dike and deck, the forcing of barriers, the driving of the ships over the water through the gaps, alternate victory and defeat, the rise and fall of hopes with the ebb and swell of the borrowed ocean flood, the burning of villages, and the contraction of the Spaniards into an ever-narrowing circle of land and forts.

The rescuing fleet was delayed at North Aa by barrier, called the "Kirk-way." The waters, too, spreading once more over a wider space, and diminishing under an east wind, which had again arisen, no longer permitted their progress, so that very soon the whole armada was stranded anew. The waters fell to the depth of nine inches, while the vessels required eighteen and twenty. Day after day the fleet lay motionless upon the shallow sea. Orange, rising from his sick-bed as soon as he could stand, now

came on board the fleet. His presence diffused universal joy; his words inspired his desponding army with fresh hope. He rebuked the impatient spirits who, weary of their compulsory idleness, had shown symptoms of ill-timed ferocity, and those eight hundred mad Zeelanders, so frantic in their hatred to the foreigners, who had so long profaned their land, were as docile as children to the Prince. He reconnoitred the whole ground, and issued orders for the immediate destruction of the Kirk-way, the last important barrier which separated the fleet from Leyden. Then, after a long conference with Admiral Boisot, he returned to Delft.

Meantime the besieged city was at its last gasp. Bread, malt-cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin, were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food, but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful—infants starved to death on the maternal breasts, which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses—father, mother, and children—side by side; for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human

beings sank before this scourge alone; yet the people resolutely held out—women and men mutually encouraging one another to resist the entrance of their foreign foe—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

The missives from Valdez, who saw more vividly than the besieged could do the uncertainty of his own position, now poured daily into the city, the enemy becoming more prodigal of his vows as he felt that the ocean might yet save the victims from his grasp. The inhabitants, in their ignorance, had gradually abandoned all hope of relief, but they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in the centre of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of St. Pancras, with its high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets, and with two ancient lime-trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leafed felt-hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved, "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards?—a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me; not so that of the city entrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved, but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take

my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive."

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging new vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance at the enemy.

On the 28th of September a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this despatch the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market-place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow, the vanes pointed to the east, the waters, so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the Prince that if the spring tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favorable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to attempt anything further, and that the expedition would, of necessity, be abandoned. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night between the 1st and 2d of October, came storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours fully eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dikes.

In the course of twenty-four hours the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirk-way, which had been broken through, according to the Prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they stead-

ily rowed towards Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle: a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney-stacks of half-submerged farm-houses rising around the contending vessels. The neighboring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zeelanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel Admiral was at last afloat and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows, which led into the great mere, the Zeelanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path—the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla, but the panic, which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots, had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction towards The Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zeelanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dike and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in keen pursuit, attacking them with boat-hook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to The Hague.

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose for-

midable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitring the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the headquarters of Valdez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to enable them to make a wide detour, it might be possible, if, in the mean time, Leyden did not starve or surrender, to enter its gates from the opposite side.

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been despatched by Boisot informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, towards the tower of Hengist. "Yonder," cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand towards Lammen—"yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?" "We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us." It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the

waters in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall between the Cow Gate and the Tower of Burgundy fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned at length after the feverish night, and the Admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time a solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy, Gisbert Cornellisen, now waving his cap from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, himself flying from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen and

entered the city on the morning of the 3d of October. Leyden was relieved.

The quays were lined with the famishing population as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand coming forth to greet the preservers of the city. Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures who for two months had tasted no wholesome human food, and who had literally been living within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the blessed gift, at last too liberally bestowed. Many choked themselves to death in the greediness with which they devoured their bread; others became ill with the effects of plenty thus suddenly succeeding starvation; but these were isolated cases, a repetition of which was prevented. The Admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zeelanders, emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children—nearly every living person within the walls—all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of kings. After prayers, the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children. This scene of honest pathos terminated, the necessary measures for distributing the food and for relieving the sick were taken by the magistracy. A note despatched to the Prince of Orange was received by him at two o'clock, as he sat in church at Delft. It was of a somewhat different purport from that of the letter which he had received early in the same day from Boisot—the letter in which the Admiral had informed him that the success of the enterprise depended, after all, upon the desperate assault upon a nearly impregnable fort. The joy of the Prince may be easily imagined, and so soon as the sermon was concluded, he handed the

letter just received to the minister to be read to the congregation. Thus, all participated in his joy and united with him in thanksgiving.

The next day, notwithstanding the urgent entreaties of his friends, who were anxious lest his life should be endangered by breathing, in his scarcely convalescent state, the air of the city where so many thousand had been dying of the pestilence, the Prince repaired to Leyden. He, at least, had never doubted his own or his country's fortitude.

On the 4th of October, the day following that on which the relief of the city was effected, the wind shifted to the northeast, and again blew a tempest. It was as if the waters, having now done their work, had been rolled back to the ocean by an omnipotent hand, for in the course of a few days the land was bare again and the work of reconstructing the dikes commenced.

After a brief interval of repose, Leyden had regained its former position. The Prince, with the advice of the estates, had granted the city, as a reward for its sufferings, a ten days' annual fair, without tolls or taxes, and as a further manifestation of the gratitude entertained by the people of Holland and Zeeland for the heroism of the citizens, it was resolved that an academy or university should be forthwith established within their walls. The University of Leyden, afterwards so illustrious, was thus founded in the very darkest period of the country's struggle.

The university was endowed with a handsome revenue, principally derived from the ancient abbey of Egmont, and was provided with a number of professors, selected for their genius, learning, and piety among all the most distinguished scholars of the Netherlands. The document by which the institution was founded was certainly a masterpiece of ponderous irony, for as the fiction of the King's sovereignty was still maintained,* Philip was

* Under this same fiction of the royal sovereignty, the English Parliament issued commissions in the name of Charles the First to the soldiers who fought against the King, and the battle of Lexington was fought and orders, until July 4, 1776, were issued in the name of George the Third.

UNIVERSITY OF LEYDEN

gravely made to establish the university as a reward to Leyden for rebellion to himself. "Considering," said this wonderful charter, "that during these present wearisome wars within our provinces of Holland and Zeeland, all good instruction of youth in the sciences and liberal arts is likely to come into oblivion. . . . *Considering the differences of religion* — considering that we are inclined to gratify *our city of Leyden, with its burghers, on account of the heavy burthens sustained by them during this war with such faithfulness*—we have resolved, after *ripely deliberating with our dear cousin, William, Prince of Orange,* stadholder, to erect a free public school and university," etc., etc., etc. So ran the document establishing this famous academy, all needful regulations for the government and police of the institution being entrusted by Philip to his "above-mentioned dear cousin of Orange."

The university having been founded, endowed, and supplied with its teachers, it was solemnly consecrated in the following winter, and it is agreeable to contemplate this scene of harmless pedantry, interposed, as it was, between the acts of the longest and dreariest tragedy of modern time. On the 5th of February, 1575, the city of Leyden, so lately the victim of famine and pestilence, crowned itself with flowers. At seven in the morning, after a solemn religious celebration in the church of St. Peter, a grand procession was formed. It was preceded by a military escort, consisting of the burgher militia and the five companies of infantry stationed in the city. Then came, drawn by four horses, a splendid triumphal chariot, on which sat a female figure arrayed in snow-white garments. This was the Holy Gospel. She was attended by the Four Evangelists, who walked on foot at each side of her chariot. Next followed Justice, with sword and scales, mounted, blindfold, upon a unicorn, while those learned doctors, Julian, Papinian, Ulpian, and Tribonian, rode on each side, attended by two lackeys and four men-at-arms. After these came Medicine, on horseback, holding in one hand a treatise of the healing art, in the other a garland of drugs. The curative goddess rode between the

four eminent physicians, Hippocrates, Galen, Dioscorides, and Theophrastus, and was attended by two footmen and four pike-bearers. Last of the allegorical personages came Minerva, prancing in complete steel, with lance in rest, and bearing her Medusa shield. Aristotle and Plato, Cicero and Virgil, all on horseback, with attendants in antique armor at their back, surrounded the daughter of Jupiter, while the city band, discoursing eloquent music from hautboy and viol, came upon the heels of the allegory. Then followed the mace-bearers and other officials, escorting the orator of the day, the newly appointed professors and doctors, the magistrates and dignitaries, and the body of the citizens generally completing the procession.

Marshalled in this order, through triumphal arches and over a pavement strewed with flowers, the procession moved slowly up and down the different streets and along the quiet canals of the city. As it reached the Nuns' Bridge, a barge of triumph, gorgeously decorated, came floating slowly down the sluggish Rhine. Upon its deck, under a canopy enwreathed with laurels *and oranges*, and adorned with tapestry, sat Apollo, attended by the Nine Muses, all in classical costume; at the helm stood Neptune with his trident. The Muses executed some beautiful concerted pieces; Apollo twanged his lute. Having reached the landing-place, this deputation from Parnassus stepped on shore, and stood awaiting the arrival of the procession. Each professor, as he advanced, was gravely embraced and kissed by Apollo and all the Nine Muses in turn, who greeted their arrival, besides, with the recitation of an elegant Latin poem. This classical ceremony terminated, the whole procession marched together to the cloister of St. Barbara, the place prepared for the new university, where they listened to an eloquent oration by the Rev. Caspar Kolhas, after which they partook of a magnificent banquet. With this memorable feast, in the place where famine had so lately reigned, the ceremonies were concluded.

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST UNION OF THE DUTCH STATES

The Council of Troubles, or, as it will be forever denominated in history, the Council of Blood, still existed, although the Grand Commander, upon his arrival in the Netherlands, had advised his sovereign to consent to the immediate abolition of so odious an institution. Philip, accepting the advice of his governor and his cabinet, had accordingly authorized him, by a letter of the 10th of March, 1574, to take that step if he continued to believe it advisable.

Requesens had made use of this permission to extort money from the obedient portion of the provinces. An assembly of deputies was held at Brussels on the 7th of June, 1574, and there was a tedious interchange of protocols, reports, and remonstrances. The estates, not satisfied with the extinction of a tribunal which had at last worn itself out by its own violence, and had become inactive through lack of victims, insisted on greater concessions. They demanded the departure of the Spanish troops, the establishment of a council of Netherlanders in Spain for Netherland affairs, the restoration to offices in the provinces of natives and natives only; for these drawers of documents thought it possible at that epoch to recover by pedantry what their brethren of Holland and Zeeland were maintaining with the sword. It was not the moment for historical disquisition, citations from Solomon, nor chopping of logic; yet with such lucubrations were reams of paper filled and days and weeks occupied. The result was what might have been expected. The Grand Commander obtained but little

money; the estates obtained none of their demands; and the Council of Blood remained, as it were, suspended in mid-air. It continued to transact business at intervals during the administration of Requesens, and at last, after nine years of existence, was destroyed by the violent imprisonment of the Council of State at Brussels. This event, however, belongs to a subsequent page of this history.

Noircarmes had argued, from the tenor of Sainte-Aldegonde's letters, that the Prince would be ready to accept his pardon upon almost any terms. Several envoys from the Grand Commander met the Prince of Orange and discussed the matter. Breath, time, and paper were wasted, and nothing was gained. The proceedings on the part of Sainte-Aldegonde, Champagny, Junius, and Elbertus Leoninus extended through the whole summer and autumn of 1574, and were not terminated until January of the following year.

Changes, fast becoming necessary in the internal government of the provinces, were also undertaken during this year. Hitherto the Prince had exercised his power under the convenient fiction of the King's authority, systematically conducting the rebellion in the name of his Majesty, and as his Majesty's stadholder. By this process an immense power was lodged in his hands; nothing less, indeed, than the supreme executive and legislative functions of the land; while, since the revolt had become, as it were, perpetual, ample but anomalous functions had been additionally thrust upon him by the estates and by the general voice of the people.

The two provinces, even while deprived of Haarlem and Amsterdam, now raised two hundred and ten thousand florins monthly, whereas Alva had never been able to extract from Holland more than two hundred and seventy-one thousand florins yearly. They paid all rather than pay a tenth. In consequence of this liberality the cities insensibly acquired a greater influence in the government. The coming contest between the centrifugal aristocratic principle, represented by these corporations, and the central, popular authority of the stadholder was already fore-

shadowed, but at first the estates were in perfect harmony with the Prince. They even urged upon him more power than he desired, and declined functions which he wished them to exercise. On the 7th of September, 1573, it had been formally proposed by the general council to confer a regular and unlimited dictatorship upon him, but in the course of a year from that time the cities had begun to feel their increasing importance. Moreover, while growing more ambitious, they became less liberal.

The Prince, dissatisfied with the conduct of the cities, brought the whole subject before an assembly of the estates of Holland on the 20th of October, 1574. He stated the inconveniences produced by the anomalous condition of the government. He complained that the common people had often fallen into the error that the money raised for public purposes had been levied for his benefit only, and that they had, therefore, been less willing to contribute to the taxes. As the only remedy for these evils, he tendered his resignation of all the powers with which he was clothed, so that the estates might then take the government, which they could exercise without conflict or control. For himself, he had never desired power, except as a means of being useful to his country, and he did not offer his resignation from unwillingness to stand by the cause, but from a hearty desire to save it from disputes among its friends. He was ready, now as ever, to shed the last drop of his blood to maintain the freedom of the land.

This straightforward language produced an instantaneous effect. The estates knew that they were dealing with a man whose life was governed by lofty principles, and they felt that they were in danger of losing him through their own selfishness and low ambition. They were embarrassed, for they did not like to relinquish the authority which they had begun to relish, nor to accept the resignation of a man who was indispensable. They felt that to give up William of Orange at that time was to accept the Spanish yoke forever. At an assembly held at Delft on the 12th of November, 1574, they accordingly requested him "to continue in his blessed government, with the

council established near him," and for this end they formally offered to him, "under the name of Governor or Regent," absolute power, authority, and sovereign command. In particular they conferred on him the entire control of all the ships of war, hitherto reserved to the different cities, together with the right to dispose of all prizes and all moneys raised for the support of fleets. They gave him also unlimited power over the domains; they agreed that all magistracies, militia bands, guilds, and communities, should make solemn oath to contribute taxes and to receive garrisons, exactly as the Prince, with his council, should ordain; but they made it a condition that the estates should be convened and consulted upon requests, impositions, and upon all changes in the governing body. It was also stipulated that the judges of the supreme court and of the exchequer, with other high officers, should be appointed by and with the consent of the estates.

The Prince expressed himself willing to accept the government upon these terms. He, however, demanded an allowance of forty-five thousand florins monthly for the army expenses and other current outlays. Here, however, the estates refused their consent. In a mercantile spirit, unworthy the occasion and the man with whom they were dealing, they endeavored to chaffer where they should have been only too willing to comply, and they attempted to reduce the reasonable demand of the Prince to thirty thousand florins. The Prince, who had poured out his own wealth so lavishly in the cause, who, together with his brothers—particularly the generous John of Nassau—had contributed all which they could raise by mortgage, sales of jewelry and furniture, and by extensive loans, subjecting themselves to constant embarrassment and almost to penury, felt himself outraged by the paltriness of this conduct. He expressed his indignation and denounced the niggardliness of the estates in the strongest language, and declared that he would rather leave the country forever, with the maintenance of his own honor, than accept the government upon such disgraceful terms. The estates, disturbed by his vehemence, and struck with its justice, instantly, and without further

deliberation, consented to his demand. They granted the forty-five thousand florins monthly, and the Prince assumed the government, thus remodelled.

During the autumn and early winter of the year 1574 the Emperor Maximilian had been actively exerting himself to bring about a pacification of the Netherlands. He was certainly sincere, for an excellent reason. The mediator was anxious for a settlement because the interests of the imperial house required it. The King of Spain was desirous of peace, but was unwilling to concede a hair. The Prince of Orange was equally anxious to terminate the war, but was determined not to abandon the objects for which it had been undertaken. A favorable result, therefore, seemed hardly possible. A whole people claimed the liberty to stay at home and practise the Protestant religion, while their King asserted the right to banish them forever, or to burn them if they remained. The parties seemed too far apart to be brought together by the most elastic compromise. The Prince addressed an earnest appeal to the assembly of Holland, then in session at Dort, reminding them that although peace was desirable it might be more dangerous than war, and entreating them, therefore, to conclude no treaty which should be inconsistent with the privileges of the country and their duty to God.

It was now resolved that all the votes of the assembly should consist of five : one for the nobles and large cities of Holland, one for the estates of Zeeland, one for the small cities of Holland, one for the cities Bommel and Buren, and the fifth for William of Orange. The Prince thus effectually held in his hands three votes : his own, that of the small cities—which through his means only had been admitted to the assembly—and, thirdly, that of Buren, the capital of his son's earldom. He thus exercised a controlling influence over the coming deliberations. The ten commissioners who were appointed by the estates for the peace negotiations were all his friends. Among them were Saint-Aldegonde, Paul Buys, Charles Boisot, and Dr. Junius. The plenipotentiaries of the Spanish government were Leoninus, the Seigneur de Rassinghem,

Cornelius Suis, and Arnold Sasbout. The proceedings were opened at Breda upon the 3d of March, 1575. Little, if anything, new was developed during the various sessions. The same old demands were insisted upon in substance by the King of Spain. The provincial plenipotentiaries took their leave, in a paper dated the 13th of July, 1575.

The internal government of the insurgent provinces had remained upon the footing which we have seen established in the autumn of 1574, but in the course of this summer (1575), however, the foundation was laid for the union of Holland and Zeeland, under the authority of Orange. The selfish principle of municipal aristocracy, which had tended to keep asunder these various groups of cities, was now repressed by the energy of the Prince and the strong determination of the people.

In April, 1575, certain articles of union between Holland and Zeeland were proposed, and six commissioners appointed to draw up an ordinance for the government of the two provinces. This ordinance was accepted in general assembly of both. It was in twenty articles. It declared that, during the war, the Prince, as sovereign, should have absolute power in all matters concerning the defence of the country. He was to appoint military officers, high and low, establish and remove garrisons, punish offenders against the laws of war. He was to regulate the expenditure of all money voted by the estates. He was to maintain the law, in the King's name, as Count of Holland, and to appoint all judicial officers upon nominations by the estates. He was, at the usual times, to appoint and renew the magistracies of the cities, according to their constitutions. He was to protect the exercise of the Evangelical Reformed religion, *and to suppress the exercise of the Roman religion*, without permitting, however, that search should be made into the creed of any person. A deliberative and executive council, by which the jealousy of the corporations had intended to hamper his government, did not come into more than nominal existence.

The articles of union having been agreed upon, the

Prince, desiring an unfettered expression of the national will, wished the ordinance to be laid before the people in their primary assemblies. The estates, however, were opposed to this democratic proceeding. They represented that it had been customary to consult, after the city magistracies, only the captains of companies and the deans of guilds on matters of government. The Prince, yielding the point, the captains of companies and deans of guilds accordingly alone united with the aristocratic boards in ratifying the instrument by which his authority over the two united provinces was established. On the 4th of June this first union was solemnized.

Upon the 11th of July, the Prince formally accepted the government. He, however, made an essential change in a very important clause of the ordinance. In place of the words the "Roman religion," he insisted that the words, "religion at variance with the Gospel," should be substituted in the article by which he was enjoined to prohibit the exercise of such religion. This alteration rebuked the bigotry which had already grown out of the successful resistance to bigotry, and left the door open for a general religious toleration.

Early in this year the Prince had despatched Sainte-Aldegonde on a private mission to the Elector Palatine. During some of his visits to that potentate he had seen at Heidelberg the Princess Charlotte of Bourbon. That lady was daughter of the Duc de Montpensier, the most ardent of the Catholic Princes of France, and the one who at the conferences of Bayonne had been most indignant at the Queen Dowager's hesitation to unite heartily with the schemes of Alva and Philip for the extermination of the Huguenots. His daughter, a woman of beauty, intelligence, and virtue, forced before the canonical age to take the religious vows, had been placed in the convent of Jouarre, of which she had become Abbess. Always secretly inclined to the Reformed religion, she had fled secretly from her cloister, in the year of horrors 1572, and had found refuge at the court of the Elector Palatine, after which step her father refused to receive her letters, to contribute a farthing to her support, or even to acknowl-

edge her claims upon him by a single line or message of affection.

Under these circumstances the outcast Princess, who had arrived at years of maturity, might be considered her own mistress, and she was neither morally nor legally bound, when her hand was sought in marriage by the great champion of the Reformation, to ask the consent of a parent who loathed her religion and denied her existence. The legality of the divorce from Anne of Saxony had been settled by a full expression of the ecclesiastical authority which she most respected; the facts upon which the divorce had been founded having been proved beyond peradventure.

So far, therefore, as the character of Mademoiselle de Bourbon and the legitimacy of her future offspring were concerned, she received ample guarantees. For the rest, the Prince, in a simple letter, informed her that he was already past his prime, having reached his forty-second year, and that his fortune was encumbered not only with settlements for his children by previous marriages, but by debts contracted in the cause of his oppressed country. A convention of doctors and bishops of France, summoned by the Duc de Montpensier, afterwards confirmed the opinion that the conventual vows of the Princess Charlotte had been conformable neither to the laws of France nor to the canons of the Council of Trent. She was conducted to Brill by Sainte-Aldegonde, where she was received by her bridegroom, to whom she was united on the 12th of June. The wedding festival was held at Dort with much revelry and holiday-making, "but without dancing."

In this connection, no doubt, the Prince consulted his inclination only. Eminently domestic in his habits, he required the relief of companionship at home to the exhausting affairs which made up his life abroad. For years he had never enjoyed social converse, except at long intervals, with man or woman; it was natural, therefore, that he should contract this marriage. It was equally natural that he should make many enemies by so impolitic a match.

While important affairs, public and private, had been occurring in the south of Holland and in Germany, a very nefarious transaction had disgraced the cause of the patriot party in the northern quarter. Diedrich Sonoy, governor of that portion of Holland, a man of great bravery but of extreme ferocity of character, had discovered an extensive conspiracy among certain of the inhabitants in aid of an approaching Spanish invasion. Bands of landloupers had been employed, according to the intimation which he had received, or affected to have received, to set fire to villages and towns in every direction, to set up beacons, and to conduct a series of signals by which the expeditions about to be organized were to be furthered in their objects. The governor, determined to show that the Duke of Alva could not be more prompt nor more terrible than himself, improvised, of his own authority, a tribunal in imitation of the infamous Council of Blood. Fortunately for the character of the country, Sonoy was not a Hollander, nor was the jurisdiction of this newly established court allowed to extend beyond very narrow limits. He proceeded to torture, burn, and flay two men, father and son, in a manner quite like that of the church discipline of the Spanish Inquisition. The father died upon the bed of torture. When led to the stake the son exonerated the persons whom he under stress of anguish had falsely accused.

Notwithstanding this solemn recantation, the persons accused were arrested, and in their turn subjected to torture, but the affair now reached the ears of Orange. His peremptory orders, with the universal excitement produced in the neighborhood, at last checked the course of the outrage, and the accused persons were remanded to prison, where they remained till liberated by the Pacification of Ghent. After their release they commenced legal proceedings against Sonoy, with a view of establishing their own innocence, and of bringing the inhuman functionary to justice. The process languished, however, and was finally abandoned, for the powerful governor had rendered such eminent service in the cause of liberty that it was thought unwise to push him to extremity. It is no

impeachment upon the character of the Prince that these horrible crimes were not prevented. It was impossible for him to be omnipresent. Neither is it just to consider the tortures and death thus inflicted upon innocent men an indelible stain upon the cause of liberty. They were the crimes of an individual who had been useful, but who, like the Count Van der Marck, had now contaminated his hand with the blood of the guiltless. The new tribunal never took root, and was abolished as soon as its initiatory horrors were known.

On the 19th of July, Oudewater, entirely unprepared for such an event, was besieged by Hierges, but the garrison and the population, although weak, were brave. The town resisted eighteen days, and on the 7th of August was carried by assault, after which the usual horrors were fully practised, and the garrison was put to the sword, the townspeople faring little better. Men, women, and children were murdered in cold blood, or obliged to purchase their lives by heavy ransoms, while matrons and maids were sold by auction to the soldiers at two or three dollars each. Almost every house in the city was burned to the ground, and these horrible but very customary scenes having been enacted, the army of Hierges took its way to Schoonhoven. That city, not defending itself, secured tolerable terms of capitulation, and surrendered on the 24th of August.

The Grand Commander had not yet given up the hope of naval assistance from Spain, notwithstanding the abrupt termination to the last expedition which had been organized. It was, however, necessary that a foothold should be recovered upon the seaboard before a descent from without could be met with proper co-operation from the land forces within, and he was most anxious, therefore, to effect the reconquest of Schouwen in Zeeland, fronting directly upon the ocean, fortified by its strong capital city, Zierik Zee, and containing numerous villages.

After patiently completing his elaborate preparations, in which he was aided by traitors, Requesens came to Tholen, at which rendezvous were assembled three thousand infantry—partly Spaniards, partly Germans, partly Walloons.

Besides these, a picked corps of two hundred sappers and miners was to accompany the expedition, in order that no time might be lost in fortifying themselves as soon as they had seized possession of Schouwen. Four hundred mounted troopers were, moreover, stationed in the town of Tholen, while the little fleet, which had been prepared at Antwerp, lay near that city, ready to co-operate with the land force as soon as they should complete their enterprise. The Grand Commander now divided the whole force into two parts. One half was to remain in the boats, under the command of Mondragon; the other half, accompanied by the two hundred pioneers, were to wade through the sea from Philipsland to Duiveland and Schouwen. Each soldier of this detachment was provided with a pair of shoes, two pounds of powder, and rations for three days in a canvas bag suspended at his neck. The leader of this expedition was Don Osorio d'Ulloa, an officer distinguished for his experience and bravery.

On the night selected for the enterprise, that of the 27th of September, the moon was a day old in its fourth quarter, and rose a little before twelve. It was low water at between four and five in the morning. The Grand Commander, at the appointed hour of midnight, crossed to Philipsland, and stood on the shore to watch the setting forth of the little army. He addressed a short harangue to them, in which he skilfully struck the chords of Spanish chivalry and the national love of glory, and was answered with loud and enthusiastic cheers. Don Osorio d'Ulloa then stripped and plunged into the sea immediately after the guides. He was followed by the Spaniards, after whom came the Germans, and then the Walloons. The two hundred sappers and miners came next, and Don Gabriel Peralta, with his Spanish company, brought up the rear. It was a wild night. Incessant lightning alternately revealed and obscured the progress of the midnight march through the black waters as the anxious Commander watched the expedition from the shore, but the soldiers were quickly swallowed up in the gloom. As they advanced cautiously, two by two, the daring adventurers

found themselves soon nearly up to their necks in the waves, while so narrow was the submerged bank along which they were marching, that a misstep to the right or left was fatal. Luckless individuals repeatedly sank to rise no more. Meantime, as the sickly light of the waning moon came forth at intervals through the stormy clouds, the soldiers could plainly perceive the files of Zeeland vessels through which they were to march, and which were anchored as close to the flat as the water would allow. Some had recklessly stranded themselves, in their eagerness to interrupt the passage of the troops, and the artillery played unceasingly from the larger vessels. Discharges of musketry came continually from all, but the fitful lightning rendered the aim difficult and the fire comparatively harmless, while the Spaniards were, moreover, protected, as to a large part of their bodies, by the water in which they were immersed.

At times they halted for breath, or to engage in fierce skirmishes with their nearest assailants. Standing breast-high in the waves, and surrounded at intervals by total darkness, they were yet able to pour an occasional well-directed volley into the hostile ranks. The Zeelanders, however, did not assail them with fire-arms alone. They transfixed some with their fatal harpoons; they dragged others from the path with boat-hooks; they beat out the brains of others with heavy flails.

The night wore on, and the adventurers still fought it out manfully but very slowly, the main body of Spaniards, Germans, and Walloons, soon after daylight, reaching the opposite shore, having sustained considerable losses, but in perfect order. The pioneers were not so fortunate. The tide rose over them before they could effect their passage, and swept nearly every one away. The rear-guard, under Peralta, not surprised, like the pioneers, in the middle of their passage, by the rising tide, but prevented, before it was too late, from advancing far beyond the shore from which they had departed, were fortunately enabled to retrace their steps.

Don Osorio, at the head of the successful adventurers, now effected his landing upon Duiveland. Resting them-

selves but for an instant after this unparalleled march of more than six hours through the water, they took a slight refreshment, prayed to the Virgin Mary and to St. James, and then prepared to meet their new enemies on land. Ten companies of French, Scotch, and English auxiliaries lay in Duiveland, under the command of Charles van Boisot. Strange to relate, by an inexplicable accident, or by treason, that general was slain by his own soldiers at the moment when the royal troops landed. The panic created by this event became intense, as the enemy rose suddenly, as it were, out of the depths of the ocean to attack them. They magnified the numbers of their assailants, and fled terror-stricken in every direction. Some swam to the Zeeland vessels which lay in the neighborhood, others took refuge in the forts which had been constructed on the island; but these were soon carried by the Spaniards, and the conquest of Duiveland was effected.

The enterprise was not yet completed, but the remainder was less difficult and not nearly so hazardous, for the creek which separated Duiveland from Schouwen was much narrower than the estuary which they had just traversed. It was less than a league in width, but so encumbered by rushes and briers that, although difficult to wade, it was not navigable for vessels of any kind. This part of the expedition was accomplished with equal resolution, so that, after a few hours' delay, the soldiers stood upon the much-coveted island of Schouwen. Five companies of states troops, placed to oppose their landing, fled in the most cowardly manner at the first discharge of the Spanish muskets, and took refuge in the city of Zierik Zee, which was soon afterwards beleaguered.

The troops had been disembarked upon Duiveland from the armada, which had made its way to the scene of action, after having received, by signal, information that the expedition through the water had been successful. Brouwershaven, on the northern side of Schouwen, was immediately reduced, but Bommenede resisted till the 25th of October, when it was at last carried by assault and delivered over to fire and sword. Of the whole population and garrison not twenty were left alive. Siege was then

laid to Zierik Zee, and Colonel Mondragon was left in charge of the operations. Requesens himself came to Schouwen to give directions concerning this important enterprise. The cruel and corpulent Chiapin Vitelli also came thither in the middle of the winter, but was so much injured by a fall from his litter, while making the tour of the island, that he died on shipboard during his return to Antwerp.

The siege of Zierik Zee was protracted till the following June, the city holding out with firmness. Want of funds caused the operations to be conducted with languor, but the same cause prevented the Prince from accomplishing its relief. Thus the expedition from Philipsland, the most brilliant military exploit of the whole war, was attended with important results. Communication between Walcheren and the rest of Zeeland was interrupted, the province cut in two, and a foothold on the ocean, for a brief interval at least, acquired by Spain. The Prince was inexpressibly chagrined by these circumstances, and felt that the moment had arrived when all honorable means were to be employed to obtain foreign assistance. It was necessary, in short, to look directly in the face the great question of formally renouncing Philip.

Hitherto the fiction of allegiance had been preserved, and, even by the enemies of the Prince, it was admitted that it had been retained with no disloyal intent. The time, however, had come when it was necessary to throw off allegiance, provided another could be found strong enough and frank enough to accept the authority which Philip had forfeited. The question was, naturally, between France and England, unless the provinces could effect their readmission into the body of the Germanic Empire. Already in June the Prince had laid the proposition formally before the states "whether they should not negotiate with the empire on the subject of their admission, with maintenance of their own constitutions," but it was understood that this plan was not to be carried out if the protection of the empire could be obtained under easier conditions.

Nothing came of the proposition at that time. The

nobles and the deputies of South Holland now voted, in the beginning of the ensuing month, "that it was their duty to abandon the King, as a tyrant who sought to oppress and destroy his subjects; and that it behoved them to seek another protector." This was while the Breda negotiations were still pending, but when their inevitable result was very visible. There was still a reluctance at taking the last and decisive step in the rebellion, so that the semblance of loyalty was still retained; that ancient scabbard, in which the sword might yet one day be sheathed. The proposition was not adopted at the diet. A committee of nine was merely appointed to deliberate with the Prince upon the "means of obtaining foreign assistance, without accepting foreign authority, or severing their connection with his Majesty." The estates were, however, summoned a few months later, by the Prince, to deliberate at Rotterdam on this important matter. On the 1st of October he formally proposed either to make terms with the enemy, and that the sooner the better, or else, once for all, to separate entirely from the King of Spain, and to change their sovereign, in order, with the assistance and under the protection of another Christian potentate, to maintain the provinces against their enemies. Orange, moreover, expressed the opinion that upon so important a subject it was decidedly incumbent upon them all to take the sense of the city governments. The members for the various municipalities acquiesced in the propriety of this suggestion, and resolved to consult their constituents, while the deputies of the nobility also desired to consult with their whole body. After an adjournment of a few days, the diet again assembled at Delft, and it was then *unanimously* resolved by the nobles and the cities, "*that they would forsake the King* and seek foreign assistance, referring the choice to the Prince, who, in regard to the government, was to take the opinion of the estates."

Thus the great step was taken by which two little provinces declared themselves independent of their ancient master. That declaration, although taken in the midst of doubt and darkness, was not destined to be cancelled,

and the germ of a new and powerful commonwealth was planted. So little, however, did these republican fathers foresee their coming republic, that the resolution to renounce one king was combined with a proposition to ask for the authority of another. It was not imagined that those two slender columns, which were all that had yet been raised of the future stately peristyle, would be strong enough to stand alone.

It having been determined to send an embassy to England, Advocate Buys and Dr. Francis Maalzon were nominated by the estates, and Sainte-Aldegonde, chief of the mission, was appointed by the Prince. They arrived in England at Christmas-tide, and remained until April, 1576, but accomplished nothing. The envoys, on parting, made a strenuous effort to negotiate a loan, but the frugal Queen considered the proposition quite inadmissible. She granted them liberty to purchase arms and ammunition, and to levy a few soldiers with their own money, and this was accordingly done to a limited extent. As it was not difficult to hire soldiers or to buy gunpowder anywhere, in that warlike age, provided the money was ready, the states had hardly reason to consider themselves under deep obligation for this concession. Yet this was the whole result of the embassy. Plenty of fine words had been bestowed, which might or might not have meaning, according to the turns taken by coming events. Besides these cheap and empty civilities, they received permission to defend Holland at their own expense, with the privilege of surrendering its sovereignty, if they liked, to Queen Elizabeth—and this was all. On the 19th of April the envoys returned to their country, and laid before the estates the meagre result of their negotiations.

Meantime, the important siege of Zierik Zee continued, and it was evident that the city must fall. There was no money at the disposal of the Prince. Count John, who was seriously embarrassed by reason of the great obligations in money which he, with the rest of his family, had incurred on behalf of the estates, had recently made application to the Prince for his influence towards procuring him relief. He had forwarded an account of the great ad-

vances made by himself and his brethren in money, plate, furniture, and indorsements of various kinds, for which a partial reimbursement was almost indispensable to save him from serious difficulties. The Prince, however, unable to procure him any assistance, had been obliged once more to entreat him to display the generosity and the self-denial which the country had never found wanting at his hands or at those of his kindred. The appeal had not been in vain ; but the Count was obviously not in a condition to effect anything more at that moment to relieve the financial distress of the states. The exchequer was crippled. Holland and Zeeland were cut in twain by the occupation of Schouwen and the approaching fall of its capital. Germany, England, France, all refused to stretch out their hands to save the heroic but exhaustless little provinces. It was at this moment that a desperate but sublime resolution took possession of the Prince's mind. There seemed but one way left to exclude the Spaniards for ever from Holland and Zeeland, and to rescue the inhabitants from impending ruin. The Prince had long brooded over the scheme, and the hour seemed to have struck for its fulfilment. His project was to collect all the vessels, of every description, which could be obtained throughout the Netherlands. The whole population of the two provinces, men, women, and children, together with all the movable property of the country, were then to be embarked on board this numerous fleet, and to seek a new home beyond the seas. The windmills were then to be burned, the dikes pierced, the sluices opened in every direction, and the country restored forever to the ocean, from which it had sprung.

The unexpected death of Requesens suddenly dispelled these schemes. The siege of Zierik Zee had occupied much of the governor's attention, but he had recently written to his sovereign that its reduction was now certain. He had added an urgent request for money, with a sufficient supply of which he assured Philip that he should be able to bring the war to an immediate conclusion. While awaiting for these supplies he had, contrary to all law or reason, made an unsuccessful attempt to con-

quer the post of Embden, in Germany. A mutiny had, at about the same time, broken out among his troops in Haarlem, and he had furnished the citizens with arms to defend themselves, giving free permission to use them against the insurgent troops. By this means the mutiny had been quelled, but a dangerous precedent established. Anxiety concerning this rebellion is supposed to have hastened the Grand Commander's death. A violent fever seized him on the 1st and terminated his existence on the 5th of March, in the fifty-first year of his life.

CHAPTER IV

ORANGE'S TOLERATION—SPANISH MUTINY

THE death of Requesens, notwithstanding his four days' illness, occurred so suddenly that he had not had time to appoint his successor. Had he exercised this privilege, which his patent conferred upon him, it was supposed that he would nominate Count Mansfeld to exercise the functions of governor-general until the King should otherwise ordain. In the absence of any definite arrangement, the Council of State, according to a right which that body claimed from custom, assumed the reins of government. Peter Ernest Mansfeld was entrusted with the supreme military command, including the government of Brussels; and the Spanish commanders, although dissatisfied that any but a Spaniard should be thus honored, were for a time quiescent.

Certainly the Prince of Orange did not sleep upon this or any other great occasion of his life. In his own vigorous language, used to stimulate his friends in various parts of the country, he seized the swift occasion by the forelock. He opened a fresh correspondence with many leading gentlemen in Brussels and other places in the Netherlands; persons of influence, who now, for the first time, showed a disposition to side with their country against its tyrants. Hitherto the land had been divided into two very unequal portions. Holland and Zeeland were devoted to the Prince; their whole population, with hardly an individual exception, converted to the Reformed religion. The other fifteen provinces were, on the whole, loyal to the King; while the old religion had, of late years, taken root so rapidly again that perhaps a moiety

of their population might be considered as Catholic. At the same time, the reign of terror under Alva, the paler but not less distinct tyranny of Requesens, and the intolerable excesses of the foreign soldiery, by which the government of foreigners was supported, had at last maddened all the inhabitants of the seventeen provinces. Notwithstanding, therefore, the fatal difference of religious opinion, they were all drawn into closer relations with one another; to regain their ancient privileges, and to expel the detested foreigners from the soil, being objects common to all. The provinces were united in one great hatred and one great hope.

The Hollanders and Zeelanders, under their heroic leader, had wellnigh accomplished both tasks, so far as those little provinces were concerned. Never had a contest, however, seemed more hopeless at its commencement. Cast a glance at the map. Look at Holland—not the Republic, with its sister provinces beyond the Zuyder Zee, but Holland only, with the Zeeland archipelago. Look at that narrow tongue of half-submerged earth. Who could suppose that upon that slender sandbank, one hundred and twenty miles in length and varying in breadth from four miles to forty, one man, backed by the population of a handful of cities, could do battle nine years long with the master of two worlds, the "Dominator of Asia, Africa, and America"—the despot of the fairest realms of Europe—and conquer him at last. Nor was William even entirely master of that narrow shoal where clung the survivors of a great national shipwreck. North and South Holland were cut in two by the loss of Haarlem, while the enemy was in possession of the natural capital of the little country, Amsterdam. The Prince affirmed that the cause had suffered more from the disloyalty of Amsterdam than from all the efforts of the enemy.

Moreover, the country was in a most desolate condition. It was almost *literally* a sinking ship. The destruction of the bulwarks against the ocean had been so extensive, in consequence of the voluntary inundations which have been described in previous pages, and by reason of the

general neglect which more vital occupations had necessitated, that an enormous outlay, both of labor and money, was now indispensable to save the physical existence of the country. The labor and the money, notwithstanding the crippled and impoverished condition of the nation, were, however, freely contributed; a wonderful example of energy and patient heroism was again exhibited. The dikes which had been swept away in every direction were renewed at a vast expense. Moreover, the country, in the course of recent events, had become almost swept bare of its cattle, and it was necessary to pass a law forbidding, for a considerable period, the slaughter of any animals, "oxen, cows, calves, sheep, or poultry." It was, unfortunately, not possible to provide by law against that extermination of the human population which had been decreed by Philip and the Pope.

Such was the physical and moral condition of the provinces of Holland and Zeeland. The political constitution of both assumed at this epoch a somewhat altered aspect. The union between the two states, effected in June, 1575, required improvement. The administration of justice, the conflict of laws, and, more particularly, the levying of moneys and troops in equitable proportions, had not been adjusted with perfect smoothness. The estates of the two provinces, assembled in congress at Delft, concluded therefore a new act of union, which was duly signed upon the 25th of April, 1576. Those estates, consisting of the knights and nobles of Holland, with the deputies from the cities and countships of Holland and Zeeland, had been duly summoned by the Prince of Orange. They as fairly included all the political capacities and furnished as copious a representation of the national will as could be expected, for it is apparent upon every page of his history that the Prince, upon all occasions, chose to refer his policy to the approval and confirmation of as large a portion of the people as any man in those days considered capable or desirous of exercising political functions.

The new union consisted of eighteen articles. It was established that deputies from all the estates should meet when summoned by the Prince of Orange or otherwise, on

penalty of fine, and at the risk of measures binding upon them being passed by the rest of the congress. Freshly arising causes of litigation were to be referred to the Prince. Free intercourse and traffic through the united provinces were guaranteed. The confederates were mutually to assist one another in preventing all injustice, wrong, or violence, even towards an enemy. The authority of law and the pure administration of justice were mutually promised by the contracting states. The common expenses were to be apportioned among the different provinces, "as if they were all included in the republic of a single city." Nine commissioners, appointed by the Prince on nomination by the estates, were to sit permanently, as his advisers, and as assessors and collectors of the taxes. The tenure of the union was from six months to six months, with six weeks' notice.

The framers of this compact having thus defined the general outlines of the confederacy, declared that the government thus constituted should be placed under a single head. They accordingly conferred supreme authority on the Prince, defining his powers in eighteen articles. He was declared chief commander by land and by sea. He was to appoint all officers, from generals to subalterns, and to pay them at his discretion. The whole protection of the land was devolved upon him. He was to send garrisons or troops into every city and village at his pleasure, without advice or consent of the estates, magistrates of the cities, or any other persons whatsoever. He was, in behalf of the King, as Count of Holland and Zeeland, to cause justice to be administered by the supreme court. In the same capacity he was to provide for vacancies in all political and judicial offices of importance, choosing, *with the advice of the estates*, one officer for each vacant post out of three candidates nominated to him by that body. He was to appoint and renew, at the usual times, the magistracies in the cities, according to the ancient constitutions. He was to make changes in those boards, if necessary, at unusual times, with consent of the majority of those representing the great council and *corpus* of the said cities. He was to uphold the authority and pre-eminence of all

civil functionaries, and to prevent governors and military officers from taking any cognizance of political or judicial affairs. With regard to religion, he was to maintain the practice of the Reformed Evangelical religion, and to *cause to surcease* the exercise of all other religions *contrary to the Gospel.* He was, however, not to permit that *inquisition should be made into any man's belief or conscience,* or *that any man by cause thereof should suffer trouble, injury, or hinderance.*

The league thus concluded was a confederation between a group of virtually independent little republics. Each municipality was, as it were, a little sovereign, sending envoys to a congress to vote and to sign as plenipotentiaries. The vote of each city was, therefore, indivisible, and it mattered little, practically, whether there were one deputy or several. The nobles represented not only their own order, but were supposed to act also in behalf of the rural population. On the whole, there was a tolerably fair representation of the whole nation. The people were well and worthily represented in the government of each city, and, therefore, equally so in the assembly of the estates. It was not till later that the corporations, by the extinction of the popular element, and by the usurpation of the right of self-election, were thoroughly stiffened into fictitious personages who never died, and who were never thoroughly alive.

At this epoch the provincial liberties, so far as they could maintain themselves against Spanish despotism, were practical and substantial. The government was a representative one, in which all those who had the inclination possessed, in one mode or another, a voice. Although the various members of the confederacy were locally and practically republics or self-governed little commonwealths, the general government which they established was, in form, monarchical. The powers conferred upon Orange constituted him a sovereign *ad interim,* for while the authority of the Spanish monarch remained suspended, the Prince was invested not only with the whole executive and appointing power, but even with a very large share in the legislative functions of the state.

The whole system was rather practical than theoretical, without any accurate distribution of political powers. In living, energetic communities, where the blood of the body politic circulates swiftly, there is an inevitable tendency of the different organs to sympathize and commingle more closely than *a priori* philosophy would allow. It is usually more desirable than practicable to keep the executive, legislative, and judicial departments entirely independent of one another.

Certainly the Prince of Orange did not at that moment indulge in speculations concerning the nature and origin of government. He was the father of his country, and its defender. The people, from highest to lowest, called him "Father William," and the title was enough for him. The question with him was not what men should call him, but how he should best accomplish his task.

So little was he inspired by the sentiment of self-elevation that he was anxiously seeking for a fitting person—strong, wise, and willing enough—to exercise the sovereignty which was thrust upon himself, but which he desired to exchange for an increased power to be actively useful to his country. To expel the foreign oppressor; to strangle the inquisition; to maintain the ancient liberties of the nation — here was labor enough for his own hands. The vulgar thought of carving a throne out of the misfortunes of his country seems not to have entered his mind. Upon one point, however, the Prince had been peremptory. He would have no persecution of the opposite creed. He was requested to suppress the Catholic religion in terms. As we have seen, he caused the expression to be exchanged for the words, "religion at variance with the Gospel." He resolutely stood out against all meddling with men's consciences, or inquiring into their thoughts. While smiting the Spanish inquisition into the dust, he would have no Calvinist inquisition set up in its place. Earnestly a convert to the Reformed religion, but hating and denouncing only what was corrupt in the ancient Church, he would not force men, with fire and sword, to travel to heaven upon his own road. Thought should be toll-free. Neither monk nor minis-

ter should burn, drown, or hang his fellow-creatures when argument or expostulation failed to redeem them from error. It was no small virtue, in that age, to rise to such a height.

The death of Requesens had offered the first opening through which the watchful Prince could hope to inflict a wound in the vital part of Spanish authority in the Netherlands. The languor of Philip and the procrastinating counsel of the dull Hopper unexpectedly widened the opening. On the 24th of March letters were written by his Majesty to the states-general, to the provincial estates, and to the courts of justice, instructing them that, until further orders, they were all to obey the council of state. The King was confident that all would do their utmost to assist that body in securing the holy Catholic faith and the implicit obedience of the country to its sovereign. He would, in the mean time, occupy himself with the selection of a new governor-general, who should be of his family and blood. This uncertain and perilous condition of things was watched with painful interest in neighboring countries.

The fate of all nations was more or less involved in the development of the great religious contest now being waged in the Netherlands. Nevertheless, during the spring of 1576 the negotiations of the Prince with England, France, and Germany bore little fruit. The situation at the end of May was much the same as at the opening of the year. The prospect was black in Germany, more encouraging in France, dubious, or worse, in England. More work, more anxiety, more desperate struggles than ever, devolved upon the Prince. Secretary Bruyninck wrote that his illustrious chief was tolerably well in health, but so loaded with affairs, sorrows, and travails, that, from morning till night, he had scarcely leisure to breathe. Besides his multitudinous correspondence with the public bodies, whose labors he habitually directed; with the various estates of the provinces, which he was gradually moulding into an organized and general resistance to the Spanish power; with public envoys and with secret agents to foreign cabinets, all of whom received their instructions

from him alone; with individuals of eminence and influence, whom he was eloquently urging to abandon their hostile position to their fatherland, and to assist him in the great work which he was doing: besides these numerous avocations, he was actively and anxiously engaged, during the spring of 1576, with the attempt to relieve the city of Zierik Zee.

That important place, the capital of Schouwen, and the key to half Zeeland, had remained closely invested since the memorable expedition to Duiveland. The Prince had passed much of his time in the neighborhood during the month of May, in order to attend personally to the contemplated relief, and to correspond daily with the beleaguered garrison. At last, on the 25th of May, a vigorous effort was made to throw in succor by sea. The brave Admiral Boisot, hero of the memorable relief of Leyden, had charge of the expedition. Mondragon had surrounded the shallow harbor with hulks and chains, and with a loose, submerged dike of piles and rubbish. Against this obstacle Boisot drove his ship, the *Red Lion*, with his customary audacity, but did not succeed in cutting it through. His vessel, the largest of the fleet, became entangled; he was at the same time attacked from a distance by the besiegers. The tide ebbed and left his ship aground, while the other vessels had been beaten back by the enemy. Night approached, and there was no possibility of accomplishing the enterprise. His ship was hopelessly stranded. With the morning's sun his captivity was certain. Rather than fall into the hands of his enemy, he sprang into the sea, followed by three hundred of his companions, some of whom were fortunate enough to effect their escape. The gallant Admiral swam a long time, sustained by a broken spar. Night and darkness came on before assistance could be rendered, and he perished. Thus died Louis Boisot, one of the most enterprising of the early champions of Netherland freedom — one of the bravest precursors of that race of heroes, the commanders of the Holland navy. The Prince deplored his loss deeply as that of a "valiant gentleman, and one well affectioned to the common cause." His brother, Charles Boisot, as

ATTACK ON A FORTRESS
(From an old picture)

will be remembered, had perished by treachery at the first landing of the Spanish troops, after their perilous passage from Duiveland. Thus both the brethren had laid down their lives for their country, on this its outer barrier, and in the hour of its utmost need. The fall of the beleaguered town could no longer be deferred. The Spaniards were at last to receive the prize of that romantic valor which had led them across the bottom of the sea to attack the city. Nearly nine months had however elapsed since that achievement, and the Grand Commander, by whose orders it had been undertaken, had been four months in his grave. He was permitted to see neither the long-delayed success which crowned the enterprise, nor the procession of disasters and crimes which was to mark it as a most fatal success.

On the 21st of June, 1576, Zierik Zee, instructed by the Prince of Orange to accept honorable terms, if offered, agreed to surrender. Mondragon, whose soldiers were in a state of suffering and ready to break out in mutiny, was but too happy to grant an honorable capitulation. The garrison were allowed to go out with their arms and personal baggage. The citizens were permitted to retain or resume their privileges and charters, on payment of two hundred thousand guldens. Of sacking and burning there was, on this occasion, fortunately, no question; but the first half of the commutation money was to be paid in cash. There was but little money in the impoverished little town, but mint-masters were appointed by the magistrates to take their seats at once in the Hôtel de Ville. The citizens brought their spoons and silver dishes, one after another, which were melted and coined into dollars and half-dollars, until the payment was satisfactorily adjusted. Thus fell Zierik Zee, to the deep regret of the Prince. "Had we received the least succor in the world from any side," he wrote, "the poor city should never have fallen. I could get nothing from France or England, with all my efforts. Nevertheless, we do not lose courage, but hope that, although abandoned by all the world, the Lord God will extend His right hand over us."

The enemies were not destined to go farther. From

their own hand now came the blow which was to expel them from the soil which they had so long polluted. No sooner was Zierik Zee captured than a mutiny broke forth among several companies of Spaniards and Walloons belonging to the army in Schouwen. A large number of the most influential officers had gone to Brussels, to make arrangements, if possible, for the payment of the troops. In their absence there was more scope for the arguments of the leading mutineers — arguments assuredly not entirely destitute of justice or logical precision.

It was in vain that arguments and expostulations were addressed to soldiers who were suffering from want and maddened by injustice. They determined to take their cause into their own hands, as they had often done before.

By the 15th of July the mutiny was general on the isle of Schouwen. Promises were freely offered, both of pay and pardon ; appeals were made to their old sense of honor and loyalty ; but they had had enough of promises, of honor, and of work. What they wanted now were shoes and jerkins, bread and meat and money. Money they would have, and that at once. The King of Spain was their debtor. The Netherlands belonged to the King of Spain. They would, therefore, levy on the Netherlands for payment of their debt.

The rebel regiments entered Brabant. They alighted upon Alost, using this little city as their perch while they made ready to swoop upon Brussels. The state council fulminated edicts against the mutineers. In Antwerp and the capital the burghers armed and became garrisons. The King continued to procrastinate. On the last day of July the Marquis of Havré arrived from Madrid, bearing conciliatory but unmeaning messages from the King, which had little effect.

Jerome de Roda had been fortunate enough to make his escape out of Brussels, and now claimed to be sole governor of the Netherlands, as the only remaining representative of the state council. His colleagues were in durance at the capital. Their authority was derided. Although not yet actually imprisoned, they were in reality bound hand and foot, and compelled to take their or-

ders either from the Brabant estates or from the burghers of Brussels. It was not an illogical proceeding, therefore, that Roda, under the shadow of the Antwerp citadel, should set up his own person as all that remained of the outraged majesty of Spain. Till the new governor, Don John, should arrive, whose appointment the King had already communicated to the government, and who might be expected in the Netherlands before the close of the autumn, the solitary councillor claimed to embody the whole council. He caused a new seal to be struck—a proceeding very unreasonably charged as forgery by the provincials—and forthwith began to thunder forth proclamations and counter-proclamations in the King's name and under the royal seal. It is difficult to see any technical crime or mistake in such a course. As a Spaniard, and a representative of his Majesty, he could hardly be expected to take any other view of his duty. At any rate, being called upon to choose between rebellious Netherlanders and mutinous Spaniards, he was not long in making up his mind.

By the beginning of September the mutiny was general. All the Spanish army, from general to pioneer, were united. The most important German troops had taken side with them. Sancho d'Avila held the citadel of Antwerp, vowing vengeance, and holding open communication with the soldiers at Alost. The council of state remonstrated with him for his disloyalty. He replied by referring to his long years of service, and by reproving them for affecting an authority which their imprisonment rendered ridiculous. The Spaniards were securely established. The various citadels which had been built by Charles and Philip to curb the country now effectually did their work. With the castles of Antwerp, Valenciennes, Ghent, Utrecht, Culemburg, Vianen, and Alost in the hands of six thousand veteran Spaniards, the country seemed chained in every limb. The foreigner's foot was on its neck. Brussels was almost the only considerable town out of Holland and Zeeland which was even temporarily safe. The important city of Maastricht was held by a Spanish garrison, while other capital towns and stations

were in the power of the Walloon and German mutineers. The depredations committed in the villages, the open country, and the cities were incessant — the Spaniards treating every Netherlander as their foe. Gentleman and peasant, Protestant and Catholic, priest and layman, all were plundered, maltreated, outraged. The indignation became daily more general and more intense. There were frequent skirmishes between the soldiery and promiscuous bands of peasants, citizens, and students—conflicts in which the Spaniards were invariably victorious. What could such half-armed and wholly untrained partisans effect against the bravest and most experienced troops in the whole world? Such results only increased the general exasperation, while they impressed upon the whole people the necessity of some great and general effort to throw off the incubus.

CHAPTER V

THE PACIFICATION OF GHENT

MEANTIME the Prince of Orange sat at Middelburg watching the storm. The position of Holland and Zeeland with regard to the other fifteen provinces was distinctly characterized. Upon certain points there was an absolute sympathy, while upon others there was a grave and almost fatal difference. It was the task of the Prince to deepen the sympathy, to extinguish the difference.

In Holland and Zeeland there was a warm and nearly universal adhesion to the Reformed religion, a passionate attachment to the ancient political liberties. The Prince, although an earnest Calvinist himself, did all in his power to check the growing spirit of intolerance towards the old religion, and omitted no opportunity of strengthening the attachment which the people justly felt for their liberal institutions.

On the other hand, in most of the other provinces the Catholic religion had been regaining its ascendency. Even in 1574, the estates assembled at Brussels declared to Requesens "that they would rather die the death than see any change in their religion." That feeling had rather increased than diminished. Although there was a strong party attached to the new faith, there was perhaps a larger, certainly a more influential, body which regarded the ancient Church with absolute fidelity. Owing partly to the persecution which had, in the course of years, banished so many thousands of families from the soil; partly to the coercion, which was more stringent in the immediate presence of the crown's representative; partly to the stronger infusion of the Celtic element,

which from the earliest ages had always been so keenly alive to the more sensuous and splendid manifestations of the devotional principle—owing to these and many other causes, the old religion, despite of all the outrages which had been committed in its name, still numbered a host of zealous adherents in the fifteen provinces. Attempts against its sanctity were regarded with jealous eyes. It was believed, and with reason, that there was a disposition on the part of the Reformers to destroy it root and branch. It was suspected that the same enginery of persecution would be employed in its extirpation, should the opposite party gain the supremacy, which the papists had so long employed against the converts to the new religion.

As to political convictions, the fifteen provinces differed much less from their two sisters. There was a strong attachment to their old constitutions; a general inclination to make use of the present crisis to effect their restoration. At the same time it had not come to be the general conviction, as in Holland and Zeeland, that the maintenance of those liberties was incompatible with the continuance of Philip's authority. There was, moreover, a strong aristocratic faction which was by no means disposed to take a liberal view of government in general, and regarded with apprehension the simultaneous advance of heretical notions both in Church and State. Still there were, on the whole, the elements of a controlling constitutional party throughout the fifteen provinces. The great bond of sympathy, however, between all the seventeen was their common hatred to the foreign soldiery. Upon this deeply embedded, immovable fulcrum of an ancient national hatred, the sudden mutiny of the whole Spanish army served as a lever of incalculable power. The Prince seized it as from the hand of God. Thus armed, he proposed to himself the task of upturning the mass of oppression under which the old liberties of the country had so long been crushed. To effect this object, adroitness was as requisite as courage. Expulsion of the foreign soldiery; union of the seventeen provinces; a representative constitution, according to the old charters, by the

states-general, under an hereditary chief; a large religious toleration; suppression of all inquisition into men's consciences—these were the great objects to which the Prince now devoted himself with renewed energy.

To bring about a general organization and a general union, much delicacy of handling was necessary. The sentiment of extreme Catholicism and monarchism was not to be suddenly scared into opposition. The Prince, therefore, in all his addresses and documents, was careful to disclaim any intention of disturbing the established religion, or of making any rash political changes. While, however, careful to offend no man's religious convictions, to startle no man's loyalty, he made skilful use of the general indignation felt at the atrocities of the mutinous army. This chord he struck boldly, powerfully, passionately, for he felt sure of the depth and strength of its vibrations.

Day after day, in almost countless addresses to public bodies and private individuals, he made use of the crisis to pile fresh fuel upon the flames. At the same time, while thus fanning the general indignation, he had the adroitness to point out that the people had already committed themselves. He represented to them that the edict by which they had denounced his Majesty's veterans as outlaws, and had devoted them to the indiscriminate destruction which such brigands deserved, was likely to prove an unpardonable crime in the eyes of majesty. In short, they had entered the torrent. If they would avoid being dashed over the precipice, they must struggle manfully with the mad waves of civil war into which they had plunged.

Having upon various occasions sought to impress upon his countrymen the gravity of the position, he led them to seek the remedy in audacity and in union. He familiarized them with his theory, that the legal, historical government of the provinces belonged to the states-general—to a congress of nobles, clergy, and commons, appointed from each of the seventeen provinces. He maintained, with reason, that the government of the Netherlands was a representative, constitutional government, under the he-

reditary authority of the King. To recover this constitution, to lift up these down-trodden rights, he set before them most vividly the necessity of union. "'Tis impossible," he said, "that a chariot should move evenly having its wheels unequally proportioned; and so must a confederation be broken to pieces if there be not an equal obligation on all to tend to a common purpose." Union—close, fraternal, such as became provinces of a common origin and with similar laws—could alone save them from their fate. Union against a common tyrant to save a common fatherland. Union, by which differences of opinion should be tolerated in order that a million of hearts should beat for a common purpose, a million hands work out, invincibly, a common salvation. "'Tis hardly necessary," he said, "to use many words in recommendation of union. Disunion has been the cause of all our woes. There is no remedy, no hope, save in the bonds of friendship. Let all particular disagreements be left to the decision of the states-general, in order that with one heart and one will we may seek the disenthralment of the fatherland from the tyranny of strangers."

His eloquence and energy were not without effect. In the course of the autumn, deputies were appointed from the greater number of the provinces to confer with the representatives of Holland and Zeeland in a general congress. The place appointed for the deliberations was the city of Ghent. Here, by the middle of October, a large number of delegates were already assembled.

Events were rapidly rolling together from every quarter, and accumulating to a crisis. A congress—a rebellious congress, as the King might deem it—was assembling at Ghent; the Spanish army—proscribed, lawless, and terrible—was strengthening itself daily for some dark and mysterious achievement; Don John of Austria, the King's natural brother, was expected from Spain to assume the government, which the state council was too timid to wield and too loyal to resign; while, meantime, the whole population of the Netherlands, with hardly an exception, was disposed to see the great question of the foreign soldiery settled before the chaos then existing should be

superseded by a more definite authority. Everywhere, men of all ranks and occupations—the artisan in the city, the peasant in the fields—were deserting their daily occupations to furbish helmets, handle muskets, and learn the trade of war. Skirmishes, sometimes severe and bloody, were of almost daily occurrence. In these the Spaniards were invariably successful, for whatever may be said of their cruelty and licentiousness, it cannot be disputed that their prowess was worthy of their renown. Romantic valor, unflinching fortitude, consummate skill, characterized them always. What could half-armed artisans achieve in the open plain against such accomplished foes? At Tisnacq, between Louvain and Tirlemont, a battle was attempted by a large miscellaneous mass of students, peasantry, and burghers, led by country squires. It soon changed to a carnage, in which the victims were all on one side. A small number of veterans, headed by Vargas, Mendoza, Tassis, and other chivalrous commanders, routed the undisciplined thousands at a single charge. The rude militia threw away their arms, and fled panic-struck in all directions at the first sight of their terrible foe. Two Spaniards lost their lives and two thousand Netherlanders. It was natural that these consummate warriors should despise such easily slaughtered victims. A single stroke of the iron flail, and the chaff was scattered to the four winds; a single sweep of the disciplined scythe, and countless acres were in an instant mown. Nevertheless, although beaten constantly, the Netherlanders were not conquered. Holland and Zeeland had read the foe a lesson which he had not forgotten, and although on the open fields and against the less vigorous population of the more central provinces his triumphs had been easier, yet it was obvious that the spirit of resistance to foreign oppression was growing daily stronger notwithstanding daily defeats.

Meantime, while these desultory but deadly combats were in daily progress, the council of state was looked upon with suspicion by the mass of the population. That body, in which resided provisionally the powers of government, was believed to be desirous of establishing relations

with the mutinous army. It was suspected of insidiously provoking the excesses which it seemed to denounce. The capital was insufficiently garrisoned, yet troops were not enrolling for its protection. The state councillors obviously omitted to provide for defence, and it was supposed that they were secretly assisting the attack. It was thought important, therefore, to disarm, or at least to control, this body, which was impotent for protection and seemed powerful only for mischief. It was possible to make it as contemptible as it was believed to be malicious.

An unexpected stroke was, therefore, suddenly levelled against the council in full session. On the 5th of September the Seigneur de Héze, a young gentleman of a bold but unstable character, then entertaining close but secret relations with the Prince of Orange, appeared before the doors of the palace. He was attended by about five hundred troops, under the immediate command of the Seigneur de Glimes, bailiff of Walloon Brabant. He demanded admittance, in the name of the Brabant estates, to the presence of the state council, and was refused. The doors were closed and bolted. Without further ceremony the soldiers produced iron bars, brought with them for the purpose, forced all the gates from the hinges, entered the hall of session, and, at a word from their commander, laid hands upon the councillors and made every one prisoner. The Duke of Aerschot, president of the council, who was then in close alliance with the Prince, was not present at the meeting, but lay, forewarned, at home, confined to his couch by a sickness assumed for the occasion. Viglius, who rarely participated in the deliberations of the board, being already afflicted with the chronic malady under which he was ere long to succumb, also escaped the fate of his fellow-senators. The others were carried into confinement. Berlaymont and Mansfeld were imprisoned in the Broodhuis, where the last mortal hours of Egmont and Horn had been passed. Others were kept strictly guarded in their own houses. After a few weeks most of them were liberated. Councillor Del Rio was, however, retained in confinement, and sent to Holland, where he was subjected to a severe ex-

amination by the Prince of Orange, touching his past career, particularly concerning the doings of the famous Council of Blood. The others were set free, and even permitted to resume their functions, but their dignity was gone, their authority annihilated. Thenceforth the states of Brabant and the community of Brussels were to govern for an interval, for it was in their name that the daring blow against the council had been struck.

All individuals and bodies, however, although not displeased with the result, clamorously disclaimed responsibility for the deed. Men were appalled at the audacity of the transaction, and dreaded the vengeance of the King. The Abbot Van Perch, one of the secret instigators of the act, actually died of anxiety for its possible consequences. There was a mystery concerning the affair. They in whose name it had been accomplished denied having given any authority to the perpetrators. Men asked each other what unseen agency had been at work, what secret spring had been adroitly touched. There is but little doubt, however, that the veiled but skilful hand which directed the blow was the same which had so long been guiding the destiny of the Netherlands.

It had been settled that the congress was to hold its sessions in Ghent, although the citadel commanding that city was held by the Spaniards. The garrison was not very strong, and Mondragon, its commander, was absent in Zeeland, but the wife of the veteran ably supplied his place, and stimulated the slender body of troops to hold out with heroism, under the orders of his lieutenant, Avilos Maldonado. The mutineers, after having accomplished their victory at Tisnacq, had been earnestly solicited to come to the relief of this citadel. They had refused, and returned to Alost. Meantime the siege was warmly pressed by the states, and the deliberations of the congress were opened under the incessant roar of cannon. While the attack was thus earnestly maintained upon the important castle of Ghent, a courageous effort was made by the citizens of Maastricht to wrest their city from the hands of the Spaniards. The German garrison having

been gained by the burghers, the combined force rose upon the Spanish troops and drove them from the city. Montesdoca, the commander, was arrested and imprisoned, but the triumph was only temporary. Don Francis d'Ayala, Montesdoca's lieutenant, made a stand with a few companies in Wyk, a village on the opposite side of the Meuse, and connected with the city by a massive bridge of stone. From this point he sent information to other commanders in the neighborhood. Don Ferdinand de Toledo soon arrived with several hundred troops from Dalem. The Spaniards, eager to wipe out the disgrace to their arms, loudly demanded to be led back to the city. The head of the bridge, however, over which they must pass was defended by a strong battery, and the citizens were seen clustering in great numbers to defend their firesides against a foe whom they had once expelled. To advance across the bridge seemed certain destruction to the little force. Even Spanish bravery recoiled at so desperate an undertaking, but unscrupulous ferocity supplied an expedient where courage was at fault. There were few fighting men present among the population of Wieck, but there were many females. Each soldier was commanded to seize a woman, and, placing her before his own body, to advance across the bridge. The column thus bucklered, to the shame of Spanish chivalry, by female bosoms, moved in good order towards the battery. The soldiers levelled their muskets with steady aim over the shoulders or under the arms of the women whom they thus held before them. On the other hand, the citizens dared not discharge their cannon at their own townswomen, among whose numbers many recognized mothers, sisters, or wives. The battery was soon taken, while at the same time Alonzo Vargas, who had effected his entrance from the land side by burning down the Brussels Gate, now entered the city at the head of a band of cavalry. Maastricht was recovered, and an indiscriminate slaughter instantly avenged its temporary loss. The plundering, stabbing, drowning, burning, ravishing were so dreadful that, in the words of a contemporary historian, "the burghers who had escaped the fight had reason to

think themselves less fortunate than those who had died with arms in their hands."

This was the lot of Maastricht on the 20th of October. It was instinctively felt to be the precursor of fresh disasters. Vague, incoherent, but widely disseminated rumors had long pointed to Antwerp and its dangerous situation. The Spaniards, foiled in their views upon Brussels, had recently avowed an intention of avenging themselves in the commercial capital. They had waited long enough and accumulated strength enough. Such a trifling city as Alost could no longer content their cupidity, but in Antwerp there was gold enough for the gathering. There was reason in the fears of the inhabitants for the greedy longing of their enemy. Probably no city in Christendom could at that day vie with Antwerp in wealth and splendor. Its merchants lived in regal pomp and luxury. In its numerous, massive warehouses were the treasures of every clime. Still serving as the main entrepôt of the world's traffic, the Brabantine capital was the centre of that commercial system which was soon to be superseded by a larger international life. In the midst of the miseries which had so long been raining upon the Netherlands, the stately and egotistical city seemed to take stronger root and to flourish more freshly than ever. It was not wonderful that its palaces and its magazines, glittering with splendor and bursting with treasure, should arouse the avidity of a reckless and famishing soldiery. Had not a handful of warriors of their own race rifled the golden Indies? Had not their fathers, few in number but strong in courage, revelled in the plunder of a new world? Here were the Indies in a single city. Here were gold and silver, pearls and diamonds, ready and portable; the precious fruit dropping, ripened, from the bough. Was it to be tolerated that base, pacific burghers should monopolize the treasure by which a band of heroes might be enriched?

A sense of coming evil diffused itself through the atmosphere. The air seemed lurid with the impending storm, for the situation was one of peculiar horror. The wealthiest city in Christendom lay at the mercy of

the strongest fastness in the world; a castle which had been built to curb, not to protect, the town. It was now inhabited by a band of brigands, outlawed by government, strong in discipline, furious from penury, reckless by habit, desperate in circumstance—a crew which feared not God nor man nor devil. The palpitating quarry lay expecting hourly the swoop of its trained and pitiless enemy. Sancho d'Avila, castellan of the citadel, was recognized as the chief of the whole mutiny, the army and the mutiny being now one. The band intrenched at Alost were upon the best possible understanding with their brethren in the citadel, and accepted without hesitation the arrangements of their superior. On the side of the Scheldt, opposite Antwerp, a fortification had been thrown up by Don Sancho's orders, and held by Julian Romero. Lier, Breda, as well as Alost, were likewise ready to throw their reinforcements into the citadel at a moment's warning. At the signal of their chief, the united bands might sweep from their impregnable castle with a single impulse.

The story of The Spanish Fury in Antwerp is easily told. The three chief elements in it are the treachery of the German mercenaries and the unsteadiness of the Walloon troops expected to defend the city, and the consummate craft, discipline, valor, and brutality of the Spaniards. On the 3d of November the Spanish mutineers arrived from Alost. The united forces of Spaniard and German carried the barricades erected for defence, and then for three days the butchery of human bodies continued. It is believed that eight thousand people were murdered.

On the morning of the 5th of November Antwerp presented a ghastly sight. The magnificent marble Town-house, celebrated as a "world's wonder," even in that age and country, in which so much splendor was lavished on municipal palaces, stood a blackened ruin—all but the walls destroyed, while its archives, accounts, and other valuable contents had perished. The more splendid portion of the city had been consumed, at least five hundred palaces, mostly of marble or hammered stone, being a smouldering mass of destruction. The dead

bodies of those fallen in the massacre were on every side, in greatest profusion around the Place de Meer, among the Gothic pillars of the Exchange, and in the streets near the Town-house. The German soldiers lay in their armor, some with their heads burned from their bodies, some with legs and arms consumed by the flames through which they had fought. The Margrave Goswyn Verreyck, the burgomaster Van der Meere, the magistrates Lancelot van Urselen, Nicholas van Boekholt, and other leading citizens, lay among piles of less distinguished slain. They remained unburied until the overseers of the poor, on whom the living had then more importunate claims than the dead, were compelled by Roda to bury them out of the pauper fund. The murderers were too thrifty to be at funeral charges for their victims. The ceremony was not hastily performed, for the number of corpses had not been completed. Two days longer the havoc lasted in the city. Of all the crimes which men can commit, whether from deliberate calculation or in the frenzy of passion, hardly one was omitted, for riot, gaming, rape, which had been postponed to the more stringent claims of robbery and murder, were now rapidly added to the sum of atrocities. History has recorded the account indelibly on her brazen tablets; it can be adjusted only at the judgment-seat above.

Of all the deeds of darkness yet compassed in the Netherlands, this was the worst. The city which had been a world of wealth and splendor was changed to a charnel-house, and from that hour its commercial prosperity was blasted. Other causes had silently girdled the yet green and flourishing tree, but The Spanish Fury was the fire which consumed it to ashes. Three thousand dead bodies were discovered in the streets, as many more were estimated to have perished in the Scheldt, and nearly an equal number were burned or destroyed in other ways. Eight thousand persons undoubtedly were put to death. Six millions of property were destroyed by the fire, and at least as much more was obtained by the Spaniards. In this enormous robbery no class of people was respected. Foreign merchants, living under the express sanction and

protection of the Spanish monarch, were plundered with as little reserve as Flemings. Ecclesiastics of the Roman Church were compelled to disgorge their wealth as freely as Calvinists. The rich were made to contribute all their abundance, and the poor what could be wrung from their poverty. Neither paupers nor criminals were safe. Captain Casper Ortis made a brilliant speculation by taking possession of the Steen, or city prison, whence he ransomed all the inmates who could find means to pay for their liberty. Robbers, murderers, even Anabaptists, were thus again let loose. Rarely has so small a band obtained in three days' robbery so large an amount of wealth. Four or five millions divided among five thousand soldiers made up for long arrearages, and the Spaniards had reason to congratulate themselves upon having thus taken the duty of payment into their own hands. It is true that the wages of iniquity were somewhat unequally distributed, somewhat foolishly squandered. A private trooper was known to lose ten thousand crowns in one day in a gambling transaction at the Bourse, for the soldiers, being thus handsomely in funds, became desirous of aping the despised and plundered merchants, and resorted daily to the Exchange, like men accustomed to affairs. The dearly purchased gold was thus lightly squandered by many, while others, more prudent, melted their portion into sword-hilts, into scabbards, even into whole suits of armor, darkened, by precaution, to appear made entirely of iron. The brocades, laces, and jewelry of Antwerp merchants were converted into coats of mail for their destroyers. The goldsmiths, however, thus obtained an opportunity to outwit their plunderers, and mingled in the golden armor which they were forced to furnish much more alloy than their employers knew. A portion of the captured booty was thus surreptitiously redeemed.

Marvellously few Spaniards were slain in these eventful days. Two hundred killed is the largest number stated. The discrepancy seems monstrous, but it is hardly more than often existed between the losses inflicted and sustained by the Spaniards in such combats. Their prowess was equal to their ferocity, and this was enough to make

them seem endowed with preterhuman powers. When it is remembered, also, that the burghers were insufficiently armed, that many of their defenders turned against them, that many thousands fled in the first moments of the encounter, and when the effect of a sudden and awful panic is duly considered, the discrepancy between the number of killed on the two sides will not seem so astonishing.

A shiver ran through the country as the news of the horrible crime was spread, but it was a shiver of indignation, not of fear. Already the negotiations at Ghent between the representatives of the Prince and of Holland and Zeeland with the deputies of the other provinces were in a favorable train, and the effect of this event upon their counsels was rather quickening than appalling.

At about the same time the Prince of Orange addressed a remarkable letter to the states-general then assembled at Ghent, urging them to hasten the conclusion of the treaty. The news of the massacre, which furnished an additional and most vivid illustration of the truth of his letter, had not then reached him at Middelburg, but the earnestness of his views, taken in connection with this last dark deed, exerted a powerful and indelible effect. The letter was a masterpiece, because it was necessary, in his position, to inflame without alarming ; to stimulate the feelings which were in unison, without shocking those which, if aroused, might prove discordant. Without, therefore, alluding in terms to the religious question, he dwelt upon the necessity of union, firmness, and wariness. If so much had been done by Holland and Zeeland, how much more might be hoped when all the provinces were united ? He warned the states of the necessity of showing a strong and united front ; the King having been ever led to consider the movement in the Netherlands a mere conspiracy of individuals. It was, therefore, necessary to show that prelates, abbots, monks, seigneurs, gentlemen, burghers, and peasants, the whole people, in short, now cried with one voice, and desired with one will. To such a demonstration the King would not dare oppose himself. By thus preserving a firm and united front, sinking all minor differences, they would, moreover, inspire their friends and

foreign princes with confidence. The princes of Germany, the lords and gentlemen of France, the Queen of England, although sympathizing with the misfortunes of the Netherlanders, had been unable effectually to help them so long as their disunion prevented them from helping themselves; so long as even their appeal to arms seemed merely "a levy of bucklers, an emotion of the populace, which, like a wave of the sea, rises and sinks again as soon as risen."

The massacre at Antwerp and the eloquence of the Prince produced a most quickening effect upon the congress at Ghent. Their deliberations had proceeded with decorum and earnestness, in the midst of the cannonading against the citadel, and the fortress fell on the same day which saw the conclusion of the treaty.

This important instrument, by which the sacrifices and exertions of the Prince were, for a brief season at least, rewarded, contained twenty-five articles. The Prince of Orange, with the estates of Holland and Zeeland, on the one side, and the provinces signing or thereafter to sign the treaty on the other, agreed that there should be a mutual forgiving and forgetting, as regarded the past. They vowed a close and faithful friendship for the future. They plighted a mutual promise to expel the Spaniards from the Netherlands without delay. As soon as this great deed should be done there was to be a convocation of the states-general, on the basis of that assembly before which the abdication of the Emperor had taken place. By this congress the affairs of religion in Holland and Zeeland should be regulated, as well as the surrender of fortresses and other places belonging to his Majesty. There was to be full liberty of communication and traffic between the citizens of the one side and the other. It should not be legal, however, for those of Holland and Zeeland to attempt anything outside their own territory against the Roman Catholic religion, nor for cause thereof to injure or irritate any one, by deed or word. All the placards and edicts on the subject of heresy, together with the criminal ordinances made by the Duke of Alva, were suspended until the states-general should otherwise or-

dain. The Prince was to remain lieutenant, admiral, and general for his Majesty in Holland, Zeeland, and the associated places, till otherwise provided by the states-general, after the departure of the Spaniards. The cities and places included in the Prince's commission, but not yet acknowledging his authority, should receive satisfaction from him, as to the point of religion and other matters, before subscribing to the union. All prisoners, and particularly the Comte de Bossu, should be released without ransom. All estates and other property not already alienated should be restored, all confiscations since 1566 being declared null and void. The Countess Palatine, widow of Brederode, and Count de Buren, son of the Prince of Orange, were expressly named in this provision. Prelates and ecclesiastical persons having property in Holland and Zeeland should be reinstated, if possible; but in case of alienation, which was likely to be generally the case, there should be reasonable compensation. It was to be decided by the states-general whether the provinces should discharge the debts incurred by the Prince of Orange in his two campaigns. Provinces and cities should not have the benefit of this union until they had signed the treaty, but they should be permitted to sign it when they chose.

This memorable document was subscribed at Ghent, on the 8th of November, by Sainte-Aldegonde, with eight other commissioners appointed by the Prince of Orange and the estates of Holland on the one side, and by Elbertus Leoninus and other deputies appointed by Brabant, Flanders, Artois, Hainault, Valenciennes, Lille, Douai, Orchies, Namur, Tournai, Utrecht, and Mechlin on the other side.

The arrangement was a masterpiece of diplomacy on the part of the Prince, for it was as effectual a provision for the safety of the Reformed religion as could be expected under the circumstances. It was much, considering the change which had been wrought of late years in the fifteen provinces, that they should consent to any treaty with their two heretic sisters. It was much more that the Pacification should recognize the new religion as

the established creed of Holland and Zeeland, while at the same time the infamous edicts of Charles were formally abolished. In the fifteen Catholic provinces there was to be no prohibition of private Reformed worship, and it might be naturally expected that with time and the arrival of the banished religionists, a firmer stand would be taken in favor of the Reformation. Meantime, the new religion was formally established in two provinces, and tolerated, in secret, in the other fifteen ; the inquisition was forever abolished, and the whole strength of the nation enlisted to expel the foreign soldiery from the soil.

This was the work of William the Silent, and the great Prince thus saw the labor of years crowned with, at least, a momentary success. His satisfaction was very great when it was announced to him, many days before the exchange of the signatures, that the treaty had been concluded. He was desirous that the Pacification should be referred for approval, not to the municipal magistrates only, but to the people themselves. In all great emergencies the man who, in his whole character, least resembled a demagogue, either of antiquity or of modern times, was eager for a fresh expression of the popular will. On this occasion, however, the demand for approbation was superfluous. The whole country thought with his thoughts and spoke with his words, and the Pacification, as soon as published, was received with a shout of joy. Proclaimed in the market-place of every city and village, it was ratified, not by votes, but by hymns of thanksgiving, by triumphal music, by thundering of cannon, and by the blaze of beacons throughout the Netherlands. Another event added to the satisfaction of the hour. The country so recently, and by deeds of such remarkable audacity, conquered by the Spaniards in the north, was recovered almost simultaneously with the conclusion of the Ghent treaty. It was a natural consequence of the great mutiny. The troops having entirely deserted Mondragon, it became necessary for that officer to abandon Zierik Zee, the city which had been won with so much valor. In the beginning of November, the capital, and with it the whole isl-

and of Schouwen, together with the rest of Zeeland, excepting Tholen, was recovered by Count Hohenlo, lieutenant-general of the Prince of Orange, and acting according to his instructions.

Thus, on this particular point of time many great events had been crowded. At the very same moment Zeeland had been redeemed, Antwerp ruined, and the league of all the Netherlands against the Spaniards concluded. It now became known that another and most important event had occurred at the same instant. On the day before the Antwerp massacre, four days before the publication of the Ghent treaty, a foreign cavalier, attended by a Moorish slave and by six men-at-arms, rode into the streets of Luxemburg. The cavalier was Don Ottavio Gonzaga, brother of the Prince of Melfi. The Moorish slave was Don John of Austria, the son of the Emperor, the conqueror of Granada, the hero of Lepanto. The new governor-general had traversed Spain and France in disguise with great celerity, and in the romantic manner which belonged to his character. He stood at last on the threshold of the Netherlands, but with all his speed he had arrived a few days too late.

Part V

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA

1576–1578

CHAPTER I

THE HERO OF LEPANTO

Don John of Austria was now in his thirty-second year, having been born in Ratisbon on the 24th of February, 1545. His father was Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, King of Spain, Dominator of Asia, Africa, and America; his mother was Barbara Blomberg, washerwoman, of Ratisbon.

The Emperor, who never doubted his responsibility for the infant's existence, had him conveyed instantly to Spain, where he was delivered to Louis Quixada, of the Imperial household, by whom he was brought up in great retirement at Villa-garcia. During his boyhood he excelled in feats of audacity and skill. When come to manhood he was given command of a division of galleys at the battle of Lepanto, and captured the Turkish admiral and his ship. Whatever other purpose this famous conflict served, it spread the fame of Don John throughout the world.

The youthful commander-in-chief obtained more than his full meed of glory. No doubt he had fought with brilliant courage, yet in so close and murderous a conflict the valor of no single individual could decide the day, and the result was due to the combined determination of all. Had Don John remained at Naples the issue might have easily been the same. Barbarigo, who sealed the victory with his blood; Colonna, who celebrated a solemn triumph on his return to Rome; Parma, Doria, Giustiniani, Venieri might each as well have claimed a monopoly of the glory had not the Pope, at Philip's entreaty, conferred the baton of command upon Don John. The meagre result of the contest is as notorious as the victory.

While Constantinople was quivering with apprehension, the rival generals were already wrangling with animosity. Had the Christian fleet advanced every soul would have fled from the capital, but Providence had ordained otherwise, and Don John sailed westwardly with his ships. He made a descent on the Barbary coast, captured Tunis, destroyed Biserta, and brought King Amidas and his two sons prisoners to Italy. Ordered by Philip to dismantle the fortifications of Tunis, he replied by repairing them thoroughly, and by placing a strong garrison within the citadel. Intoxicated with his glory, the young adventurer already demanded a crown, and the Pope was disposed to proclaim him King of Tunis, for the Queen of the Lybian seas was to be the capital of his empire, the new Carthage which he already dreamed.

Philip thought it time to interfere, for he felt that his own crown might be insecure with such a restless and ambitious spirit indulging in possible and impossible chimeras. He removed John de Soto, who had been Don John's chief councillor and emissary to the Pope, and substituted in his place the celebrated and ill-starred Escovedo. The new secretary, however, entered as heartily but secretly into all these romantic schemes. Disappointed of the empire which he had contemplated on the edge of the African desert, the champion of the Cross turned to the cold islands of the northern seas. There sighed, in captivity, the beauteous Mary of Scotland, victim of the heretic Elizabeth. His susceptibility to the charms of beauty —a characteristic as celebrated as his courage—was excited, his chivalry aroused. What holier triumph for the conqueror of the Saracens than the subjugation of these northern infidels? He would dethrone the proud Elizabeth; he would liberate and espouse the Queen of Scots, and together they would reign over the two united realms. All that the Pope could do with bulls and blessings, letters of excommunication, and patents of investiture he did with his whole heart. Don John was at liberty to be King of England and Scotland as soon as he liked; all that was left to do was to conquer the kingdoms.

Meantime, while these schemes were flitting through

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA

his brain and were yet kept comparatively secret by the Pope, Escovedo, and himself, the news reached him in Italy that he had been appointed Governor-General of the Netherlands. Nothing could be more opportune. In the provinces were ten thousand veteran Spaniards ripe for adventure, hardened by years of warfare, greedy for gold, audacious almost beyond humanity, the very instruments for his scheme. The times were critical in the Netherlands, it was true; yet he would soon pacify those paltry troubles, and then sweep forward to his prize. Yet events were rushing forward with such feverish rapidity that he might be too late for his adventure. Many days were lost in the necessary journey from Italy into Spain to receive the final instructions of the King. The news from the provinces grew more and more threatening. With the impetuosity and romance of his temperament he selected his confidential friend Ottavio Gonzaga, six men-at-arms, and an adroit and well-experienced Swiss courier, who knew every road of France. It was no light adventure for the Catholic Governor-General of the Netherlands to traverse the kingdom at that particular juncture. Staining his bright locks and fair face to the complexion of a Moor, he started on his journey, attired as the servant of Gonzaga. Arriving at Paris, after a rapid journey, he descended at a hostelry opposite the residence of the Spanish ambassador, Don Diego Cuñiga. After nightfall he had a secret interview with that functionary, and learning, among other matters, that there was to be a great ball that night at the Louvre, he determined to go thither in disguise. There, notwithstanding his hurry, he had time to see and to become desperately enamoured of "that wonder of beauty," the fair and frail Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre. Her subsequent visit to her young adorer at Namur, to be recorded in a future page of this history, was destined to mark the last turning-point in his picturesque career. On his way to the Netherlands he held a rapid interview with the Duke of Guise to arrange his schemes for the liberation and espousal of that noble's kinswoman, the Scottish Queen; and on the 3d of November he arrived at Luxemburg.

There stood the young conqueror of Lepanto, his brain full of schemes, his heart full of hopes, on the threshold of the Netherlands, at the entrance to what he believed the most brilliant chapter of his life — schemes, hopes, and visions doomed speedily to fade before the cold reality with which he was to be confronted. Throwing off his disguise after reaching Luxemburg, the youthful paladin stood confessed. His appearance was as romantic as his origin and his exploits. Every contemporary chronicler — French, Spanish, Italian, Flemish, Roman — have dwelt upon his personal beauty and the singular fascination of his manner. Symmetrical features, blue eyes of great vivacity, and a profusion of bright curling hair were combined with a person not much above middle height, but perfectly well proportioned. Owing to a natural peculiarity of his head, the hair fell backward from the temples, and he had acquired the habit of pushing it from his brows. The custom became a fashion among the host of courtiers, who were but too happy to glass themselves in so brilliant a mirror. As Charles the Fifth, on his journey to Italy to assume the iron crown, had caused his hair to be clipped close as a remedy for the headaches with which, at that momentous epoch, he was tormented, bringing thereby close-shaven polls into extreme fashion, so a mass of hair pushed backward from the temples, in the style to which the name of John of Austria was appropriated, became the prevailing mode wherever the favorite son of the Emperor appeared.

Such was the last crusader whom the annals of chivalry were to know; the man who had humbled the crescent as it had not been humbled since the days of the Tancreds, the Baldwins, the Plantagenets—yet, after all, what was this brilliant adventurer when weighed against the tranquil Christian champion whom he was to meet face to face? The contrast was striking between the real and the romantic hero. Don John had pursued and achieved glory through victories with which the world was ringing; William was slowly compassing a country's emancipation through a series of defeats. He moulded a commonwealth and united hearts with as much contempt for danger as

Don John had exhibited in scenes of slave-driving and carnage. Amid fields of blood, and through webs of tortuous intrigue, the brave and subtle son of the Emperor pursued only his own objects. Tawdry schemes of personal ambition, conquests for his own benefit, impossible crowns for his own wearing, were the motives which impelled him and the prizes which he sought. His existence was feverish, fitful, and passionate. "Tranquil amid the raging billows," according to his favorite device, the father of his country waved aside the diadem which for him had neither charms nor meaning. Their characters were as contrasted as their persons. The curled darling of chivalry seemed a youth at thirty-one. Spare of figure, plain in apparel, benignant but haggard of countenance, with temples bared by anxiety as much as by his helmet, earnest, almost devout in manner, in his own words, "Calvus et Calvinista," William of Orange was an old man at forty-three.

Perhaps there was as much good faith on the part of Don John, when he arrived in Luxemburg, as could be expected of a man coming directly from the cabinet of Philip. The King had secretly instructed him to conciliate the provinces, but to concede nothing, for the governor was only a new incarnation of the insane paradox that benignity and the system of Charles the Fifth were one. He was directed to restore the government to its state during the imperial epoch. Seventeen provinces, in two of which the population were all dissenters, in all of which the principle of mutual toleration had just been accepted by Catholics and Protestants, were now to be brought back to the condition according to which all Protestants were beheaded, burned, or buried alive. So that the inquisition, the absolute authority of the monarch, and the exclusive worship of the Roman Church were preserved intact, the King professed himself desirous of "extinguishing the fires of rebellion, and of saving the people from the last desperation." With these slight exceptions, Philip was willing to be very benignant.

In all the documents, whether public memorials or private letters, which came at this period from the hand of

the Prince, he assumed, as a matter of course, that in any arrangement with the new governor the Pacification of Ghent was to be maintained. This, too, was the determination of almost every man in the country. Don John, soon after his arrival at Luxemburg, had despatched messengers to the states-general, informing them of his arrival. It was not before the close of the month of November that the negotiations seriously began. Provost Fonck, on the part of the governor, then informed them of Don John's intention to enter Namur, attended by fifty mounted troopers. Permission, however, was resolutely refused, and the burghers of Namur were forbidden to render oaths of fidelity until the governor should have complied with the preliminary demands of the estates. To enunciate these demands categorically, a deputation of the states-general came to Luxemburg. These gentlemen were received with courtesy by Don John, but their own demeanor was not conciliatory. A dislike to the Spanish government, a disloyalty to the monarch, with whose brother and representative they were dealing, pierced through all their language. On the other hand, the ardent temper of Don John was never slow to take offence. One of the deputies proposed to the governor, with great coolness, that he should assume the government in his own name and renounce the authority of Philip. Were he willing to do so, the patriotic gentleman pledged himself that the provinces would at once acknowledge him as sovereign, and sustain his government. Don John, enraged at the insult to his own loyalty which the proposition implied, drew his dagger and rushed towards the offender. The deputy would probably have paid for his audacity with his life had there not been by-standers enough to prevent the catastrophe. This scene was an unsatisfactory prelude to the opening negotiations.

On the 6th of December the deputies presented to the governor at Luxemburg a paper containing their demands, drawn up in eight articles, and their concessions in ten. Nothing decisive came of this first interview. The parties had taken the measures of their mutual claims, and after a few days' fencing with apostils, replies, and rejoinders,

they separated, their acrimony rather inflamed than appeased.

The departure of the troops and the Ghent treaty were the vital points in the negotiation. The estates had originally been content that the troops should go by sea. Their suspicions were, however, excited by the pertinacity with which Don John held to this mode of removal. Although they did not suspect the mysterious invasion of England, a project which was the real reason why the governor objected to their departure by land, yet they soon became aware that he had been secretly tampering with the troops at every point. In the mean time, while there was still an indefinite pause in the negotiations, a remarkable measure came to aid the efficacy of the Ghent Pacification.

Early in January, 1577, the celebrated "Union of Brussels" was formed. This important agreement was originally signed by eight leading personages—the Abbot of Saint Gertrude, the Counts Lalain and Bossu, and the Seigneur de Champagny being among the number. Its tenor was to engage its signers to compass the immediate expulsion of the Spaniards and the execution of the Ghent Pacification, to maintain the Catholic religion and the King's authority, and to defend the fatherland and all its constitutions. Its motive was to generalize the position assumed by the Ghent treaty. The new act was to be signed, not by a few special deputies alone, like a diplomatic convention, but by all the leading individuals of all the provinces, in order to exhibit to Don John such an array of united strength that he would find himself forced to submit to the demands of the estates. In a short time every province, with the single exception of Luxemburg, had loaded the document with signatures. This was a great step in advance. The Ghent Pacification, which was in the nature of a treaty between the Prince and the estates of Holland and Zeeland on the one side, and a certain number of provinces on the other, had only been signed by the envoys of the contracting parties. Though received with deserved and universal acclamation, it had not the authority of a popular document. This, however,

was the character studiously impressed upon the "Brussels Union." The people, subdivided according to the various grades of their social hierarchy, had been solemnly summoned to council, and had deliberately recorded their conviction. No restraint had been put upon their freedom of action, and there was hardly a difference of opinion as to the necessity of the measure.

A rapid revolution in Friesland, Groningen, and the dependencies had recently restored that important country to the national party. The Portuguese De Billy had been deprived of his authority as King's stadholder, and Count Hoogstraaten's brother, Baron de Ville, afterwards, as Count Renneberg, infamous for his treason to the cause of liberty, had been appointed by the estates in his room. In all his district the "Union of Brussels" was eagerly signed by men of every degree.

The immediate effect of the "Brussels Union" was to rally all lovers of the fatherland and haters of a foreign tyranny upon one vital point—the expulsion of the stranger from the land. The foot of the Spanish soldier should no longer profane their soil. All men were forced to pronounce themselves boldly and unequivocally, in order that the patriots might stand shoulder to shoulder, and the traitors be held up to infamy. This measure was in strict accordance with the advice given more than once by the Prince of Orange, and was almost in literal fulfilment of the Compromise, which he had sketched before the arrival of Don John.

The deliberations were soon resumed with the new governor, the scene being shifted from Luxemburg to Huy. Hither came a fresh deputation from the states-general—many signers of the "Brussels Union" among them—and were received by Don John with stately courtesy. They had, however, come determined to carry matters with a high and firm hand, being no longer disposed to brook his imperious demeanor nor to tolerate his dilatory policy. It is not surprising, therefore, that the courtesy soon changed to bitterness, and that attack and recrimination usurped the place of the dignified but empty formalities which had characterized the interviews at Luxemburg.

The Pacification of Ghent was virtually admitted. The deputies waited upon the governor, accordingly, and the conversation was amicable. They vainly endeavored, however, to obtain his consent to the departure of the troops by land—the only point then left in dispute. Don John, still clinging to his secret scheme, with which the sea-voyage of the troops was so closely connected, refused to concede. He reproached the envoys, on the contrary, with their importunity in making a fresh demand just as he had conceded the Ghent treaty upon his entire responsibility and without instructions. Mentally resolving that this point should still be wrung from the governor, but not suspecting his secret motives for resisting it so strenuously, the deputies took an amicable farewell of the governor, promising a favorable report upon the proceedings so soon as they should arrive in Brussels.

Don John, having conceded so much, was soon obliged to concede the whole. The Emperor Rudolph had lately succeeded his father, Maximilian. The deceased potentate, whose sentiments on the great subject of religious toleration were so much in harmony with those entertained by the Prince of Orange, had, on the whole, notwithstanding the ties of relationship and considerations of policy, uniformly befriended the Netherlands, so far as words and protestations could go, at the court of Philip. His envoys had assisted at all the recent deliberations between the estates and Don John, and their vivid remonstrances removed at this juncture the last objection on the part of the governor-general. With a secret sigh he deferred the darling and mysterious hope which had lighted him to the Netherlands, and consented to the departure of the troops by land.

All obstacles having been thus removed, the memorable treaty called the Perpetual Edict was signed at Marche-en-Famene on the 12th, and at Brussels on the 17th, of February, 1577. This document, issued in the name of the King, contained nineteen articles. It approved and ratified the Peace of Ghent, in consideration that the prelates and clergy, with the doctors *utriusque juris* of Louvain, had decided that nothing in that treaty conflicted either

with the supremacy of the Catholic Church or the authority of the King, but, on the contrary, that it advanced the interests of both. It promised that the soldiery should depart "freely, frankly, and without delay, by land, never to return except in case of foreign war"—the Spaniards to set forth within forty days, the Germans and others so soon as arrangements had been made by the states-general for their payment. It settled that all prisoners, on both sides, should be released, excepting the Count Van Buren, who was to be set free so soon as the states-general having been convoked, the Prince of Orange should have fulfilled the resolutions to be passed by that assembly. It promised the maintenance of all the privileges, charters, and constitutions of the Netherlands. It required of the states an oath to maintain the Catholic religion. It recorded their agreement to disband their troops. It settled that Don John should be received as governor-general immediately upon the departure of the Spaniards, Italians, and Burgundians from the provinces.

These were the main provisions of this famous treaty, which was confirmed a few weeks afterwards by Philip, in a letter addressed to the states of Brabant and by an edict issued at Madrid. It will be seen that everything required by the envoys of the states at the commencement of their negotiations had been conceded by Don John.

The governor had thus disconcerted the Prince of Orange by the amplitude of his concessions. The combinations of William the Silent were for an instant deranged. Had the Prince expected such liberality he would have placed his demands upon a higher basis, for it is not probable that he contemplated or desired a pacification. The Duke of Aerschot and the Bishop of Liege in vain essayed to prevail upon his deputies at Marche-en-Famene to sign the agreement of the 27th of January, upon which was founded the Perpetual Edict. They refused to do so without consulting the Prince and the estates. Meantime the other commissioners forced the affair rapidly forward. The states sent a deputation to the Prince to ask his opinion, and signed the agreement before it was possible to receive his reply. This was to treat him with

little courtesy, if not absolutely with bad faith. The Prince was disappointed and indignant. In truth, as appeared from all his language and letters, he had no confidence in Don John. He believed him a consummate hypocrite, and as deadly a foe to the Netherlands as the Duke of Alva, or Philip himself. In short, he believed that the estates had thrust their heads into the lion's mouth, and he foresaw the most gloomy consequences from the treaty which had just been concluded. He believed, to use his own language, "that the only difference between Don John and Alva or Requesens was that he was younger and more foolish than his predecessors, less capable of concealing his venom, more impatient to dip his hands in blood."

In the Pacification of Ghent the Prince had achieved the prize of his life-long labors. He had banded a mass of provinces by the ties of a common history, language, and customs, into a league against a foreign tyranny. He had grappled Holland and Zeeland to their sister provinces by a common love for their ancient liberties, by a common hatred to a Spanish soldiery. He had exorcised the evil demon of religious bigotry by which the body politic had been possessed so many years; for the Ghent treaty, largely interpreted, opened the door to universal toleration. In the Perpetual Edict the Prince saw his work undone. Holland and Zeeland were again cut adrift from the other fifteen provinces, and war would soon be let loose upon that devoted little territory. The article stipulating the maintenace of the Ghent treaty he regarded as idle wind, the solemn saws of the state council and the quiddities from Louvain being likely to prove but slender bulwarks against the returning tide of tyranny. Either it was tacitly intended to tolerate the Reformed religion or to hunt it down. To argue that the Ghent treaty, loyally interpreted, strengthened ecclesiastical or royal despotism was to contend that a maniac was more dangerous in fetters than when armed with a sword; it was to be blind to the difference between a private conventicle and a public scaffold. The Perpetual Edict, while affecting to sustain the treaty, would necessarily destroy it at a blow, while, during the brief interval of re-

pose, tyranny would have renewed its youth like the eagle's. Was it possible, then, for William of Orange to sustain the Perpetual Edict, the compromise with Don John? Ten thousand ghosts from the Lake of Haarlem, from the famine and plague-stricken streets of Leyden, from the smoking ruins of Antwerp, rose to warn him against such a compromise with a despotism as subtle as it was remorseless.

It was, therefore, not the policy of William of Orange, suspecting as he did Don John, abhorring Philip, doubting the Netherland nobles, confiding only in the mass of the citizens, to give his support to the Perpetual Edict. He was not the more satisfied because the states had concluded the arrangement without his sanction and against his express advice. He refused to publish or recognize the treaty in Holland and Zeeland. A few weeks before, he had privately laid before the states of Holland and Zeeland a series of questions, in order to test their temper, asking them, in particular, whether they were prepared to undertake a new and sanguinary war for the sake of their religion, even although their other privileges should be recognized by the new government; and a long and earnest debate had ensued, of a satisfactory nature, although no positive resolution was passed upon the subject. As soon as the Perpetual Edict had been signed the states-general had sent to the Prince, requesting his opinion and demanding his sanction. Orange, in the name of Holland and Zeeland, instantly returned an elaborate answer, taking grave exceptions to the whole tenor of the edict. He complained that the constitution of the land was violated, because the ancient privilege of the states-general to assemble at their pleasure had been invaded, and because the laws of every province were set at naught by the continued imprisonment of Count Van Buren, who had committed no crime, and whose detention proved that no man, whatever might be promised, could expect security for life or liberty. The ratification of the Ghent treaty, it was insisted, was in no wise distinct and categorical, but was made dependent on a crowd of deceitful subterfuges. He inveighed bitterly

against the stipulation in the edict that the states should pay the wages of the soldiers, whom they had just proclaimed to be knaves and rebels, and at whose hands they had suffered such monstrous injuries. He denounced the cowardice which could permit this band of hirelings to retire with so much jewelry, merchandise, and plate, the result of their robberies. He expressed, however, in the name of the two provinces, a willingness to sign the edict, provided the states-general would agree solemnly beforehand, in case the departure of the Spaniards did not take place within the stipulated time, to abstain from all recognition of, or communication with, Don John, and themselves to accomplish the removal of the troops by force of arms.

Such was the first and solemn manifesto made by the Prince in reply to the Perpetual Edict—the states of Holland and Zeeland uniting heart and hand in all that he thought, wrote, and said. His private sentiments were in strict accordance with the opinions thus publicly recorded. "Whatever appearance Don John may assume to the contrary," wrote the Prince to his brother, "'tis by no means his intention to maintain the Pacification, and less still to cause the Spaniards to depart, with whom he keeps up the most strict correspondence possible."

On the other hand, the governor was most anxious to conciliate the Prince. He was most earnest to win the friendship of the man without whom every attempt to recover Holland and Zeeland, and to re-establish royal and ecclesiastical tyranny, he knew to be hopeless. "This is the pilot," wrote Don John to Philip, "who guides the bark. He alone can destroy or save it. The greatest obstacles would be removed if he could be gained." He had proposed and Philip had approved the proposition that the Count Van Buren should be clothed with his father's dignities, on condition that the Prince should himself retire into Germany. It was soon evident, however, that such a proposition would meet with little favor, the office of father of his country and protector of her liberties not being transferable.

While at Louvain, whither he had gone after the publi-

cation of the Perpetual Edict, Don John had conferred with the Duke of Aerschot, and they had decided that it would be well to send Doctor Leoninus on a private mission to the Prince. Don John was in earnest; unfortunately he was not aware that the Prince was in earnest also. The crusader, who had sunk thirty thousand paynims at a blow, and who was dreaming of the Queen of Scotland and the throne of England, had not room in his mind to entertain the image of *a patriot*. Royal favors, family prosperity, dignities, offices, orders, advantageous conditions, these were the baits with which the governor angled for William of Orange. He did not comprehend that attachment to a half-drowned land and to a despised religion could possibly stand in the way of those advantageous conditions and that brilliant future. He did not imagine that the rebel, once assured not only of pardon but of advancement, could hesitate to refuse the royal hand thus amicably offered. Don John had not accurately measured his great antagonist. The results of the successive missions which he despatched to the Prince were destined to enlighten him.

Don John of Austria, meanwhile, came to Louvain. Until the preliminary conditions of the Perpetual Edict had been fulfilled and the Spanish troops sent out of the country he was not to be received as governor-general, but it seemed unbecoming for him to remain longer upon the threshold of the provinces. He therefore advanced into the heart of the country, trusting himself without troops to the loyalty of the people, and manifesting a show of chivalrous confidence which he was far from feeling. He was soon surrounded by courtiers, time-servers, noble office-seekers. They who had kept themselves invisible, so long as the issue of a perplexed negotiation seemed doubtful, now became obsequious and inevitable as his shadow. One grand seignior wanted a regiment, another a government, a third a chamberlain's key; all wanted titles, ribbons, offices, livery, wages. Don John distributed favors and promises with vast liberality. The object with which Philip had sent him to the Netherlands, that he might conciliate the hearts of its inhabitants by the

personal graces which he had inherited from his imperial father, seemed in a fair way of accomplishment, for it was not only the venal applause of titled sycophants that he strove to merit, but he mingled gayly and familiarly with all classes of citizens.

While the governor still tarried at Louvain, his secretary, Escovedo, was busily engaged in arranging the departure of the Spaniards, for, notwithstanding his original reluctance and the suspicions of Orange, Don John loyally intended to keep his promise. He even advanced twenty-seven thousand florins towards the expense of their removal, but to raise the whole amount required for transportation and arrears was a difficult matter. The estates were slow in providing the one hundred and fifty thousand florins which they had stipulated to furnish. The King's credit, moreover, was at a very low ebb, but by dint of great diligence on the part of Escovedo, and through the confidence reposed in his character, the necessary funds were raised in the course of a few weeks.

The troops readily took up their line of march, and never paused till they reached Lombardy. They departed in very ill humor, not having received any recompense for their long and arduous services. Certainly, if unflinching endurance, desperate valor, and congenial cruelty could atone in the monarch's eyes for the mutiny which had at last compelled their withdrawal, then were these laborers worthy of their hire. Don John had pacified them by assurances that they should receive adequate rewards on their arrival in Lombardy, and had urged the full satisfaction of their claims and his promises in the strongest language.

CHAPTER II

THREE PARTIES—THE ANABAPTISTS PROTECTED

Don John made his triumphal entrance into Brussels on the 1st of May. It was long since so festive a May Day had gladdened the hearts of Brabant. So much holiday magnificence had not been seen in the Netherlands for years. A solemn procession of burghers, preceded by six thousand troops, and garnished by the free companies of archers and musketeers in their picturesque costumes, escorted the young prince along the streets of the capital. Don John was on horseback, wrapped in a long green cloak, riding between the Bishop of Liege and the papal nuncio. He passed beneath countless triumphal arches. Banners waved before him on which the battle of Lepanto and other striking scenes in his life were emblazoned. Minstrels sang verses, poets recited odes, rhetoric clubs enacted fantastic dramas in his honor as he rode along. Young virgins crowned him with laurels. Fair women innumerable were clustered at every window, roof, and balcony, their bright robes floating like summer clouds above him. "Softly from those lovely clouds," says a gallant chronicler, "descended the gentle rain of flowers." Garlands were strewed before his feet, laurelled victory sat upon his brow. The same conventional enthusiasm and decoration which had characterized the holiday marches of a thousand conventional heroes were successfully produced. The proceedings began with the church, and ended with the banquet; the day was propitious, the populace pleased, and, after a brilliant festival, Don John of Austria saw himself governor-general of the provinces.

Three days afterwards, the customary oaths, to be kept

with the customary conscientiousness, were rendered at the Town-house, and for a brief moment all seemed smiling and serene.

There was a reverse to the picture. In truth, no language can describe the hatred which Don John entertained for the Netherlands and all the inhabitants. He had come to the country only as a stepping-stone to the English throne, and he never spoke, in his private letters, of the provinces or the people but in terms of abhorrence. He was in a "Babylon of disgust," in a "hell," surrounded by "drunkards," "wine-skins," "scoundrels," and the like. From the moment of his arrival he had strained every nerve to retain the Spanish troops, and to send them away by sea when it should be no longer feasible to keep them. Escovedo shared in the sentiments and entered fully into the schemes of his chief. Especially those which looked to the assassination of Queen Elizabeth and William of Orange.

Meantime, the man in whose hands really lay the question of war and peace sat at Middelburg, watching the deep current of events as it slowly flowed towards the precipice. The whole population of Holland and Zeeland hung on his words. In approaching the realms of William the Silent, Don John felt that he had entered a charmed circle, where the talisman of his own illustrious name lost its power, where his valor was paralyzed, and his sword rusted irrevocably in its sheath. "The people here," he wrote, "are *bewitched* by the Prince of Orange. They love him, they fear him, and wish to have him for their master. They inform him of everything, and take no resolution without consulting him."

While William was thus directing and animating the whole nation with his spirit, his immediate friends became more and more anxious concerning the perils to which he was exposed. His mother, who had already seen her youngest-born, Henry, her Adolphus, her chivalrous Louis, laid in their bloody graves for the cause of conscience, was most solicitous for the welfare of her "heart's-beloved lord and son," the Prince of Orange. Nevertheless, the high-spirited old dame was even more alarmed at the pos-

sibility of a peace in which that religious liberty for which so much dear blood had been poured forth should be inadequately secured. "My heart longs for certain tidings from my lord," she wrote to William, "for methinks the peace now in prospect will prove but an oppression for soul and conscience. I trust my heart's dearly beloved lord and son will be supported by Divine grace to do nothing against God and his own soul's salvation. 'Tis better to lose the temporal than the eternal." Thus wrote the mother of William, and we can feel the sympathetic thrill which such tender and lofty words awoke in his breast. His son, the ill-starred Philip, now for ten years long a compulsory sojourner in Spain, was not yet weaned from his affection for his noble parent, but sent messages of affection to him whenever occasion offered, while a less commendable proof of his filial affection he had lately afforded at the expense of the luckless captain of his Spanish guard. That officer, having dared in his presence to speak disrespectfully of his father, was suddenly seized about the waist by the enraged young Count, hurled out of the window, and killed stone dead upon the spot. After this exhibition of his natural feelings, the Spanish government thought it necessary to take more subtle means to tame so turbulent a spirit. Unfortunately they proved successful.

Count John of Nassau, too, was sorely pressed for money. Six hundred thousand florins, at least, had been advanced by himself and brothers to aid the cause of Netherland freedom. Louis and himself had, unhesitatingly and immediately, turned into that sacred fund the hundred thousand crowns which the King of France had presented them for their personal use; for it was not the Prince of Orange alone who had consecrated his wealth and his life to the cause, but the members of his family, less immediately interested in the country, had thus furnished what may well be called an enormous subsidy, and one most disproportioned to their means. Not only had they given all the cash which they could command by mortgaging their lands and rents, their plate and furniture, but, in the words of Count John himself, "they had taken

the chains and jewels from the necks of their wives, their children, and their mother, and had hawked them about as if they had themselves been traders and hucksters." And yet, even now, while stooping under this prodigious debt, Count John asked not for present repayment. He only wrote to the Prince to signify his extreme embarrassment, and to request some obligation or recognition from the cities of Holland and Zeeland, whence hitherto no expression of gratitude or acknowledgment had proceeded.

The Prince consoled and assured, as best he could, his mother, son, wife, and brother, even at the same moment that he comforted his people. He also received at this time a second and more solemn embassy from Don John. No sooner had the governor exchanged oaths at Brussels, and been acknowledged as the representative of his Majesty, than he hastened to make another effort to conciliate the Prince. Don John saw before him only a grand seignior of lofty birth and boundless influence, who had placed himself towards the crown in a false position, from which he might even yet be rescued; for to sacrifice the whims of a reforming and transitory religious fanaticism, which had spun itself for a moment about so clear a brain, would, he thought, prove but a trifling task for so experienced a politician as the Prince. William of Orange, on the other hand, looked upon his young antagonist as the most brilliant impersonation which had yet been seen of the foul spirit of persecution.

Don John meant peace, wise William meant war; for he knew that no other issue was possible. Peace, in reality, was war in its worst shape. Peace would unchain every priestly tongue, and unsheathe every knightly sword in the fifteen provinces against little Holland and Zeeland. He had been able to bind all the provinces together by the hastily forged chain of the Ghent treaty, and had done what he could to strengthen that union by the principle of mutual religious respect. By the arrival of Don John that work had been deranged. It had, however, been impossible for the Prince thoroughly to infuse his own ideas on the subject of toleration into the hearts of his nearest associates. He could not hope to inspire his deadly ene-

mies with a deeper sympathy. Was he not himself the mark of obloquy among the Reformers because of his leniency to Catholics? Nay, more, was not his intimate councillor, the accomplished Sainte-Aldegonde, in despair because the Prince refused to exclude the Anabaptists of Holland from the rights of citizenship? At the very moment when William was straining every nerve to unite warring sects, and to persuade men's hearts into a system by which their consciences were to be laid open to God alone—at the moment when it was most necessary for the very existence of the fatherland that Catholic and Protestant should mingle their social and political relations, it was indeed a bitter disappointment for him to see wise statesmen of his own creed unable to rise to the idea of toleration. "The affair of the Anabaptists," * wrote Sainte-Aldegonde, "has been renewed. The Prince objects to exclude them from citizenship. He answered me sharply that their yea was equal to our oath, and that we should not press this matter unless we were *willing to confess that it was just for the papists to compel us* to a divine service which was against our conscience." It seems hardly credible that this sentence, containing so sublime a tribute to the character of the Prince, should have been indited as a bitter censure, and that, too, by an enlightened and accomplished Protestant. "In short," continued Sainte-Aldegonde, with increasing vexation, "I don't see how we can accomplish our wish in this matter. The Prince has uttered reproaches to me that our clergy are striving to obtain a mastery over consciences. He praised lately the saying of a monk who was not long ago here, that our pot had not gone to the fire as often as that of our antagonists, but that when the time came it would be black enough. In short, the Prince fears that after a few centuries the clerical tyranny on both sides will stand in this respect on the same footing."

Early in the month of May, Doctor Leoninus and Cas-

* In this year, 1577, William of Orange wrote to the magistrates of Middelburg: "We declare to you that you have no right to interfere with the conscience of any one, so long as he has done nothing that works injury to another person, or a public scandal."

par Schetz, Seigneur de Grobbendonck, had been sent on a mission from the states-general to the Prince of Orange. While their negotiations were still pending, four special envoys from Don John arrived at Middelburg. To this commission was informally adjoined Leoninus, who had succeeded to the general position of Viglius, who was dead.

The agents of Don John were the Duke of Aerschot, the Seigneur de Hierges, Seigneur de Willerval, and Doctor Meetkerken, accompanied by Doctor Andrew Gaill, one of the imperial commissioners. The two envoys from the states-general, Leoninus and Schetz, being present at Gertruydenberg, were added to the deputation. An important conference took place, the details of which have been somewhat minutely preserved. The Prince of Orange, accompanied by Sainte-Aldegonde and four other councillors, encountered the seven champions from Brussels in a long debate, which was more like a passage of arms or a trial of skill than a friendly colloquy with a pacific result in prospect; for it must be remembered that the Prince of Orange did not mean peace. He had devised the Pacification of Ghent as a union of the other provinces with Holland and Zeeland against Philip. He did not intend that it should be converted into a union of the other provinces with Philip against Holland and Zeeland.

The formal interchange of documents soon afterwards took place. The conversation held between the different parties shows, however, the exact position of affairs. There was no change in the intentions of either Reformers or royalists. Philip and his representatives still contended for two points, and claimed the praise of moderation that their demands were so few in number. They were willing to concede everything save the unlimited authority of the King and the exclusive maintenance of the Catholic religion. The Prince of Orange, on his side, claimed two points also — the ancient constitutions of the country and religious freedom. It was obvious enough that the contest was the same, in reality, as it had ever been. No approximation had been made towards reconciling absolutism with national liberty, persecution with toleration.

The envoys accordingly, in obedience to their instruc-

tions, made a formal statement to the Prince of Orange and the states of Holland and Zeeland, on the part of Don John. They alluded to the departure of the Spaniards, as if that alone had fulfilled every duty and authorized every claim. They therefore demanded the immediate publication in Holland and Zeeland of the Perpetual Edict. They insisted on the immediate discontinuance of all hostile attempts to reduce Amsterdam to the jurisdiction of Orange; required the Prince to abandon his pretensions to Utrecht; and denounced the efforts being made by him and his partisans to diffuse their heretical doctrines through the other provinces. They observed, in conclusion, that the general question of religion was not to be handled, because reserved for the consideration of the states-general, according to the treaty of Ghent.

The reply, delivered on the following day by the Prince of Orange and the deputies, maintained that the Perpetual Edict was widely different from the Pacification of Ghent, which it affected to uphold; that the promises to abstain from all violation of the ancient constitutions had not been kept; that the German troops had not been dismissed; that the property of the Prince in the Netherlands and Burgundy had not been restored; that his son was detained in captivity; that the government of Utrecht was withheld from him; that the charters and constitution of the country, instead of being extended, had been contracted; and that the governor had claimed the right to convoke the states-general at his pleasure, in violation of the ancient right to assemble at their own. The document further complained that the adherents of the Reformed religion were not allowed to frequent the different provinces in freedom, according to the stipulations of Ghent; that Don John, notwithstanding all these shortcomings, had been acknowledged as governor-general without the consent of the Prince; that he was surrounded with a train of Spaniards, Italians, and other foreigners—Gonzaga, Escovedo, and the like—as well as by renegade Netherlanders like Tassis, by whom he was unduly influenced against the country and the people, and by whom a "back door was held constantly open" to the

admission of evils innumerable. Finally, it was asserted that by means of this last act of union a new form of inquisition had been introduced, and one which was much more cruel than the old system, inasmuch as the Spanish inquisition did not take information against men except upon suspicion, whereas by the new process all the world would be examined as to their conscience and religion, under pretence of maintaining the union.

Such was the result of this second mission to the Prince of Orange on the part of the governor-general. Don John never sent another. The swords were now fairly measured between the antagonists, and the scabbards were soon to be thrown away. A few weeks afterwards the governor wrote to Philip that there was nothing in the world which William of Orange so much abhorred as his Majesty, adding, with Castilian exaggeration, that if the Prince could drink the King's blood he would do so with great pleasure.

Don John, being thus seated in the saddle, had a moment's leisure to look around him. It was but a moment, for he had small confidence in the aspect of affairs, but one of his first acts after assuming the government afforded a proof of the interpretation which he had adopted of the Ghent Pacification. An edict was issued, addressed to all bishops, "heretic-masters," and provincial councils, commanding the strict enforcement of the canons of the Council of Trent, and other ecclesiastical decrees. These authorities were summoned instantly to take increased heed of the flocks under their charge, "and to protect them from the ravening wolves which were seeking to devour them."

The measure bore instant fruit. A wretched tailor of Mechlin, Peter Panis by name, an honest man, but a heretic, was arrested upon the charge of having preached or exhorted at a meeting in that city. He confessed that he had been present at the meeting, but denied that he had preached. He was then required to denounce the others who had been present and the men who had actually officiated. He refused, and was condemned to death. The Prince of Orange, while the process was pending,

wrote an earnest letter to the Council of Mechlin, imploring them not now to rekindle the fires of religious persecution. His appeal was in vain. The poor tailor was beheaded at Mechlin on the 15th of June, the conqueror of Lepanto being present at the execution and adding dignity to the scene. Thus, at the moment when William of Orange was protecting the Anabaptists of Middelburg in the rights of citizenship, even while they refused its obligations, the son of the Emperor was dipping his hands in the blood of a poor wretch who had done no harm but to listen to a prayer without denouncing the preacher. The most intimate friends of the Prince were offended with his liberality. The imperial shade of Don John's father might have risen to approve the son who had so dutifully revived his bloody edicts and his ruthless policy.

Three parties were now fairly in existence: the nobles, who hated the Spaniards, but who were disposed to hold themselves aloof from the people; the adherents of Don John, commonly called "Johanists"; and the partisans of the Prince of Orange—for William the Silent had always felt the necessity of leaning for support on something more substantial than the court party, a reed shaken by the wind, and failing always when most relied upon. His efforts were constant to elevate the middle class, to build up a strong third party, which should unite much of the substantial wealth and intelligence of the land, drawing constantly from the people, and deriving strength from national enthusiasm—a party which should include nearly all the political capacity of the country; and his efforts were successful. No doubt the governor and his secretary were right when they said the people of the Netherlands were inclined to brook the Turk as easily as the Spaniard for their master, and that their hearts were in reality devoted to the Prince of Orange.

As to the grandees, they were mostly of those who "sought to swim between two waters," according to the Prince's expression. There were but few unswerving supporters of the Spanish rule, like the Berlaymont and the Tassis families. The rest veered daily with the veering wind. Aerschot, the great chief of the Catholic party,

was but a cringing courtier, false and fawning both to Don John and the Prince. He sought to play a leading part in a great epoch; he only distinguished himself by courting and betraying all parties, and being thrown away by all. His son and brother were hardly more respectable. The Prince knew how little dependence could be placed on such allies, even although they had signed and sworn the Ghent Pacification. He was also aware how little it was the intention of the governor to be bound by that famous treaty. The Spanish troops had been, indeed, disbanded, but there were still between ten and fifteen thousand German mercenaries in the service of the King; these were stationed in different important places and held firm possession of the citadels. The great keys of the country were still in the hands of the Spaniards. Aerschot, indeed, governed the castle of Antwerp in room of Sancho d'Avila, but how much more friendly would Aerschot be than Avila when interest prompted him to sustain Don John against the Prince?

Meanwhile the estates, according to their contract, were straining every nerve to raise the requisite sum for the payment of the German troops. Equitable offers were made by which the soldiers were to receive a certain proportion of the arrears due to them in merchandise and the remainder in cash. The arrangement was rejected, at the secret instance of Don John. While the governor affected an ingenuous desire to aid the estates in their efforts to free themselves from the remaining portion of this encumbrance, he was secretly tampering with the leading German officers in order to prevent their acceptance of any offered terms. He persuaded these military chiefs that a conspiracy existed by which they were not only to be deprived of their wages, but of their lives. He warned them to heed no promises, to accept no terms. Convincing them that he, and he only, was their friend, he arranged secret plans by which they should assist him in taking the fortresses of the country into still more secure possession, for he was not more inclined to trust to the Aerschots and the Havrés than was the Prince himself.

The governor lived in considerable danger, and in still greater dread, of capture, if not of assassination. His imagination, excited by endless tales of ambush and half-discovered conspiracies, saw armed soldiers behind every bush, a pitfall in every street. Nor did Don John need warnings coming from sources far from obscure. He fled to Mechlin, where warnings were soon afterwards renewed, for the solemn sacrifice of Peter Panis, the poor preaching tailor of that city, had not been enough to strike terror to the hearts of all the Netherlanders. One day, towards the end of June, the Duke of Aerschot, riding out with Don John, gave him a circumstantial account of plots, old and new, the existence of which he had discovered or invented, and he showed a copy of a secret letter, written by the Prince of Orange to the estates, recommending the forcible seizure of his Highness. It is true that the Duke was, at that period and for long after, upon terms of the most "fraternal friendship" with the Prince, and was in the habit of signing himself "his very affectionate brother and cordial friend to serve him," yet this did not prevent him from accomplishing what he deemed his duty, in secretly denouncing his plans. It is also true that he at the same time gave the Prince private information concerning the government, and sent him intercepted letters from his enemies, thus easing his conscience on both sides, and trimming his sails to every wind which might blow.

The governor brooded over what had been said to him for a few days, and he then broke up his establishment at Mechlin, selling off his superfluous furniture and even the wine in his cellars. Thus showing that his absence, both from Brussels and Mechlin, was to be a prolonged one, he took advantage of an unforeseen occurrence again to remove his residence.

CHAPTER III

DON JOHN FOILED BY ORANGE

THERE were few cities of the Netherlands more picturesque in situation, more trimly built, and more opulent of aspect than the little city of Namur. Its famous citadel, crowning an abrupt precipice five hundred feet above the river's bed, and placed near the frontier of France, made the city of vast strategic importance, and this had now attracted Don John's attention in this hour of his perplexity. The unexpected visit of a celebrated personage furnished him with the pretext which he desired. The beautiful Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre, was proceeding to the baths of Spa to drink the waters. Her health was as perfect as her beauty, but she was flying from a husband whom she hated, to advance the interest of a brother whom she loved with a more than sisterly fondness—for the worthless Duke of Alençon was one of the many competitors for the Netherland government; the correspondence between himself and his brother with Orange and his agents being still continued. The hollow truce with the Huguenots in France had, however, been again succeeded by war. Henry of Valois had already commenced operations in Gascony against Henry of Navarre, whom he hated almost as cordially as Margaret herself could do, and the Duke of Alençon was besieging Issoire. Meantime, the beautiful Queen came to mingle the golden thread of her feminine intrigues with the dark woof of the Netherland destinies.

The Queen crossed the frontier, and was courteously received at Cambrai. The bishop—of the loyal house of Berlaymont—was a stanch supporter of the King, and

although a Fleming, was Spanish to the core. On him the cajolery of the beautiful Queen was first essayed, but was found powerless. The prelate gave her a magnificent ball, but resisted her blandishments. He retired with the appearance of the confections, but the governor of the citadel, the Seigneur d'Inchy, remained, with whom Margaret was more successful. She found him a cordial hater of Spain, a favorer of France, and very impatient under the authority of the bishop. He obtained permission to accompany the royal visitor a few stages of her journey, and returned to Cambrai her willing slave, holding the castle in future neither for king nor bishop, but for Margaret's brother Alençon alone. At Mons she was received with great state by the Count Lalain, who was governor of Hainault, while his Countess governed him. A week of festivities graced the advent of the Queen, during which period the hearts of both Lalain and his wife were completely subjugated.

The Count, with a retinue of mounted men, then accompanied her on her way towards Namur, but turned as the distant tramp of Don John's cavalcade was heard approaching, for it was not desirable for Lalain at that moment to find himself face to face with the governor. Don John stood a moment awaiting the arrival of the Queen. He did not dream of her political intrigues, nor see in the fair form approaching him one mortal enemy the more. Margaret travelled in a splendid litter with gilt pillars, lined with scarlet velvet, and entirely enclosed in glass, which was followed by those of the Princesse de la Roche sur Yon and of Madame de Tournon. After these came ten ladies of honor on horseback, and six chariots filled with female domestics. These, with the guards and other attendants, made up the retinue. On meeting the Queen's litter, Don John sprang from his horse and presented his greetings. The Queen returned his salutation, in the French fashion, by offering her cheek to his embrace, extending the same favor to the Duke of Aerschot and the Marquis of Havré. The cavaliers then remounted and escorted the Queen to Namur, Don John riding by the side of the litter and conversing with her

all the way. It was late in the evening when the procession arrived in the city. The streets had, however, been brilliantly illuminated, houses and shops, although it was near midnight, being in a blaze of light. Don John believing that no attentions could be so acceptable at that hour as to provide for the repose of his guest, conducted the Queen at once to the lodgings prepared for her. Margaret was astonished at the magnificence of the apartments into which she was ushered.

The next morning a grand mass with military music was celebrated, followed by a sumptuous banquet in the grand hall. Don John and the Queen sat at a table three feet apart from the rest, and Ottavio Gonzaga served them wine upon his knees. After the banquet came, as usual, the ball, the festivities continuing till late in the night, and Don John scarcely quitting his fair guest for a moment. The next afternoon, a festival had been arranged upon an island in the river. The company embarked upon the Meuse, in a fleet of gayly scarfed and painted vessels, many of which were filled with musicians. Margaret reclined in her gilded barge, under a richly embroidered canopy. A fairer and falser queen than the Egyptian had bewitched the famous youth who had triumphed, not lost the world, beneath the heights of Actium. The revellers landed on the island, where the banquet was already spread within a spacious bower of ivy and beneath umbrageous elms. The dance upon the sward was protracted to a late hour, and the summer stars had been long in the sky when the company returned to their barges.

Don John, more than ever enthralled by the bride of St. Bartholomew, knew not that her sole purpose in visiting his dominion had been to corrupt his servants and to undermine his authority. His own purpose, however, had been less to pay court to the Queen than to make use of her presence to cover his own designs. That purpose he proceeded instantly to execute. The Queen next morning pursued her voyage by the river to Liege, and scarcely had she floated out of his sight than he sprang upon his horse, and, accompanied by a few trusty attend-

ants, galloped out of the gate and across the bridge which led to the citadel. He had already despatched the loyal Berlaymont, with his four equally loyal sons, the Seigneurs de Meghen, Floyon, Hierges, and Haultepenne, to that fortress. These gentlemen had informed the castellan that the governor was about to ride forth hunting, and that it would be proper to offer him the hospitalities of the castle as he passed on his way. A considerable number of armed men had been concealed in the woods and thickets of the neighborhood. The Seigneur de Froymont, suspecting nothing, acceded to the propriety of the suggestion made by the Berlaymonts. Meantime, with a blast of his horn, Don John appeared at the castle gate. He entered the fortress with the castellan, while one of the gentlemen watched outside as the ambushed soldiers came toiling up the precipice. When all was ready the gentleman returned to the hall, and made a signal to Don John as he sat at breakfast with the constable. The governor sprang from the table and drew his sword; Berlaymont and his four sons drew their pistols, while at the same instant the soldiers entered. Don John, exclaiming that this was the first day of his government, commanded the castellan to surrender. De Froymont, taken by surprise, and hardly understanding this very melodramatic attack upon a citadel by its own lawful governor, made not much difficulty in complying. He was then turned out-of-doors, along with his garrison, mostly feeble old men and invalids. The newly arrived soldiers took their places, at command of the governor, and the stronghold of Namur was his own.

There was little doubt that the representative of Philip had a perfect right to possess himself of any fortress within his government; there could be as little doubt that the sudden stratagem by which he had thus made himself master of this citadel would prove offensive to the estates, while it could hardly be agreeable to the King; and yet it is not certain that he could have accomplished his purpose in any other way. Moreover, the achievement was one of a projected series by which he meant to revindicate his dwindling authority. He was weary of playing

the hypocrite, and convinced that he and his monarch were both abhorred by the Netherlanders. Peace was impossible—war was forbidden him. Reduced almost to a nullity by the Prince of Orange, it was time for him to make a stand, and in this impregnable fastness his position at least was a good one. Many months before, the Prince of Orange had expressed his anxious desire that this most important town and citadel should be secured for the estates. "You know," he had written to Bossu in December, "the evil and the dismay which the loss of the city and fortress of Namur would occasion to us. Let me beseech you that all possible care be taken to preserve them." Nevertheless, their preservation had been entrusted to a feeble-minded old constable, at the head of a handful of cripples.

We know how intense had been the solicitude of the Prince not only to secure but to destroy these citadels, "nests of tyranny," which had been built by despots to crush, not protect, the towns at their feet. These precautions had been neglected, and the consequences were displaying themselves, for the castle of Namur was not the only one of which Don John felt himself secure. Although the Duke of Aerschot seemed so very much his humble servant, the governor did not trust him, and wished to see the citadel of Antwerp in more unquestionable keeping. He had therefore withdrawn not only the Duke, but his son, the Prince of Chimay, commander of the castle in his father's absence, from that important post, and insisted upon their accompanying him to Namur. So gallant a courtier as Aerschot could hardly refuse to pay his homage to so illustrious a princess as Margaret of Valois, while during the absence of the Duke and Prince the keys of Antwerp citadel had been, at the command of Don John, placed in the keeping of the Seigneur de Treslong, an unscrupulous and devoted royalist. The celebrated Colonel Van Ende, whose participation at the head of his German cavalry in the terrible sack of that city which he had been ordered to defend has been narrated, was commanded to return to Antwerp. He was to present himself openly to the city authorities, but he was secretly directed by the governor-general to act in co-operation with

the Colonels Fugger, Frondsberger, and Polwiller, who commanded the forces already stationed in the city. These distinguished officers had been all summer in secret correspondence with Don John, for they were the instruments with which he meant by a bold stroke to recover his almost lost authority.

In the mean time, almost exactly at the moment when Don John was executing his enterprise against Namur, Escovedo had taken an affectionate farewell of the estates at Brussels; for it had been thought necessary, as already intimated, both for the apparent interests and the secret projects of Don John, that the secretary should make a visit to Spain. He made the visit. By the secret order of the King, Perez being the executive supervisor of the details, Escovedo was murdered at nightfall of the 31st of March, 1578, in the streets of Madrid.

Before narrating the issue of the plot against Antwerp citadel, it is necessary to recur for a moment to the Prince of Orange. In the deeds and written words of that one man are comprised nearly all the history of the Reformation in the Netherlands—nearly the whole progress of the infant Republic. The rest, during this period, is made up of the plottings and counter-plottings, the mutual wranglings and recriminations of Don John and the estates.

In the brief breathing-space now afforded them, the inhabitants of Holland and Zeeland had been employing themselves in the extensive repairs of their vast system of dikes. These barriers, which protected their country against the ocean, but which their own hands had destroyed to preserve themselves against tyranny, were now thoroughly reconstructed at a great expense, the Prince everywhere encouraging the people with his presence, directing them by his experience, inspiring them with his energy. The task accomplished was stupendous, and worthy, says a contemporary, of eternal memory.

At the popular request, the Prince afterwards made a tour through the little provinces, honoring every city with a brief visit. The spontaneous homage which went up to him from every heart was pathetic and simple. There were no triumphal arches, no martial music, no banners,

no theatrical pageantry—nothing but the choral anthem from thousands of grateful hearts. "Father William has come! Father William has come!" cried men, women, and children to one another when the news of his arrival in town or village was announced. He was a patriarch visiting his children, not a conqueror, nor a vulgar potentate displaying himself to his admirers. Happy were they who heard his voice, happier they who touched his hands; for his words were full of tenderness, his hand was offered to all. There were none so humble as to be forbidden to approach him, none so ignorant as not to know his deeds. All knew that to combat in their cause he had descended from princely station, from luxurious ease, to the position of a proscribed and almost beggared outlaw. For them he had impoverished himself and his family, mortgaged his estates, stripped himself of jewels, furniture, almost of food and raiment. Through his exertions the Spaniards had been banished from their little territory, the inquisition crushed within their borders, nearly all the sister provinces but yesterday banded into a common cause.

He found time, notwithstanding congratulating crowds who thronged his footsteps, to direct the labors of the states-general, who still looked more than ever to his guidance, as their relations with Don John became more complicated and unsatisfactory. In a letter addressed to them on the 20th of June, from Haarlem, he warned them most eloquently to hold to the Ghent Pacification as to their anchor in the storm. He assured them, if it was torn from them, that their destruction was inevitable. He reminded them that hitherto they had got but the shadow, not the substance, of the treaty; that they had been robbed of that which was to be its chief fruit — union among themselves. He and his brothers, with their labor, their wealth, and their blood, had laid down the bridge over which the country had stepped to the Pacification of Ghent. It was for the nation to maintain what had been so painfully won; yet he proclaimed to them that the government was not acting in good faith, that secret preparations were being made to annihilate the authority of the states, to restore the edicts, to put strangers

into high places, and to set up again the scaffold and the whole machinery of persecution.

In consequence of the seizure of Namur Castle, and the accusations made by Don John against Orange in order to justify that act, the Prince had already despatched Taffin and Sainte-Aldegonde to the states-general with a commission to declare his sentiments upon the subject. He addressed, moreover, to the same body, a letter full of sincere and simple eloquence. "The Seigneur Don John," said he, "has accused me of violating the peace, and of countenancing attempts against his life, and in endeavoring to persuade you into joining him in a declaration of war against me and against Holland and Zeeland; but I pray you, most affectionately, to remember our mutual and solemn obligations to maintain the treaty of Ghent."

"Trusting," said the Prince, in conclusion, "that you will accord faith and attention to my envoys, I will only add an expression of my sincere determination to employ myself incessantly in your service, and for the welfare of the whole people, without sparing any means in my power, nor my life itself."

The vigilant Prince was indeed not slow to take advantage of the governor's false move. While in reality intending peace, if it were possible, Don John had thrown down the gauntlet; while affecting to deal openly and manfully, like a warrior and an emperor's son, he had involved himself in petty stratagems and transparent intrigues, by all which he had gained nothing but the character of a plotter, whose word could not be trusted. Sainte-Aldegonde expressed the hope that the seizure of Namur Castle would open the eyes of the people, and certainly the Prince did his best to sharpen their vision.

While in North Holland, William of Orange received an urgent invitation from the magistracy and community of Utrecht to visit that city. His authority, belonging to him under his ancient commission, had not yet been recognized over that province, but there was no doubt that the contemplated convention of "Satisfaction" was soon to be arranged, for his friends there were numerous and influential. His princess, Charlotte de Bourbon, who ac-

companied him on his tour, trembled at the danger to which her husband would expose himself by venturing thus boldly into a territory which might be full of his enemies, but the Prince determined to trust the loyalty of a province which he hoped would be soon his own. With anxious forebodings the Princess followed her husband to the ancient episcopal city. As they entered its gates, where an immense concourse was waiting to receive him, a shot passed through the carriage window and struck the Prince upon the breast. The affrighted lady threw her arms about his neck, shrieking that they were betrayed, but the Prince, perceiving that the supposed shot was but a wad from one of the cannon, which were still roaring their welcome to him, soon succeeded in calming her fears. The carriage passed slowly through the streets, attended by the vociferous greetings of the multitude; for the whole population had come forth to do him honor. Women and children clustered upon every roof and balcony, but a painful incident again marred the tranquillity of the occasion. An apothecary's child, a little girl of ten years, leaning eagerly from a lofty balcony, lost her balance and fell to the ground, directly before the horses of the Prince's carriage. She was killed stone dead by the fall. The procession stopped; the Prince alighted, lifted the little corpse in his arms, and delivered it, with gentle words and looks of consolation, to the unhappy parents. The day seemed marked with evil omens, which were fortunately destined to prove fallacious. The citizens of Utrecht became more than ever inclined to accept the dominion of the Prince, whom they honored and whom they already regarded as their natural chief. They entertained him with banquets and festivities during his brief visit, and it was certain before he took his departure that the treaty of "Satisfaction" would not be long delayed. It was drawn up, accordingly, in the autumn of the same year, upon the basis of that accepted by Haarlem and Amsterdam—a basis wide enough to support both religions, with a nominal supremacy to the ancient Church.

Meantime, much fruitless correspondence had taken

place between Don John and the states. Envoys, despatched by the two parties to each other, had indulged in bitterness and recrimination. The same grievances were repeated, the same statements produced and contradicted, the same demands urged and evaded, and the same menaces exchanged as upon former occasions.

Immediately after the departure of the second delegation Don John learned the result of his project upon Antwerp citadel. His stratagem failed, through the timely appearance of a fleet of "the beggars'" ships in the Scheldt, which caused first a panic and then a retreat of the German mercenaries. These fled from Antwerp to Bergen-op-Zoom and then to Breda, afterwards surrendering to the estates. Not only was the fortress carried for the estates, but the city of Antwerp, for the first time in twelve years, was relieved from a foreign soldiery.

On the 7th of August Don John addressed another long letter to the estates. This document was accompanied, as usual, by certain demands, drawn up categorically in twenty-three articles. The estates considered his terms hard and strange, for in their opinion it was they, not the governor, who were masters of the situation. Nevertheless, he seemed inclined to treat as if he had gained, not missed, the citadel of Antwerp; as if the troops with whom he had tampered were mustered in the field, not shut up in distant towns, and already at the mercy of the states party. The governor demanded that all the forces of the country should be placed under his own immediate control; that Count Bossu, or some other person nominated by himself, should be appointed to the government of Friesland; that the people of Brabant and Flanders should set themselves instantly to hunting, catching, and chastising all vagrant heretics and preachers. He required, in particular, that Sainte-Aldegonde and Theron, those most mischievous rebels, should be prohibited from setting their foot in any city of the Netherlands. He insisted that the community of Brussels should lay down their arms and resume their ordinary handicrafts. He demanded that the Prince of Orange should be made to execute the Ghent treaty; to suppress

the exercise of the Reformed religion in Haarlem, Schoonhoven, and other places; to withdraw his armed vessels from their threatening stations, and to restore Nieuwpoort, unjustly detained by him. Should the Prince persist in his obstinacy, Don John summoned them to take arms against him and to support their lawful governor. He moreover required the immediate restitution of Antwerp citadel and the release of Treslong from prison.

Although, regarded from the Spanish point of view, such demands might seem reasonable, it was also natural that their audacity should astonish the estates. That the man who had violated so openly the Ghent treaty should rebuke the Prince for his default; that the man who had tampered with the German mercenaries until they were on the point of making another Antwerp Fury should now claim the command over them and all other troops; that the man who had attempted to gain Antwerp citadel by a base stratagem should now coolly demand its restoration, seemed to them the perfection of insolence. The baffled conspirator boldly claimed the prize which was to have rewarded a successful perfidy. At the very moment when the Escovedo letters and the correspondence with the German colonels had been laid before their eyes, it was a little too much that the double-dealing bastard of the double-dealing Emperor should read them a lecture upon sincerity. It was certain that the perplexed and outwitted warrior had placed himself at last in a very false position. The Prince of Orange, with his usual adroitness, made the most of his adversary's false moves. Don John had only succeeded in digging a pitfall for himself. His stratagems against Namur and Antwerp had produced him no fruit, saving the character, which his antagonist now fully succeeded in establishing for him, of an unscrupulous and artful schemer.

Nothing, however, in the governor's opinion, could surpass the insolence of the Netherlanders, save their ingratitude. That was the serpent's tooth which was ever wounding the clement King and his indignant brother. It seemed so bitter to meet with thanklessness, after seven years of Alva and three of Requesens; after the labors of

the Council of Blood, the massacres of Naarden, Zutphen, and Haarlem, the siege of Leyden, and the Fury of Antwerp. "Little profit there has been," said the governor to his sister, "or is like to be, from all the good which we have done to these bad people. In short, they love and obey in all things the most perverse and heretic tyrant and rebel in the whole world, which *is this damned Prince of Orange*, while, on the contrary, without fear of God or shame before men, they abhor and dishonor the name and commandments of their natural sovereign." Therefore, with a doubting spirit, and almost with a broken heart, had the warrior shut himself up in Namur citadel, to await the progress of events, and to escape from the snares of his enemies. "*God knows how much I desire to avoid extremities*," said he, "but I know not what to do with men who show themselves so obstinately rebellious."

The letter addressed by Don John to the states upon the 7th of August had not yet been answered. Feeling, soon afterwards, more sensible of his position, and perhaps less inflamed with indignation, he addressed another communication to them upon the 13th of the same month. In this epistle he expressed an extreme desire for peace, and a hearty desire to be relieved, if possible, from his most painful situation.

This letter was answered at considerable length, upon the second day. The states made their customary protestations of attachment to his Majesty, their fidelity to the Catholic Church, their determination to maintain both the Ghent treaty and the Perpetual Edict. They denied all responsibility for the present disastrous condition of the relations between themselves and government, having disbanded nearly all their own troops, while the governor had been strengthening his forces up to the period of his retreat into Namur. He protested, indeed, friendship and a sincere desire for peace, but the intercepted letters of Escovedo and his own had revealed to them the evil counsels to which he had been listening, and the intrigues which he had been conducting. They left it to his conscience whether they could reasonably believe, after the perusal of these documents, that it was his intention to

maintain the Ghent treaty, or any treaty; and whether they were not justified in their resort to the natural right of self-defence.

It was not difficult for the estates to answer the letters of the governor. Indeed, there was but little lack of argument on either side throughout this unhappy controversy. It is dismal to contemplate the interminable exchange of protocols, declarations, demands, apostils, replications, and rejoinders which made up the substance of Don John's administration. Never was chivalrous crusader so out of place. It was not a soldier that was then required for Philip's exigency, but a scribe. Instead of the famous sword of Lepanto, the "barbarous pen" of Hopperus had been much more suitable for the work required. Scribbling Joachim in a war-galley, yard-arm and yard-arm with the Turkish capitan pacha, could have hardly felt less at ease than did the brilliant warrior thus condemned to scrawl and dissemble. While marching from concession to concession he found the states conceiving daily more distrust, and making daily deeper encroachments. Moreover, his deeds, up to the time when he seemed desirous to retrace his steps, had certainly been, at the least, equivocal. Therefore it was natural for the estates, in reply to the questions in his letter, to observe that he had indeed dismissed the Spaniards, but that he had tampered with and retained the Germans; that he had indeed placed the citadels in the hands of natives, but that he had tried his best to wrest them away again; had indeed professed anxiety for peace, but that his intercepted letters proved his preparations for war. Already there were rumors of Spanish troops returning in small detachments out of France. Already the governor was known to be enrolling fresh mercenaries to supply the place of those whom he had unsuccessfully endeavored to gain to his standard. As early as the 26th of July, in fact, the Marquis d'Ayamonte in Milan, and Don Juan de Idiaquez in Genoa, had received letters from Don John of Austria, stating that, as the provinces had proved false to their engagements, he would no longer be held by his own, and intimating his desire that the

veteran troops which had but so recently been dismissed from Flanders should forthwith return. Soon afterwards Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, received instructions from the King to superintend these movements, and to carry the aid of his own already distinguished military genius to his uncle in the Netherlands.

On the other hand, the states felt their strength daily more sensibly. Guided, as usual, by Orange, they had already assumed a tone in their correspondence which must have seemed often disloyal, and sometimes positively insulting, to the governor. They even answered his hints of resignation in favor of some other prince of the blood by expressing their hopes that his successor, if a member of the royal house at all, would at least be a legitimate one. This was a severe thrust at the haughty chieftain, whose imperial airs rarely betrayed any consciousness of Barbara Blomberg and the bend sinister on his shield. He was made to understand, through the medium of Brabantine bluntness, that more importance was attached to the marriage ceremony in the Netherlands than he seemed to imagine. The party of the Prince was gaining the upper hand.

It was the determination of that great statesman, according to that which he considered the legitimate practice of the government, to restore the administration to the state council, which executive body ought of right to be appointed by the states-general. In the states-general, as in the states-particular, a constant care was to be taken towards strengthening the most popular element, the "community" of each city—the aggregate, that is to say, of its guild-representatives and its admitted burghers. This was, in the opinion of the Prince, the true theory of the government—republican in all but form—under the hereditary protection, not the despotic authority, of a family whose rights were now nearly forfeited. It was a great step in advance that these views should come to be thus formally announced, not in Holland and Zeeland only, but by the deputies of the states-general, although such a doctrine to the proud stomach of Don John seemed sufficiently repulsive. Not less so was the

cool intimation with which the paper concluded, that if he should execute his threat of resigning, the country would bear his loss with fortitude, coupled as was that statement with a declaration that, until his successor should be appointed, the state council would consider itself charged *ad interim* with the government. In the mean time the governor was requested not to calumniate the estates to foreign governments, as he had so recently done in his intercepted letter to the Empress-dowager.

Upon receiving this letter, "Don John," says a faithful old chronicler, "found that the cranes had invited the fox to dinner." In truth, the illustrious soldier was never very successful in his efforts, for which his enemies gave him credit, to piece out the skin of the lion with that of the fox. He now felt himself exposed and outwitted, while he did not feel conscious of any very dark design. He answered the letter of the states by a long communication dated from Namur Castle, 28th of August. In style he was comparatively temperate, but the justification which he attempted of his past conduct was not very happy. The letter concluded with a hope for an arrangement of difficulties, not yet admitted by the governor to be insurmountable, and with a request for a formal conference, accompanied by an exchange of hostages.

While this correspondence was proceeding between Namur and Brussels, an event was occurring in Antwerp which gave much satisfaction to Orange. The Spanish Fury, and the recent unsuccessful attempt of Don John to master the famous citadel, had determined the authorities to take the counsel which the Prince had so often given in vain, and the fortress of Antwerp was at length razed to the ground, on the side towards the city. It would be more correct to say that it was not the authorities but the city itself which rose at last and threw off the saddle by which it had so long been galled. More than ten thousand persons were constantly at work, morning, noon, and night, until the demolition was accomplished. Grave magistrates, great nobles, fair ladies, citizens and their wives, beggars and their children, all wrought together pell-mell. All were anxious to have a

hand in destroying the nest where so many murders had been hatched, whence so much desolation had come. The task was not a long one for workmen so much in earnest, and the fortress was soon laid low in the quarter where it could be injurious to the inhabitants. As the work proceeded, the old statue of Alva was discovered in a forgotten crypt where it had lain since it had been thrown down by the order of Requesens. Amid the destruction of the fortress, the gigantic phantom of its founder seemed to start suddenly from the gloom, but the apparition added fresh fuel to the rage of the people. The image of the execrated governor was fastened upon with as much fierceness as if the bronze effigy could feel their blows or comprehend their wrath. It was brought forth from its dark hiding-place into the daylight. Thousands of hands were ready to drag it through the streets for universal inspection and outrage. A thousand sledge-hammers were ready to dash it to pieces, with a slight portion, at least, of the satisfaction with which those who wielded them would have dealt the same blows upon the head of the tyrant himself. It was soon reduced to a shapeless mass. Small portions were carried away and preserved for generations in families as heirlooms of hatred. The bulk was melted again and reconverted, by a most natural metamorphosis, into the cannon from which it had originally sprung.

The razing of the Antwerp citadel set an example which was followed in other places; the castle of Ghent, in particular, being immediately levelled, amid demonstrations of universal enthusiasm. Meantime the correspondence between Don John and the estates at Brussels dragged "its slow length along," while at the same time two elaborate letters were addressed to the King, on the 24th of August and the 8th of September, by the estates-general of the Netherlands. These documents, which were long and able, gave a vigorous representation of past evils and of the present complication of disorders under which the commonwealth was laboring. They asked, as usual, for a royal remedy; and expressed their doubts whether there could be any sincere reconciliation so long as the present

governor, whose duplicity and insolence they represented in a very strong light, should remain in office. Should his Majesty, however, prefer to continue Don John in the government, they signified their willingness, in consideration of his natural good qualities, to make the best of the matter. Should, however, the estrangement between themselves and the governor seem irremediable, they begged that another and a legitimate prince of the blood might be appointed in his place.

CHAPTER IV

THE RUWARD OF BRABANT IN BRUSSELS

While these matters were in progress, an important movement was made by the estates-general. The Prince of Orange was formally and urgently invited to come to Brussels to aid them with his counsel and presence. He had not set foot in the capital for eleven years. Since that period the representative of royalty had sued the condemned traitor for forgiveness. The haughty brother of Philip had almost gone upon his knees that the Prince might name his terms and accept the proffered hand of majesty. The Prince had refused, not from contumely, but from distrust. He had spurned the supplications, as he had defied the proscription of the King. There could be no friendship between the destroyer and the protector of a people. Had the Prince desired only the reversal of his death-sentence and the infinite aggrandizement of his family, we have seen how completely he had held these issues in his power. Never had it been more easy, plausible, tempting, for a proscribed patriot to turn his back upon an almost sinking cause.

And now again the scene was changed. The son of the Emperor, the King's brother, was virtually beleaguered; the proscribed rebel had arrived at victory through a long series of defeats. The nation everywhere acknowledged him master, and was in undisguised revolt against the anointed sovereign. The great nobles who hated Philip on the one hand, and the Reformed religion on the other, were obliged, in obedience to the dictates of a people with whom they had little sympathy, to accept the ascendency of the Calvinist Prince of whom they were profoundly

jealous. Even the fleeting and incapable Aerschot was obliged to simulate adhesion; even the brave Champagny, cordial hater of Spaniards, but most devotedly Catholic, was one of the commissioners to invite the great rebel to Brussels. The other envoys were the Abbot of Saint Gertrude, Doctor Leoninus, and the Seigneur de Liesvelt. These gentlemen, on arriving at Gertruydenberg, presented a brief but very important memorial to the Prince. In that document they informed him that the states-general, knowing how efficacious would be his presence, by reason of his singular prudence, experience, and love for the welfare and repose of the country, had unanimously united in a supplication that he would incontinently transport himself to the city of Brussels, there to advise with them concerning the necessities of the land; but as the principal calumny employed by their adversaries was that all the provinces and leading personages intended to change both sovereign and religion at the instigation of his Excellency, it was desirable to disprove such fictions. They therefore very earnestly requested the Prince to make some contrary demonstration, by which it might be manifest to all that his Excellency, together with the estates of Holland and Zeeland, intended faithfully to keep what they had promised. They prayed, therefore, that the Prince, permitting the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion in the places which had recently accepted his authority, would also allow its exercise in Holland and Zeeland. They begged, further, that he would promise, by a new and authentic act, that the provinces of Holland and Zeeland would not suffer the said exercise to be impugned, or any new worship to be introduced, in the other provinces of the Netherlands.

This letter might almost be regarded as a trap set by the Catholic nobles. Certainly the Ghent Pacification forbade the Reformed religion in form, and as certainly winked at its exercise in fact. The proof was, that the new worship was spreading everywhere, that the exiles for conscience' sake were returning in swarms, and that the synod of the Reformed churches, lately held at Dort, had been publicly attended by the ministers and deacons

of numerous Dissenting churches established in many different places throughout all the provinces. The pressure of the edicts, the horror of the inquisition being removed, the down-trodden religion had sprung from the earth more freshly than ever.

The Prince was not likely to fall into the trap, if a trap had really been intended. He answered the envoys loyally, but with distinct reservations, and with this answer the deputies are said to have been well pleased. If they were so, it must be confessed that they were thankful for small favors. They had asked to have the Catholic religion introduced into Holland and Zeeland. The Prince had simply referred them to the estates of these provinces. They had asked him to guarantee that the exercise of the Reformed religion should not be "procured" in the rest of the country. He had merely promised that the Catholic worship should not be prevented. The difference between the terms of the request and the reply was sufficiently wide.

The consent to his journey was with difficulty accorded by the estates of Holland and Zeeland, and his wife, with many tears and anxious forebodings, beheld him depart for a capital where the heads of his brave and powerful friends had fallen, and where still lurked so many of his deadly foes. During his absence prayers were offered daily for his safety in all the churches of Holland and Zeeland, by command of the estates.

He arrived at Antwerp on the 17th of September, and was received with extraordinary enthusiasm. The Prince, who had gone forth alone, without even a body-guard, had the whole population of the great city for his buckler. Here he spent five days, observing, with many a sigh, the melancholy changes which had taken place in the long interval of his absence. The recent traces of the horrible Fury, the blackened walls of the Hôtel de Ville, the prostrate ruins of the marble streets, which he had known as the most imposing in Europe, could be hardly atoned for in his eyes even by the more grateful spectacle of the dismantled fortress.

On the 23d of September he was attended by a vast

concourse of citizens to the new canal which led to Brussels, where three barges were in waiting for himself and suite. In one a banquet was spread; in the second, adorned with emblematic devices and draped with the banners of the seventeen provinces, he was to perform the brief journey; while the third had been filled by the inevitable rhetoric societies, with all the wonders of their dramatic and plastic ingenuity.

The Prince was met several miles before the gates of Brussels by a procession of nearly half the inhabitants of the city, and, thus escorted, he entered the capital in the afternoon of the 23d of September. It was the proudest day of his life. The representatives of all the provinces, supported by the most undeniable fervor of the united Netherland people, greeted "Father William." Perplexed, discordant, hating, fearing, doubting, they could believe nothing, respect nothing, love nothing, save the "tranquil" Prince. His presence at that moment in Brussels was the triumph of the people and of religious toleration.

William's first act was to put a stop to the negotiations already on foot with Don John. He intended that they should lead to war, because peace was impossible, except a peace for which civil and religious liberty would be bartered; for it was idle, in his opinion, to expect the maintenance by the Spanish governor of the Ghent Pacification, whatever promises might be extorted from his fears. A deputation, in the name of the states, had already been sent with fresh propositions to Don John, at Namur. The envoys were Caspar Schetz and the Bishop of Bruges. They had nearly come to an amicable convention with the governor, the terms of which had been sent to the states-general for approval, at the very moment of the Prince's arrival in Brussels. Orange, with great promptness, prevented the ratification of these terms, which the estates had in reality already voted to accept. New articles were added to those which had originally been laid before Don John. It was now stipulated that the Ghent treaty and the Perpetual Edict should be maintained. The governor was required forthwith to abandon Namur Castle and to

dismiss the German troops. He was to give up the other citadels and strong places, and to disband all the soldiers in his service. He was to command the governors of every province to prohibit the entrance of all foreign levies. He was forthwith to release captives, restore confiscated property, and reinstate officers who had been removed; leaving the details of such restorations to the council of Mechlin and the other provincial tribunals. He was to engage that the Count Van Buren should be set free within two months. He was himself, while waiting for the appointment of his successor, to take up his residence in Luxemburg, and while there he was to be governed entirely by the decision of the state council, expressed by a majority of its members. Furthermore, and as not the least stinging of these sharp requisitions, the Queen of England—she who had been the secret ally of Orange, and whose crown the governor had meant to appropriate—was to be included in the treaty.

It could hardly excite surprise that Don John, receiving these insolent propositions at the very moment in which he heard of the triumphant entrance into Brussels of the Prince, should be filled with rage and mortification. He could not but regard the whole proposition as an insolent declaration of war. He was right. It was a declaration of war; as much so as if proclaimed by trump of herald. How could Don John refuse the wager of battle thus haughtily proffered?

Smooth Schetz, Lord of Grobbendonck, and his episcopal colleague, in vain attempted to calm the governor's wrath, which now flamed forth in defiance of all considerations. They endeavored, without success, to palliate the presence of Orange, and the circumstances of his reception, for it was not probable that their eloquence would bring the governor to look at the subject with their eyes. Three days were agreed upon for the suspension of hostilities, and Don John was highly indignant that the estates would grant no longer a truce. The refusal was, however, reasonable enough on their part, for they were aware the veteran Spaniards and Italians were constantly returning to him, and that he was daily strengthening his posi-

tion. The envoys returned to Brussels to give an account of the governor's rage, which they could not declare to be unnatural, and to assist in preparations for the war which was now deemed inevitable. Don John, leaving a strong garrison in the citadel of Namur, from which place he despatched a final communication to the estates-general, dated the 2d of October, retired to Luxemburg. In this letter, without exactly uttering defiance, he unequivocally accepted the hostilities which had been pressed upon him, and answered their hollow professions of attachment to the Catholic religion and his Majesty's authority by denouncing their obvious intentions to trample upon both. He gave them, in short, to understand that he perceived their intentions, and meant them to comprehend his own.

Thus the quarrel was brought to an issue, and Don John saw with grim complacency that the pen was at last to be superseded by the sword. A remarkable pamphlet was now published in seven different languages—Latin, French, Flemish, German, Italian, Spanish, and English—containing a succinct account of the proceedings between the governor and the estates, together with copies of the intercepted letters of Don John and Escovedo to the King, to Perez, to the German colonels, and to the Empress. This work, composed and published by order of the estates-general, was transmitted with an accompanying address to every potentate in Christendom. It was soon afterwards followed by a counter-statement, prepared by order of Don John, and containing his account of the same matters, with his recriminations against the conduct of the estates.

Another important movement had, meanwhile, been made by the third party in this complicated game. The Catholic nobles, jealous of the growing influence of Orange, and indignant at the expanding power of the people, had opened secret negotiations with the Archduke Matthias, then a mild, easy-tempered youth of twenty, brother of the reigning Emperor Rudolph. After the matter had been discussed some time in secret, it was resolved, towards the end of September, to send a messenger to Vienna, privately inviting the young Prince to Brussels; but, much

to the surprise of these nobles, it was discovered that some fifteen or sixteen of the grandees of the land, among them Aerschot, Havré, Champagny, De Ville, Lalain, De Héze, and others, had already taken the initiative in the matter. On the 26th of August the Seigneur de Maalsteede had set forth, by their appointment, for Vienna. There is no doubt that this step originated in jealousy felt towards Orange, but at the same time it is certain that several of the leaders in the enterprise were still his friends. Some, like Champagny and De Héze, were honestly so; others, like Aerschot, Havré, and De Ville, always traitors in heart to the national cause, loyal to nothing but their own advancement, were still apparently upon the best terms with him. Moreover, it is certain that he had been made aware of the scheme, at least, before the arrival of the Archduke in the Netherlands, for the Marquis Havré, on his way to England as special envoy from the estates, had a conference with him at Gertruydenberg. This was in the middle of September, and before his departure for Brussels. Naturally, the proposition seemed, at first, anything but agreeable; but the Marquis represented himself afterwards as having at last induced the Prince to look upon it with more favorable eyes. Nevertheless, the step had been taken before the consultation was held, nor was it the first time that the advice of Orange had been asked concerning the adoption of a measure after the measure had been adopted.

Whatever may have been his original sentiments upon the subject, however, he was always less apt to complain of irrevocable events than quick to reconcile them with his own combinations, and it was soon to be discovered that the new stumbling-block which his opponents had placed in his path could be converted into an additional stepping-stone towards his goal. Meanwhile, the secret invitation to the Archduke was regarded by the people and by foreign spectators as a plot devised by his enemies. Davison, envoy from Queen Elizabeth, was then in Brussels, and informed his royal mistress, whose sentiments and sympathies were unequivocally in favor of Orange, of the intrigues against the Prince. The efforts of England

were naturally to counteract the schemes of all who interfered with his policy, the Queen especially, with her customary sagacity, foreseeing the probable inclination of the Catholic nobles towards the protectorate of Alençon. She did not feel certain as to the precise plans of Orange, and there was no course better adapted to draw her from barren coquetry into positive engagements than to arouse her jealousy of the French influence in the provinces. At this moment she manifested the warmest friendship for the Prince.

The Prince was well aware of the plots which were being woven against him. He had small faith in the great nobles, whom he trusted "as he would adders fanged," and relied only upon the communities, upon the mass of burghers. They deserved his confidence, and watched over his safety with jealous care. On one occasion, when he was engaged at the state council till a late hour, the citizens conceived so much alarm that a large number of them spontaneously armed themselves, and repaired to the palace. The Prince, informed of the circumstance, threw open a window and addressed them, thanking them for their friendship and assuring them of his safety. They were not satisfied, however, to leave him alone, but remained under arms below till the session was terminated, when they escorted him with affectionate respect to his own hotel.

The secret envoy arrived in Vienna, and excited the ambition of the youthful Matthias. It must be confessed that the offer could hardly be a very tempting one, and it excites our surprise that the Archduke should have thought the adventure worth the seeking. A most anomalous position in the Netherlands was offered to him by a slender and irresponsible faction of Netherlanders. There was a triple prospect before him: that of a hopeless intrigue against the first politician in Europe, a mortal combat with the most renowned conqueror of the age, a deadly feud with the most powerful and revengeful monarch in the world. Into this threefold enterprise he was about to plunge without any adequate resources; for the Archduke possessed no experience, power, or wealth.

He brought, therefore, no strength to a cause which was itself feeble. He could hope for no protection, nor inspire any confidence. Nevertheless, he had courage, pliability, and a turn for political adventure. Visions of the discomfited Philip conferring the hand of his daughter, with the Netherlands as her dowry, upon the enterprising youth who, at this juncture, should succeed in overturning the Spanish authority in that country, were conjured up by those who originated the plot, and he was weak enough to consider such absurdities plausible, and to set forth at once to take possession of this castle in the air.

On the evening of October 3, 1577, he retired to rest at eight o'clock, feigning extreme drowsiness. After waiting till his brother Maximilian, who slept in another bed in the same chamber, was asleep, he slipped from his couch and from the room in his night apparel, without even putting on his slippers. He was soon after provided by the companions of his flight with the disguise of a servant, arrayed in which, with his face blackened, he made his escape by midnight from Vienna; but it is doubtful whether Rudolph were as ignorant as he affected to be of the scheme. The Archduke arrived at Cologne, attended only by two gentlemen and a few servants. The governor was beside himself with fury; the Queen of England was indignant; the Prince only, against whom the measure was mainly directed, preserved his usual tranquillity.

Secretary Walsingham, as soon as the news reached England, sent for Meetkerken, colleague of Marquis Havré in the mission from the estates. He informed that functionary of the great perplexity and excitement which, according to information received from the English resident, Davison, were then prevailing in Brussels, on account of the approach of the Archduke. At the conclusion of the conference, Walsingham repeated emphatically that the only condition upon which the Queen would continue her succor to the Netherlands was that the Prince should be forthwith appointed lieutenant-general for the Archduke.

Matthias was received at Antwerp by Orange at the head of two thousand cavalry, and attended by a vast con-

course of inhabitants. Had the Prince chosen a contrary course, the Archduke might have been compelled to return, somewhat ridiculously, to Vienna; but, at the same time, the anger of the Emperor and of all Germany would have been aroused against Orange and the cause he served. Had the Prince, on the contrary, abandoned the field himself, and returned to Holland, he would have left the game in the hands of his adversaries. Ever since he had made what his brother John called that "dangerous gallows-journey" to Brussels, his influence had been culminating daily, and the jealousy of the great nobles rising as rapidly. Had he now allowed himself to be driven from his post he would have exactly fulfilled their object. By remaining, he counteracted their schemes. By taking Matthias wholly into his own possession, he obtained one piece the more in the great game which he was playing against his antagonist in the Escorial. By making adroit use of events as they arose, he made the very waves which were to sink him carry his great cause triumphantly onward.

The first result of the invitation to Matthias was the election of Orange as Ruward of Brabant. This office was one of great historical dignity, but somewhat anomalous in its functions. The province of Brabant, having no special governor, was usually considered under the immediate superintendence of the governor-general. As the capital of Brabant was the residence of that functionary, no inconvenience from this course had been felt since the accession of the House of Burgundy. At present, however, the condition of affairs was so peculiar—the seat of government being empty without having been permanently vacated—that a special opportunity was offered for conferring both honor and power on the Prince. A Ruward was not exactly dictator, although his authority was universal. He was not exactly protector, nor governor, nor stadholder. His functions were unlimited as to time—therefore superior to those of an ancient dictator; they were commonly conferred on the natural heir to the sovereignty—therefore more lofty than those of ordinary stadholders. The individuals who had previously held the office in the Netherlands had usually reigned after-

wards in their own right. Duke Albert, of the Bavarian line, for example, had been Ruward of Hainault and Holland for thirty years, during the insanity of his brother, and on the death of Duke William had succeeded to his title. Philip of Burgundy had declared himself Ruward of Brabant in 1425, and had shortly afterwards deprived Jacqueline of all her titles and appropriated them to himself. In the one case the regent, in the second case the usurper, had become reigning prince. Thus the movement of the jealous nobles against the Prince had for its first effect his immediate appointment to an office whose chief characteristic was that it conducted to sovereignty.

The election was accomplished thus: The "members," or estates of Brussels, together with the deans, guilds, and other of the principal citizens of Antwerp, addressed a request to the states of Brabant that William of Orange should be appointed Ruward, and after long deliberation the measure was carried. The unsolicited honor was then solemnly offered to him. He refused, and was only, after repeated and urgent entreaties, induced to accept the office. The matter was then referred to the states-general, who confirmed the dignity, after some demur, and with the condition that it might be superseded by the appointment of a governor-general. He was finally confirmed as Ruward on the 22d of October, to the boundless satisfaction of the people, who celebrated the event by a solemn holiday in Antwerp, Brussels, and other cities. His friends, inspired by the intrigues of his enemies, had thus elevated the Prince to almost unlimited power;* while a strong expression in favor of his government had been

* Mr. Motley here takes rather a mild way of describing the popular tumult which raised William to this stepping-stone to sovereignty. It may be that in this, as in his other stretches of political power, such an act belonged to the Prince's "theory of politics" rather than in the domain of personal ambition. Necessity was William's plea for this seizure of power, which might be useful in checkmating the purposes of the tyrant in Madrid and the other enemies of his country. It seems most probable that Orange himself was the chief instigator of this popular movement. Some moderate historians, and not a few Belgians, honestly believe that William's craft, or "theory of politics," was the chief cause of the failure of the union of the seventeen Netherland provinces.

THE ARCHDUKE MATTHIAS

elicited from the most important ally of the Netherlands —England. It soon rested with himself only to assume the government of Flanders, having been elected stadholder, not once only, but many times, by the four estates of that important province, and having as constantly refused the dignity. With Holland and Zeeland devoted to him, Brabant and Flanders formally under his government, the Netherland capital lavishing testimonials of affection upon him, and the mass of the people almost worshipping him, it would not have been difficult for the Prince to play a game as selfish as it had hitherto been close and skilful. He might have proved to the grand seigniors that their suspicions were just, by assuming a crown which they had been intriguing to push from his brow. Certainly the nobles deserved their defeat.

While these events were occurring at Brussels and Antwerp, a scene of a different nature was being enacted at Ghent. The Duke of Aerschot had recently been appointed to the government of Flanders by the state council, but the choice was exceedingly distasteful to a large number of the inhabitants.

On the 20th of October, attended by twenty-three companies of infantry and three hundred horse, he came to Ghent. That famous place was still one of the most powerful and turbulent towns in Europe. The leaders of the popular party at Ghent believed Aerschot dangerous. They felt certain that it was the deeply laid design of the Catholic nobles—foiled as they had been in the objects with which they had brought Matthias from Vienna, and enraged as they were that the only result of that movement had been to establish the power of Orange upon a firmer basis—to set up an opposing influence in Ghent. Flanders, in the possession of the Catholics, was to weigh up Brabant, with its recent tendencies to toleration. Aerschot was to counteract the schemes of Orange. Matthias was to be withdrawn from the influence of the great heretic, and be yet compelled to play the part set down for him by those who had placed him upon the stage.

Of all the chieftains possessing influence with the inhabitants of Ghent, two young nobles, named Ryhove and

Imbize, were the most conspicuous. Both were of ancient descent and broken fortunes, both were passionately attached to the Prince, both were inspired with an intense hatred for all that was Catholic or Spanish. They had travelled further on the reforming path than many had done in that day, and might even be called democratic in their notions. Their heads were filled with visions of Greece and Rome; the praise of republics was ever on their lips; and they avowed to their intimate associates that it was already feasible to compose a commonwealth like that of the Swiss Cantons out of the seventeen Netherlands. They were regarded as dreamers by some, as desperadoes by others. Few had confidence in their capacity or their purity; but Orange, who knew mankind, recognized in them useful instruments for any hazardous enterprise. They delighted in stratagems and sudden feats of arms. Audacious and cruel by temperament, they were ever most happy in becoming a portion of the desolation which popular tumults engender.

There were several excited meetings of the four estates of Flanders immediately after the arrival of the Duke of Aerschot in Ghent. His coming had been preceded by extensive promises, but it soon became obvious that their fulfilment was to be indefinitely deferred. There was a stormy session on the 27th of October, many of the clergy and nobility being present, and comparatively few members of the third estate.

Hessels, the old Blood-councillor, was then resident in Ghent, where he discharged high governmental functions. A letter from him to Count van Roeulx, late royal governor of Flanders, was at the present juncture intercepted. Perhaps it was invented; but, genuine or fictitious, it was circulated extensively among the popular leaders, and had the effect of proving Madame Hessels a true prophet. It precipitated the revolution in Flanders, and soon afterwards cost the councillor his life. "We have already brought many notable magistrates of Flanders over to the side of his Highness Don John," wrote Hessels. "We hope, after the Duke of Aerschot is governor, that we shall fully carry out the intentions of his Majesty and the

plans of his Highness. We shall also know *how to circumvent the scandalous heretic with all his adherents and followers.*"

There was no lack of denunciation. Don John and the Duke of Aerschot would soon bring the turbulent burghers to their senses, and there would then be an end to this renewed clamor about musty parchments. Much indignation was secretly excited in the assembly by such menaces. Without doors the subterranean flames spread rapidly, but no tumult occurred that night. Before the session was over, Ryhove left the city, pretending a visit to Tournai. No sooner had he left the gates, however, than he turned his horse's head in the opposite direction, and rode off post-haste to Antwerp. There he had a conference with William of Orange, and painted in lively colors the alarming position of affairs. "And what do you mean to do in the matter?" asked the Prince, rather dryly. Ryhove was somewhat disconcerted. He had expected a violent explosion, well as he knew the tranquil personage whom he was addressing. "I know no better counsel," he replied, at length, "than to take the Duke, with his bishops, councillors, lords, and the whole nest of them, by the throat, and thrust them all out together."

"Rather a desperate undertaking, however?" said the Prince, carelessly, but interrogatively.

"I know no other remedy," answered Ryhove; "I would rather make the attempt, relying upon God alone, and die like a man, if needful, than live in eternal slavery. Like an ancient Roman," continued the young republican noble, in somewhat bombastic vein, "I am ready to wager my life where my fatherland's welfare is at stake."

"Bold words!" said the Prince, looking gravely at Ryhove; "but upon what force do you rely for your undertaking?"

"If I can obtain no assistance from your Excellency," was the reply, "I shall throw myself on the mass of the citizens. I can arouse them in the name of their ancient liberties, which must be redeemed now or never."

The Prince, believing probably that the scheme, if scheme there were, was but a wild one, felt little inclina-

tion to compromise himself with the young conspirator. He told him he could do nothing at present, and saying that he must at least sleep upon the matter, dismissed him for the night. Next morning, at daybreak, Ryhove was again closeted with him. The Prince asked his sanguine partisan if he were still determined to carry out his project, with no more definite support than he had indicated? Ryhove assured him, in reply, that he meant to do so, or to die in the attempt. The Prince shrugged his shoulders, and soon afterwards seemed to fall into a reverie. Ryhove continued talking, but it was soon obvious that his Highness was not listening, and he therefore took his leave somewhat abruptly. Hardly had he left the house, however, when the Prince despatched Sainte-Aldegonde in search of him.

The effect of the conference between Sainte-Aldegonde and Ryhove was to convince the young partisan that the Prince would neither openly countenance his project nor be extremely vexed should it prove successful. In short, while, as in the case of the arrest of the state council, the subordinates were left to appear the principals in the transaction, the persons most intimate with William of Orange were allowed to form satisfactory opinions as to his wishes and to serve as instruments to his ends. "*Vive qui vince!*" cried Sainte-Aldegonde encouragingly to Ryhove, shaking hands with him at parting. The conspirator immediately mounted and rode off towards Ghent. During his absence there had been much turbulence, but no decided outbreak, in that city. Imbize had accosted the Duke of Aerschot in the street, and demanded when and how he intended to proclaim the restoration of the ancient charters. The haughty Duke had endeavored to shake off his importunate questioner, while Imbize persisted with increasing audacity, till Aerschot lost his temper at last. "Charters, charters!" he cried, in a rage; "you shall learn soon, ye that are thus howling for charters, that we have still the old means of making you dumb, with a rope on your throats! I tell you this—were you ever so much hounded on by the Prince of Orange!"

The violence of the new governor excited the wrath of

Imbize. He broke from him abruptly, and rushed to a rendezvous of his confederates, every man of whom was ready for a desperate venture. Groups of excited people were seen vociferating in different places. A drum was heard to rattle from time to time. Nevertheless, the rising tumult seemed to subside again after a season, owing partly to the exertions of the magistrates, partly to the absence of Ryhove. At four in the afternoon that gentleman entered the town, and, riding directly to the headquarters of the conspiracy, was incensed to hear that the work, which had begun so bravely, had been allowed to cool. "'Tis a time," he cried, "for vigilance. If we sleep now, we shall be dead in our beds before morning. Better to fan the fire which has begun to blaze in the people's heart. Better to gather the fruit while it is ripe. Let us go forward, each with his followers, and I pledge myself to lead the way. Let us scuttle the old ship of slavery; let us hunt the Spanish inquisition, once for all, to the hell whence it came!"

"There spoke the voice of a man!" cried the Flemish captain Mieghem, one of the chief conspirators. "Lead on, Ryhove. I swear to follow you as far as our legs will carry us!" Thus encouraged, Ryhove rushed about the city, calling upon the people everywhere to rise. They rose almost to a man. Arming and mustering at different points, according to previous arrangements, a vast number assembled by toll of bell, after nightfall, on the public square, whence, under command of Ryhove, they swept to the residence of Aerschot at Saint Bavon. The guards, seeing the fierce mob approaching, brandishing spears and waving torches, had scarce time to close the gates, as the people loudly demanded entrance and the delivery to them of the governor. Both claims were refused. "Let us burn the birds in their nests!" cried Ryhove, without hesitation. Pitch, light wood, and other combustibles, were brought at his command, and in a few moments the palace would have been in flames had not Aerschot, seeing that the insurgents were in earnest, capitulated. As soon as the gates were open, the foremost of the mob rushed upon him and would have torn him limb from limb had not

Ryhove resolutely interfered and twice protected the life of the governor at the peril of his own. The Duke was then made a prisoner, and, under a strong guard, was conveyed, still in his night-gown and barefooted, to the mansion of Ryhove. All the other leading members of the Catholic party were captured, the arrests proceeding till a late hour in the night. Rassinghem, Sweveghem, Visch, de la Porta, and other prominent members of the Flemish estates or council were secured, but Champagny was allowed to make his escape. The bishops of Bruges and Ypres were less fortunate. Blood-councillor Hessels, whose letter—genuine or counterfeited—had been so instrumental in hastening this outbreak, was most carefully guarded, and to him and to Senator Visch the personal consequences of that night's work were to be very tragic.

Thus audaciously, successfully, and hitherto without bloodshed was the anti-Catholic revolution commenced in Flanders. The event was the first of a long and most signal series. The deed was done. The provisional government was established, at the head of which was placed Ryhove, to whom oaths of allegiance were rendered, subject to the future arrangements of the states-general and Orange. On the 9th of November the nobles, notables, and community of Ghent published an address, in which they elaborately defended the revolution which had been effected and the arrests which had taken place ; while the Catholic party, with Aerschot at its head, was declared to be secretly in league with Don John to bring back the Spanish troops, to overthrow the Prince of Orange, to deprive him of the protectorate of Brabant, to set at naught the Ghent treaty, and to suppress the Reformed religion.

The effect of this sudden rising of the popular party was prodigious throughout the Netherlands. At the same time, the audacity of such extreme proceedings could hardly be countenanced by any considerable party in the states-general. Champagny wrote to the Prince of Orange that, even if the letter of Hessels were genuine, it proved nothing against Aerschot, and he urged the necessity of suppressing such scenes of license immediately, through the influence of those who could command the passions of the

mob. Otherwise, he affirmed that all legitimate forms of justice would disappear, and that it would be easy to set the bloodhounds upon any game whatever. Sainte-Aldegonde wrote to the Prince that it would be a great point, but a very difficult one, to justify the Ghent transaction; for there was little doubt that the Hessels letter was a forgery. It was therefore as well, no doubt, that the Prince had not decidedly committed himself to Ryhove's plot, and thus deprived himself of the right to interfere afterwards, according to what seemed the claims of justice and sound policy.

He now sent Arend Van Dorp to Ghent, to remonstrate with the leaders of the insurrection upon the violence of their measures, and to demand the liberation of the prisoners—a request which was only complied with in the case of Aerschot. That nobleman was liberated on the 14th of November, upon condition that he would solemnly pledge himself to forget and forgive the treatment which he had received, but the other prisoners were retained in custody for a much longer period. A few weeks afterwards the Prince of Orange visited Ghent, at the earnest request of the four estates of Flanders, and it was hoped that his presence would contribute to the restoration of tranquillity.

This visit was naturally honored by a brilliant display of "rhetorical" spectacles and *tableaux vivants;* for nothing could exceed the passion of the Netherlanders of that century for apologues and charades.

On the 7th of December, 1577, the states-general formally declared that Don John was no longer stadholder, governor, nor captain-general, but an infractor of the peace which he had sworn to maintain, and an enemy of the fatherland. All natives of the country who should show him favor or assistance were declared rebels and traitors; and by a separate edict, issued the same day, it was ordained that an inventory of the estates of such persons should forthwith be taken.

Thus the war, which had for a brief period been suspended during the angry, tortuous, and hopeless negotiations which succeeded the arrival of Don John, was

once more to be let loose. To this point had tended all the policy of Orange—faithful as ever to the proverb with which he had broken off the Breda conferences, "that war was preferable to a doubtful peace." Even, however, as his policy had pointed to a war as the necessary forerunner of a solid peace with Spain, so had his efforts already advanced the cause of internal religious concord within the provinces themselves. On the 10th of December a new act of union was signed at Brussels, by which those of the Roman Church and those who had retired from that communion bound themselves to respect and to protect one another, with mutual guarantees against all enemies whatsoever. Here was a step beyond the Ghent Pacification and in the same direction. The first treaty tacitly introduced toleration by suppressing the right of persecution, but the new union placed the Reformed religion on a level with the old. This was the result of the Prince's efforts ; and, in truth, there was no lack of eagerness among these professors of a faith which had been so long under ban to take advantage of his presence. Out of dark alleys, remote thickets, subterranean conventicles, where the Dissenters had so long been trembling for their lives, the oppressed now came forth into the light of day. In truth, the time had arrived for bringing the northern and southern, the Celtic and German, the Protestant and Catholic hearts together, or else for acquiescing in their perpetual divorce.

Thus far the Prince's object was accomplished. A treacherous peace, which would have insured destruction, was averted, but a new obstacle to the development of his broad and energetic schemes arose in the intrigue which brought the Archduke from Vienna. The cabals of Orange's secret enemies were again thwarted with the same adroitness to which his avowed antagonists were forced to succumb. Matthias was made the exponent of the new policy, the standard-bearer of the new union which the Prince now succeeded in establishing ; for his next step was immediately to impress upon the provinces which had thus united in casting down the gauntlet to a common enemy the necessity of uniting in a permanent

league. One province was already lost by the fall of Namur. The bonds of a permanent union for the other sixteen could be constructed of but one material—religious toleration; and for a moment the genius of Orange, always so far beyond his age, succeeded in raising the mass of his countrymen to the elevation upon which he had so long stood alone.

The "new or nearer Union of Brussels" was signed on the 10th of December, eleven months after the formation of the first union. This was the third, and unfortunately the last, confederation of all the Netherlands.

The Prince had strengthened himself for the coming struggle by an alliance with England. The thrifty but politic Queen, fearing the result of the secret practices of Alençon—whom Orange, as she suspected, still kept in reserve, to be played off, in case of need, against Matthias and Don John—had at last consented to a treaty of alliance and subsidy. On the 7th of January, 1578, the Marquis Havré, envoy from the estates, concluded an arrangement in London by which the Queen was to lend them her credit—in other words, to endorse their obligations to the amount of one hundred thousand pounds sterling. The money was to be raised wherever the states might be able to negotiate the bills, and her liability was to cease within a year. She was likewise to be collaterally secured by pledges from certain cities in the Netherlands. This amount was certainly not colossal, while the conditions were sufficiently parsimonious. At the same time, a beginning was made and the principle of subsidy was established. The Queen, furthermore, agreed to send five thousand infantry and one thousand cavalry to the provinces, under the command of an officer of high rank, who was to have a seat and vote in the Netherland council of state. These troops were to be paid by the provinces, but furnished by the Queen. The estates were to form no treaty without her knowledge, nor undertake any movement of importance without her consent. In case she should be herself attacked by any foreign power, the provinces were to assist her to the same extent as the amount of aid now afforded to themselves;

and in case of a naval war, with a fleet of at least forty ships.

Within a few days after their signature of this important treaty, the Prince had, at length, wholly succeeded in conquering the conflicting passions in the states-general, and in reconciling them, to a certain extent, with one another. The closer union had been accepted, and now thirty articles, which had been prepared under his superintendence, and had already, on the 17th of December, been accepted by Matthias, were established as the fundamental terms according to which the Archduke was to be received as governor-general. No power whatever was accorded to the young man who had come so far with eager and ambitious views. As the Prince had neither solicited nor desired a visit, which had, on the contrary, been the result of hostile machinations, the Archduke could hardly complain that the power accorded him was but shadowy, and that his presence was rendered superfluous. It was not surprising that the common people gave him the name of *griffier*, or registering clerk to the Prince, for his functions were almost limited to the signing of acts which were countersigned by Orange. According to the stipulations of the Queen of England, and the views of the whole popular party, the Prince remained Ruward of Brabant, notwithstanding the appointment of a nominal governor-general, by whom his own duties were to be superseded.

The articles which were laid down as the basis upon which the Archduke was to be accepted composed an ample representative constitution, by which all the legislative and many of the executive powers of government were bestowed upon the states-general, or upon the council by them to be elected. To avoid remaining in the condition of a people thus left without a head, the states declared themselves willing to accept Matthias as governor-general, on condition of the King's subsequent approbation, and upon the general basis of the Ghent treaty. The Archduke, moreover, was to take an oath of allegiance to the King *and to the states-general* at the same time. He was to govern the land by the advice of a state coun-

cil, the members of which were to be appointed by the states-general, and were "to be native Netherlanders, true patriots, and neither ambitious nor greedy."

The powers conferred upon Matthias, alone, were absolutely null, while those which he might exercise in conjunction with the state council were not much more extensive. The actual force of the government—legislative, executive, and administrative—was lodged in the general assembly, while no authority was left to the King except the nominal right to approve these revolutionary proceedings, according to the statement in the preamble. Such a reservation in favor of his Majesty seemed a superfluous sarcasm. It was furthermore resolved that the Prince of Orange should be appointed lieutenant-general for Matthias, and be continued in his office of Ruward. This constitution, drawn up under the superintendence of the Prince, had been already accepted by Matthias while still at Antwerp, and upon the 18th of January, 1578, the ceremony of his inauguration took place.

It was the third triumphal procession which Brussels had witnessed within nine months. It was also the most brilliant of all; for the burghers, as if to make amends to the Archduke for the actual nullity to which he had been reduced, seemed resolved to raise him to the seventh heaven of allegory. By the "rhetorical" guilds he was regarded as the most brilliant constellation of virtues which had yet shone above the Flemish horizon.

Meanwhile Don John sat chafing and almost frenzied with rage at Namur. Certainly he had reasons enough for losing his temper. Never since the days of Maximilian had king's brother been so bearded by rebels. The Cross was humbled in the dust, the royal authority openly derided, his Majesty's representative locked up in a fortress, while "the accursed Prince of Orange" reigned supreme in Brussels, with an imperial Archduke for his private secretary.

His wrath exploded in his first interview with Leyton, the English envoy, whom Queen Elizabeth had despatched to calm, if possible, his inevitable anger at her recent treaty with the states. He knew nothing of England,

he said, nor of France, nor of the Emperor. His Catholic Majesty had commissioned him now to make war upon these rebellious provinces. He would do it with all his heart. As for the Emperor, he would unchain the Turks upon him for his perfidy. As for the burghers of Brussels, they would soon feel his vengeance.

It was very obvious that these were not idle threats. War had again broken loose throughout these doomed provinces. A small but well appointed army was being rapidly collected under the banner of Don John at Luxemburg, Peter Ernst van Mansfeld had brought many well-trained troops from France, and Prince Alexander of Parma had arrived with several choice and veteran regiments of Italy and Spain. The old school-fellow, playmate, and comrade of Don John was shocked on his arrival to witness the attenuated frame and careworn features of his uncle.

On the 25th of January Don John issued a proclamation, couched in three languages—French, German, and Flemish. He declared in this document that he had not come to enslave the provinces, but to protect them. At the same time he meant to re-establish his Majesty's authority, and the down-trodden religion of Rome. He summoned all citizens and all soldiers throughout the provinces to join his banners, offering them pardon for their past offences, and protection against heretics and rebels. This declaration was the natural consequence of the exchange of defiances which had already taken place, and it was evident also that the angry manifesto was soon to be followed up by vigorous blows. The army of Don John already numbered more than twenty thousand well-seasoned and disciplined veterans. He was himself the most illustrious chieftain in Europe. He was surrounded by lieutenants of the most brilliant reputation. Alexander of Parma, who had fought with distinction at Lepanto, was already recognized as possessing that signal military genius which was soon to stamp him as the first soldier of his age, while Mansfeld, Mondragon, Mendoza, and other distinguished officers, who had already won so much fame in the Netherlands, had now returned to the scene of their former achievements.

On the other hand, the military affairs of the states were in confusion. Troops in nearly equal numbers to those of the royal army had been assembled, but the chief offices had been bestowed, by a mistaken policy, upon the great nobles. Already the jealousy of Orange, entertained by their whole order, was painfully apparent. Notwithstanding the signal popularity which had made his appointment as lieutenant-general inevitable, it was not easy for him always to vindicate his authority over captious and rival magnates.

The two armies had been mustered in the latter days of January. The Pope had issued a bull for the benefit of Don John, precisely similar to those formerly employed in the Crusades against the Saracens. Authority was given him to levy contributions upon ecclesiastical property, while full absolution, at the hour of death, for all crimes committed during a whole lifetime, was proclaimed to those who should now join the standard of the Cross. There was at least no concealment. The Crescent-wearing Zeelanders had been taken at their word, and the whole nation of Netherlanders were formally banned as unbelievers. The forces of Don John were mustered at Marche in Luxemburg; those of the states on a plain within a few miles of Namur. Both armies were nearly equal in number, amounting to nearly twenty thousand each, including a force of two thousand cavalry on each side. It had been the original intention of the patriots to attack Don John in Namur. Having learned, however, that he purposed marching forth himself to offer battle, they decided to fall back upon Gembloux, which was nine miles distant from that city. On the last day of January, they accordingly broke up their camp at Saint Martius, before dawn, and marched towards Gembloux. It was a march to ruin.

A sudden proposal of Parma, to attack the patriot army while it was unsteadily making its way along the edge of a miry ravine, was successfully executed. Assaulted in flank and rear at the same moment, and already in temporary confusion, the cavalry of the Netherlanders turned their backs and fled. The centre of the states' army,

thus left exposed, was now warmly attacked by Parma. It had, moreover, been already thrown into disorder by the retreat of its own horsemen, as they charged through the infantry in rapid and disgraceful panic. The whole army broke to pieces at once, and so great was the trepidation that the conquered troops had hardly courage to run away. They were utterly incapable of combat. Not a blow was struck by the fugitives. Hardly a man in the Spanish ranks was wounded; while, in the course of an hour and a half, the whole force of the enemy was exterminated. It is impossible to state with accuracy the exact numbers slain. Some accounts speak of ten thousand killed or captive, with absolutely no loss on the royal side. It is, at any rate, certain that the whole states' army was annihilated. Rarely had a more brilliant exploit been performed by a handful of cavalry.

Everything belonging to the enemy fell into the hands of the Spaniards. Thirty-four standards, many field-pieces, much camp equipage, and ammunition, besides some seven or eight thousand dead bodies and six hundred living prisoners, were the spoils of that winter day. Of the captives, some were soon afterwards hurled off the bridge at Namur and drowned like dogs in the Meuse, while the rest were all hanged, none escaping with life. Don John's clemency was not superior to that of his sanguinary predecessors.

CHAPTER V

INACTIVE ARMIES—PATRIOTIC AMSTERDAM

Don John, having thus vindicated his own military fame and the amazing superiority of Spanish arms, followed up his victory by the rapid reduction of many towns of second-rate importance. Louvain, Nevele, Tirlemont, Aerschot, Bouvignes, Sichem, Nivelles, Rœulx, Soignies, Binche, Beaumont, Walcourt, Maubeuge, and Chimay, either submitted to their conqueror or were taken after short sieges. The usual atrocities were inflicted upon the unfortunate inhabitants of towns where resistance was attempted. The commandant of Sichem was hanged out of his own window along with several chief burghers and officers, while the garrison was put to the sword and the bodies cast into the Demer. The only crime committed by these unfortunates was to have ventured a blow or two in behalf of the firesides which they were employed to protect.

In Brussels, on the other hand, there was less consternation excited by these events than boundless rage against the aristocratic party, for the defeat of Gembloux was attributed, with justice, to the intrigues and the incapacity of the Catholic magnates. It was with difficulty that Orange, going about by night from house to house, from street to street, succeeded in calming the indignation of the people, and in preventing them from sweeping in a mass to the residence of the leading nobles in order to inflict summary vengeance on the traitors. All looked to the Prince as their only saviour, not a thought nor a word being wasted upon Matthias. Not a voice was raised in the assembly to vindicate the secret proceedings of the Catholic party, nor to oppose the measures which the

Prince might suggest. The terrible disaster had taught the necessity of union. All parties heartily joined in the necessary steps to place the capital in a state of complete defence, and to assemble forthwith new troops to take the place of the army just annihilated. The victor gained nothing by his victory in comparison with the profit acquired by the states through their common misfortune. Nor were all the towns which had recently fallen into the hands of Don John at all comparable in importance to the city of Amsterdam, which now, by a most timely arrangement, furnished a rich compensation to the national party for the disaster of Gembloux.

Since the conclusion of the Ghent Pacification it had been the most earnest wish of the Prince, and of Holland and Zeeland, to recover possession of this most important city. The wish was naturally shared by every true patriot in the states-general. It had, however, been extremely difficult to arrange the terms of the "Satisfaction." Every fresh attempt at an amicable compromise was wrecked upon the obstinate bigotry of the leading civic authorities. They would make no agreement to accept the authority of Orange except, as Sainte-Aldegonde expressed himself, upon terms which would enable them "to govern their governor." The influence of the monks, who were resident in large numbers within the city, and of the magistrates, who were all stanch Catholics, had been hitherto sufficient to outweigh the efforts made by the large masses of the Reformed religionists composing the bulk of the population. It was, however, impossible to allow Amsterdam to remain in this isolated and hostile attitude to the rest of Holland. The Prince, having promised to use no coercion, and loyally adhering to his pledge, had only with extreme difficulty restrained the violence of the Hollanders and Zeelanders, who were determined, by fair means or foul, to restore the capital city to its natural place within his stadholderate. He had been obliged, on various occasions, particularly on the 21st of October of the preceding year, to address a most decided and peremptory letter to the estates of Holland and Zeeland, forbidding the employment of hos-

tile measures against Amsterdam. His commands had been reluctantly, partially, and only temporarily obeyed. The states desisted from their scheme of reducing the city by famine, but they did not the less encourage the secret and unofficial expeditions which were daily set on foot to accomplish the annexation by a sudden enterprise.

Late in November a desperate attempt had been made by Colonel Helling, in conjunction with Governor Sonoy, to carry the city by surprise. The force which the adventurer collected for the purpose was inadequate, and his plans were unskilfully arranged. He was himself slain in the streets, at the very commencement of the action; whereupon, in the quaint language of the contemporary chronicler, "the hearts of his soldiers sank in their shoes," and they evacuated the city with much greater rapidity than they had entered it. The Prince was indignant at these violent measures, which retarded rather than advanced the desired consummation. At the same time it was an evil of immense magnitude — this anomalous condition of his capital. Ceaseless schemes were concerted by the municipal and clerical conspirators within its walls, and various attempts were known, at different times, to have been contemplated by Don John to inflict a home-thrust upon the provinces of Holland and Zeeland at the most vulnerable and vital point. The "Satisfaction" accepted by Utrecht in the autumn of 1577 had, however, paved the way for the recovery of Amsterdam; so that upon the 8th of February, 1578, certain deputies from Utrecht succeeded at last in arranging terms which were accepted by the sister city. The basis of the treaty was, as usual, the nominal supremacy of the Catholic religion, with toleration for the Reformed worship. The necessary effect would be, as in Haarlem, Utrecht, and other places, to establish the new religion upon an entire equality with the old. It was arranged that no congregations were to be disturbed in their religious exercises in the places respectively assigned to them. Those of the Reformed faith were to celebrate their worship without the walls. They were, however, to enjoy the right of burying their dead within these precincts,

and it is singular how much importance was attached at that day to a custom at which the common sentiment and the common-sense of modern times revolt. "To bury our dead within our own cities is a right hardly to be denied to a dog," said the Prince of Orange; and accordingly this right was amply secured by the new "Satisfaction" of Amsterdam. It was, however, stipulated that the funerals should be modest, and attended by no more than twenty-four persons at once. The treaty was hailed with boundless joy in Holland and Zeeland, while countless benedictions were invoked upon the "blessed peacemakers" as the Utrecht deputies walked through the streets of Amsterdam. There is no doubt that the triumph thus achieved by the national party far counterbalanced the governor-general's victory at Gembloux.

Meantime the Seigneur de Selles, brother of the deceased Noircarmes, had arrived from Spain. He was the special bearer of a letter from the King to the states-general, written in reply to their communications of the 24th of August and 8th of September of the previous year. The tone of the royal despatch was very affectionate, the substance such as entirely to justify the whole policy of Orange. The Prince knew—what no man else appeared fully to comprehend at that epoch—that the mortal combat between the inquisition and the Reformation was already fully engaged. The great battle between divine reason and right divine, on which the interests of unborn generations were hanging, was to be fought out before the eyes of all Christendom on the plain of the Netherlands.

Orange was willing to lay down his arms if he could receive security for the Reformed worship. He had no desire to exterminate the ancient religion, but he meant also to protect the new against extermination. Such security, he felt, would never be granted, and he had therefore resolutely refused to hearken to Don John, for he was sure that peace with him was impossible. The letters now produced by De Selles confirmed his positions completely. The King said not a word concerning the appointment of a new governor-general, but boldly insist-

ed upon the necessity of maintaining the two cardinal points—his royal supremacy and the Catholic religion—*upon the basis adopted by his father,* the Emperor Charles the Fifth. This was the whole substance of his communication—the supremacy of royalty and of papacy as in the time of Charles the Fifth.

That there might be no mistake about the matter, Don John, immediately after receiving the letter, issued a proclamation to enforce the King's command. He mentioned it as an acknowledged fact that the states-general had long ago sworn the maintenance of the two points, of royal and Catholic supremacy, according to the practice under the Emperor Charles. The states instantly published an indignant rejoinder, affirming the indisputable truth that they had sworn to the maintenance of the Ghent Pacification, and proclaiming the assertion of Don John an infamous falsehood.

Meantime the preparations for active hostilities were proceeding daily. Troops were rapidly enrolled, and again, by the same honest but mistaken policy, the chief offices were conferred upon the great nobles—Aerschot, Champagny, Bossu, Egmont, Lalain, the Viscount of Ghent, Baron de Ville, and many others, most of whom were to desert the cause in the hour of its need. On the other hand, Don John was proceeding with his military preparations upon an extensive scale. The King had recently furnished him with one million nine hundred thousand dollars, and had promised to provide him with two hundred thousand more monthly. With these funds his Majesty estimated that an army of thirty thousand foot, sixteen thousand cavalry, and thirty pieces of artillery could be levied and kept on foot. If more remittances should prove to be necessary, it was promised that they should be forthcoming.

In Amsterdam, William Bardes, son of a former high-sheriff, a warm partisan of Orange and of the "religion," had already determined to overthrow the Catholic magistracy and to expel the friars who infested the city. The recent information despatched by Sainte-Aldegonde from Germany confirmed him in his purpose. There had

been much wrangling between the popish functionaries and those of the Reformed religion concerning the constitution of the burgher guard. The Calvinists could feel no security for their own lives or the repose of the commonwealth of Holland unless they were themselves allowed a full participation in the government of those important bands. They were, moreover, dissatisfied with the assignment which had been made of the church-yards to the members of their communion. These causes of discord had maintained a general irritation among the body of the inhabitants, and were now used as pretexts by Bardes for his design. He knew the city to be ripe for the overthrow of the magistracy, and he had arranged with Governor Sonoy to be furnished with a sufficient number of well-tried soldiers, who were to be concealed in the houses of the confederates. A large number of citizens were also ready to appear at his bidding with arms in their hands.

On the 24th of May he wrote to Sonoy, begging him to hold himself in readiness, as all was prepared within the city. At the same time he requested the governor to send him forthwith a "morion and a buckler of proof," for he intended to see the matter fairly through. Sonoy answered encouragingly, and sent him the armor as directed. On the 28th of May, Bardes, with four confederates, went to the council-room to remonstrate with the senate concerning the grievances which had been so often discussed. At about mid-day one of the confederates, upon leaving the council-room, stepped out for a moment upon the balcony, which looked towards the public square. Standing there for a moment, he gravely removed his hat, and then as gravely replaced it upon his head. This was a preconcerted signal. At the next instant a sailor was seen to rush across the square, waving a flag in both hands. "All ye who love the Prince of Orange take heart and follow me!" he shouted. In a moment the square was alive. Soldiers and armed citizens suddenly sprang forth, as if from the bowels of the earth. Bardes led a strong force directly into the council-chamber and arrested every one of the astonished magistrates. At the same time his

THE SPANISH GOVERNORS AND CATHOLIC PRIESTS BANISHED FROM AMSTERDAM, 1578
(From an old print)

confederates had scoured the town and taken every friar in the city into custody, but no harm was done their persons. The Catholic magistrates and friars escaped with their fright. They were simply turned out of town, put on board ship, and forbidden, for their lives, ever to come back again. After the vessel had proceeded a little distance from the city they were all landed high and dry upon a dike, and so left unharmed within the open country.

A new board of magistrates, of which stout William Bardes was one, was soon appointed; the train-bands were reorganized, and the churches thrown open to the Reformed worship — to the exclusion, at first, of the Catholics. This was certainly contrary to the Ghent treaty, and to the recent Satisfaction; it was also highly repugnant to the opinions of Orange. After a short time, accordingly, the Catholics were again allowed access to the churches, but the tables had now been turned forever in the capital of Holland, and the Reformation was an established fact throughout that little province. Similar events occurring upon the following day at Haarlem—accompanied with some bloodshed, for which, however, the perpetrator was punished with death—opened the great church of that city to the Reformed congregations, and closed it for a time to the Catholics.

Thus the cause of the new religion was triumphant in Holland and Zeeland, while it was advancing with rapid strides through the other provinces. Public preaching was of daily occurrence everywhere. On a single Sunday, fifteen different ministers of the Reformed religion preached in different places in Antwerp. "Do you think this can be put down?" said Orange to the remonstrating burgomaster of that city. "'Tis for you to repress it," said the functionary; "I grant your Highness full power to do so." "And do you think," replied the Prince, "that I can do at this late moment what the Duke of Alva was unable to accomplish in the very plenitude of his power?"

At the same time, the Prince of Orange was more than ever disposed to rebuke his own Church for practising

persecution in her turn. Again he lifted his commanding voice in behalf of the Anabaptists of Middelburg. He reminded the magistrates of that city that these peaceful burghers were always perfectly willing to bear their part in the common burdens, that their word was as good as their oath, and that as to the matter of military service, although their principles forbade them to bear arms, they had ever been ready to provide and pay for substitutes. "We declare to you, therefore," said he, "that you have no right to trouble yourselves with any man's conscience, so long as nothing is done to cause private harm or public scandal. We, therefore, expressly ordain that you desist from molesting these Baptists, from offering hinderance to their handicraft and daily trade, by which they can earn bread for their wives and children, and that you permit them henceforth to open their shops and to do their work, according to the custom of former days. Beware, therefore, of disobedience and of resistance to the ordinance which we now establish."

Meantime, the armies on both sides had been assembled, and had been moving towards each other. Don John was at the head of nearly thirty thousand troops, including a large proportion of Spanish and Italian veterans. The states' army hardly numbered eighteen thousand foot and two thousand cavalry, under the famous François de la Noue, surnamed *Bras de Fer,* who had been recently appointed *maréchal de camp,* and, under Count Bossu, commander-in-chief. The muster-place of the provincial forces was in the plains between Herenthals and Lier. At this point they expected to be reinforced by Duke Casimir, who had been, since the early part of the summer, in the country of Zutphen, but who was still remaining there inglorious and inactive, until he could be furnished with the requisite advance-money to his troops.

Don John was determined, if possible, to defeat the states' army before Duke Casimir, with his twelve thousand Germans, should effect his juncture with Bossu. The governor, therefore, crossed the Demer, near Aerschot, towards the end of July, and offered battle, day

after day, to the enemy. A series of indecisive skirmishes was the result, in the last of which, near Rijmenant, on the first day of August, the royalists were worsted and obliged to retire after a desultory action of nearly eight hours, leaving a thousand dead upon the field. Don John, finding it impossible to accomplish his purpose, and to achieve another Gembloux victory, fell back again to the neighborhood of Namur.

The states' forces remained waiting for the long-promised succor of John Casimir. It was the 26th of August, however, before the Duke led his twelve thousand men to the neighborhood of Mechlin, where Bossu was encamped. This young prince possessed neither the ability nor the generosity which were requisite for the heroic part which he was ambitious to perform. He was thrust, head and shoulders as it were, into the entangled affairs of the Netherlanders, and it was Elizabeth of England, more than ever alarmed at the schemes of Alençon, who had pushed forward this Protestant champion, notwithstanding the disinclination of Orange.

The Queen was right in her uneasiness respecting the French prince. The Catholic nobles, relying upon the strong feeling still rife throughout the Walloon country against Reformed religion, and inflamed more than ever by their repugnance to Orange, whose genius threw them so completely into the shade, had already drawn closer to the Duke. The same influences were at work to introduce Alençon which had formerly been employed to bring Matthias from Vienna. Now that the Archduke, who was to have been the rival, had become the dependent of William, they turned their attention to the son of Catharine de Medici, Orange himself having always kept the Duke in reserve, as an instrument to overcome the political coquetry of Elizabeth. With the perverseness which was the chief blot upon her character, she was pleased that the Duke should be still a dangler for her hand, even while she was intriguing against his political hopes. She listened with undisguised rapture to his proposals of love, while she was secretly thwarting the plans of his ambition.

Meanwhile, Alençon had arrived at Mons, and we have already seen the feminine adroitness with which his sister of Navarre had prepared his entrance. Not in vain had she cajoled the commandant of Cambrai citadel; not idly had she led captive the hearts of Lalain and his Countess, thus securing the important province of Hainault for the Duke. Don John might, indeed, gnash his teeth with rage, as he marked the result of all the feasting and flattery, the piping and dancing at Namur.

Francis, Duke of Alençon and — since the accession of his brother Henry to the French throne—Duke of Anjou, was, upon the whole, the most despicable personage who had ever entered the Netherlands. His previous career at home had been so flagrantly false that he had forfeited the esteem of every honest man in Europe, Catholic or Lutheran, Huguenot or Malcontent. Reeking with the blood of the Protestants of Issoire, he was now at leisure to renew his dalliance with the Queen of Protestant England, and to resume his correspondence with the great chieftain of the Reformation in the Netherlands.

It is perhaps an impeachment upon the perspicacity of Orange that he could tolerate this mischievous and worthless "son of France," even for the grave reasons which influenced him. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that he only intended to keep him in reserve, for the purpose of irritating the jealousy and quickening the friendship of the English Queen. Those who see anything tortuous in such politics must beware of judging the intriguing age of Philip and Catharine de Medici by the higher standard of later, and possibly more candid, times. It would have been puerile for a man of William the Silent's resources to allow himself to be outwitted by the intrigues of all the courts and cabinets in Europe. Under these circumstances, as the Prince could no longer exclude Alençon from the country, it became necessary to accept his friendship and to hold him in control. The Duke had formally offered his assistance to the states-general, directly after the defeat of Gembloux, and early in July had made his appearance in Mons. Hence he despatched his envoys, Des Pruneaux and Rochefort, to deal with the states-gen-

eral and with Orange, while he treated Matthias with contempt, and declared that he had no intention to negotiate with him.

The French King was naturally supposed to be privy to his brother's schemes, for it was thought ridiculous to suggest that Henry's own troops could be led by his own brother, on this foreign expedition, without his connivance. At the same time, private letters, written by him at this epoch, expressed disapprobation of the schemes of Alençon and jealousy of his aggrandizement. It was, perhaps, difficult to decide as to the precise views of a monarch who was too weak to form opinions for himself, and too false to maintain those with which he had been furnished by others.

The Queen of England was highly incensed by the actual occurrence of the invasion which she had so long dreaded. She was loud in her denunciations of the danger and dishonor which would be the result to the provinces of this French alliance. She threatened not only to withdraw herself from their cause, but even to take arms against a commonwealth which had dared to accept Alençon for its master. She had originally agreed to furnish one hundred thousand pounds by way of loan. This assistance had been afterwards commuted into a levy of three thousand foot and two thousand horse, to be added to the forces of John Casimir, and to be placed under his command. It had been stipulated also that the Palatine should have the rank and pay of an English general-in-chief, and be considered as the Queen's lieutenant. The money had been furnished and the troops enrolled. So much had been already bestowed, and could not be recalled, but it was not probable that, in her present humor, the Queen would be induced to add to her favors. The Prince, obliged by the necessity of the case, had prescribed the terms and the title under which Alençon should be accepted. Upon the 13th of August the Duke's envoy concluded a convention in twenty-three articles, which were afterwards subscribed by the Duke himself, at Mons, upon the 20th of the same month.

These articles were certainly drawn up with skill. A

high-sounding but barren title, which gratified the Duke's vanity and signified nothing, had been conferred upon him, while at the same time he was forbidden to make conquests or contracts, and was obliged to submit himself to the civil government of the country: in short, he was to obey the Prince of Orange in all things — and so here was another plot of the Prince's enemies neutralized. Thus, for the present at least, had the position of Anjou been defined.

As the month of August, during which it was agreed that negotiations with the governor-general should remain open, had already half expired, certain articles, drawn up by the states-general, were at once laid before Don John. Lord Cobham and Sir Francis Walsingham were then in the Netherlands, having been sent by Elizabeth for the purpose of effecting a pacification of the estates with the governor, if possible. After a conference, on the 24th of August, 1578, Walsingham and Cobham addressed a letter to the states-general, deploring the disingenuous and procrastinating conduct of the governor, and begging that the failure to effect a pacification might not be imputed to them. They then returned to England.

The imperial envoy, Count Schwartzburg, at whose urgent solicitation this renewed attempt at a composition had been made, was most desirous that the governor should accept the articles. They formed, indeed, the basis of a liberal, constitutional, representative government, in which the Spanish monarch was to retain only a strictly limited sovereignty. The proposed convention required Don John, with all his troops and adherents, forthwith to leave the land, after giving up all strongholds and cities in his possession. It provided that the Archduke Matthias should remain as governor-general, *under the conditions according to which he had been originally accepted.* It left the question of religious worship to the decision of the states-general. It provided for the release of all prisoners, the return of all exiles, the restoration of all confiscated property. It stipulated that upon the death or departure of Matthias, his Majesty was not to appoint a governor-general *without the consent of the states-general.*

When Count Schwartzburg waited upon the governor with these astonishing propositions—which Walsingham might well call somewhat hard—he found him less disposed to explode with wrath than he had been in previous conferences. Already the spirit of the impetuous young soldier was broken, both by the ill health which was rapidly undermining his constitution and by the helpless condition in which he had been left while contending with the great rebellion.

Being in so desponding a mood, he declined entering into any controversy with regard to the new propositions, which, however, he characterized as most iniquitous. He stated merely that his Majesty had determined to refer the Netherland matters to the arbitration of the Emperor; that the Duke de Terra Nova would soon be empowered to treat upon the subject at the imperial court; and that, in the mean time, he was himself most anxiously awaiting his recall.

A synod of the Reformed churches had been held during the month of June at Dort. There they had laid down a platform of their principles of church government in one hundred and one articles. In the same month the leading members of the Reformed Church had drawn up an ably reasoned address to Matthias and the council of state on the subject of a general peace of religion for the provinces.

William of Orange did his utmost to improve the opportunity. He sketched a system of provisional toleration, which he caused to be signed by the Archduke Matthias, and which, at least for a season, was to establish religious freedom. The brave, tranquil, solitary man still held his track across the raging waves, shedding as much light as one clear human soul could dispense; yet the dim lantern, so far in advance, was swallowed in the mist ere those who sailed in his wake could shape their course by his example. No man understood him. Not even his nearest friends comprehended his views, nor saw that he strove to establish not freedom for Calvinism, but freedom for conscience. Sainte-Aldegonde complained that the Prince would not persecute the Anabaptists. Peter Dathenus denounced him as an atheist, while even Count John, the

only one left of his valiant and generous brothers, opposed the religious peace—except where the advantage was on the side of the new religion. Where the Catholics had been effectually put down, as in Holland and Zeeland, honest John saw no reason for allowing them to lift themselves up again. In the popish provinces, on the other hand, he was for a religious peace. In this bigoted spirit he was followed by too many of the Reforming mass, while, on their part, the Walloons were already banding themselves together in the more southern provinces, under the name of Malcontents. Stigmatized by the Calvinists as "Pater-noster Jacks," they were daily drawing closer their alliance with Alençon, and weakening the bonds which united them with their Protestant brethren. Count John had at length become a permanent functionary in the Netherlands. Urgently solicited by the leaders and the great multitude of the Reformers, he had long been unwilling to abandon his home and to neglect the private affairs which his devotion to the Netherland cause had thrown into great confusion. Count John had accepted the office of governor of Gelderland, to which he had been elected by the estates of that province on the 11th of March. That important bulwark of Holland, Zeeland, and Utrecht on the one side, and of Groningen and Friesland on the other—the main buttress, in short, of the nascent republic, was now in hands which would defend it to the last.

As soon as the discussion came up in the states-general on the subject of the Dort petitions, Orange requested that every member who had formed his opinions should express them fully and frankly. The result was a projected convention, a draft for a religious peace, which, if definitely established, would have healed many wounds and averted much calamity. It was not, however, destined to be accepted at that time by the states of the different provinces where it was brought up for discussion; and several changes were made, both of form and substance, before the system was adopted at all. Meantime, for the important city of Antwerp, where religious broils were again on the point of breaking out, the Prince preferred a pro-

visional arrangement, which he forthwith carried into execution.

This example of religious peace, together with the active correspondence thus occasioned with the different state assemblies, excited the jealousy of the Catholic leaders and of the Walloon population. Champagny, who, despite his admirable qualities and brilliant services, was still unable to place himself on the same platform of toleration with Orange, now undertook a decided movement against the policy of the Prince. Catholic to the core, he drew up a petition, remonstrating most vigorously against the draft for a religious peace then in circulation through the provinces. This petition to which he procured many signatures among the more ardent Catholic nobles, was carried with considerable solemnity by Champagny, attended by many of his confederates, to the Hôtel de Ville, and presented to the magistracy of Brussels.

Unfortunately, the mob outside the City Hall misunderstood the purport of the petition. It was easily represented to the inflamed imaginations of the populace that a Brussels Saint Bartholomew had been organized, and that Champagny, who stood there before them, was its originator and manager. This was the mischievous intention ascribed to a petition which Champagny and his friends had as much right to offer—however narrow and mistaken their opinions might now be considered—as had the synod of Dort to present their remonstrances. Never was a more malignant or more stupid perversion of a simple and not very alarming phrase. No allusion had been made to the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, but all its horrors were supposed to be concealed in the sentence which referred to Paris. The nobles were arrested on the spot and hurried to prison, with the exception of Champagny, who made his escape at first, and lay concealed for several days. He was, however, finally ferreted out of his hiding-place and carried off to Ghent. There he was thrown into strict confinement, being treated in all respects as the accomplice of Aerschot and the other nobles who had been arrested in the time of Ryhove's revolution. In these views the people were entirely wrong.

While these events were taking place in Brussels and Antwerp, the two armies of the states and of Don John were indolently watching each other. The sinews of war had been cut upon both sides. Both parties were cramped by the most abject poverty. The troops under Bossu and Casimir, in the camp near Mechlin, were already discontented for want of pay. The one hundred thousand pounds of Elizabeth had already been spent, and it was not probable that the offended Queen would soon furnish another subsidy. The states could with difficulty extort anything like the assessed quotas from the different provinces. The Duke of Alençon was still at Mons, from which place he had issued a violent proclamation of war against Don John—a manifesto which had, however, not been followed up by very vigorous demonstrations. Don John himself was in his fortified camp at Bouge, within a league of Namur, but the hero was consuming with mental and with bodily fever. He was, as it were, besieged. He was left entirely without funds, while his royal brother obstinately refused compliance with his earnest demands to be recalled, and coldly neglected his importunities for pecuniary assistance.

He wrote to the King, stating that he was confined to his chamber with a fever, by which he was already as much reduced as if he had been ill for a month. "I assure your Majesty," said he, "that the work here is enough to destroy any constitution and any life." He reminded Philip how often he had been warned by him as to the insidious practices of the French. Those prophecies had now become facts. The French had entered the country while some of the inhabitants were frightened, others disaffected. He felt deeply pained, he said, at being disgraced and abandoned by the King, having served him, both as a brother and a man, with love and faith and heartiness. The pest was ravaging his little army. Twelve hundred were now in hospital, besides those nursed in private houses, and he had no means or money to remedy the evil.

Since the assassination of Escovedo, a consuming melancholy had settled upon his spirits, and a burning fever

came in the month of September to destroy his physical strength. The house where he lay was a hovel, the only chamber of which had long been used as a pigeon-house. This wretched garret was cleansed as well as it could be of its filth and hung with tapestry emblazoned with armorial bearings. In that dove-cot the hero of Lepanto was destined to expire. During the last few days of his illness he was delirious. Tossing upon his uneasy couch, he again arranged in imagination the combinations of great battles, again shouted his orders to rushing squadrons, and listened with brightening eye to the trumpet of victory. Reason returned, however, before the hour of death, and permitted him the opportunity to make the dispositions rendered necessary by his condition. He appointed his nephew, Alexander of Parma, who had been watching assiduously over his death-bed, to succeed him, provisionally, in the command of the army and in his other dignities, received the last sacraments with composure, and tranquilly breathed his last upon the first day of October, the month which, since the battle of Lepanto, he had always considered a festive and fortunate one.

The body, when opened that it might be embalmed, was supposed to offer evidence of poison. The heart was dry, the other internal organs were likewise so desiccated as to crumble when touched, and the general color of the interior was of a blackish brown, as if it had been singed. Various persons were mentioned as the probable criminals; various motives assigned for the commission of the deed. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that there were causes, which were undisputed, for his death, sufficient to render a search for the more mysterious ones comparatively superfluous. A disorder called the pest was raging in his camp, and had carried off a thousand of his soldiers within a few days, while his mental sufferings had been acute enough to turn his heart to ashes. Disappointed, tormented by friend and foe, suspected, insulted, broken-spirited, it was not strange that he should prove an easy victim to a pestilent disorder before which many stronger men were daily falling.

It had been Don John's dying request to Philip that his

remains might be buried in the Escorial by the side of his imperial father, and the prayer being granted, the royal order in due time arrived for the transportation of the corpse to Spain. Permission had been asked and given for the passage of a small number of Spanish troops through France. The thrifty King had, however, made no allusion to the fact that those soldiers were to bear with them the mortal remains of Lepanto's hero, for he was disposed to save the expense which a public transportation of the body and the exchange of pompous courtesies with the authorities of every town upon the long journey would occasion. The corpse was accordingly divided into three parts, and packed in three separate bags; and thus—the different portions, *to save weight*, being suspended at the saddle-bows of different troopers—the body of the conqueror was conveyed to its distant resting-place. Thus irreverently, almost blasphemously, the disjointed relics of the great warrior were hurried through France—France, which the romantic Saracen slave had traversed but two short years before filled with high hopes and pursuing extravagant visions. It has been recorded by classic historians that the different fragments, after their arrival in Spain, were reunited, and fastened together with wire; that the body was then stuffed, attired in magnificent habiliments, placed upon its feet, and supported by a martial staff, and that thus prepared for a royal interview, the mortal remains of Don John were presented to his Most Catholic Majesty. Philip is said to have manifested emotion at sight of the hideous spectre—for hideous and spectral, despite of jewels, balsams, and brocades, must have been that unburied corpse, aping life in attitude and vestment, but standing there only to assert its privilege of descending into the tomb. The claim was granted, and Don John of Austria at last found repose by the side of his imperial father.

A sufficient estimate of his character has been apparent in the course of the narrative. Dying before he had quite completed his thirty-third year, he excites pity and admiration almost as much as censure. His military career was a blaze of glory. Commanding in the Moorish wars

at twenty-three, and in the Turkish campaigns at twenty-six, he had achieved a matchless renown before he had emerged from early youth ; but his sun was destined to go down at noon. He found neither splendor nor power in the Netherlands, where he was deserted by his King and crushed by the superior genius of the Prince of Orange. Although he vindicated his martial skill at Gembloux, the victory was fruitless. It was but the solitary spring of the tiger from his jungle, and after that striking conflict his life was ended in darkness and obscurity. Possessing military genius of a high order, with extraordinary personal bravery, he was the last of the Paladins and the Crusaders.

Part VII

ALEXANDER OF PARMA

1578–1584

CHAPTER I

THE RECONCILED PROVINCES—THE UNION OF UTRECHT

A FIFTH governor now stood in the place which had been successively vacated by Margaret of Parma, by Alva, by the Grand Commander, and by Don John of Austria. Of all the eminent personages to whom Philip had confided the reins of that most difficult and dangerous administration, the man who was now to rule was by far the ablest and the best fitted for his post.

He was now in his thirty-third year — his uncle Don John, his cousin Don Carlos, and himself, having all been born within a few months of each other. His father was Ottavio Farnese, the faithful lieutenant of Charles the Fifth, and grandson of Pope Paul the Third ; his mother was Margaret of Parma, first Regent of the Netherlands after the departure of Philip from the provinces. His education had been completed at Alcalá, and at Madrid, under the immediate supervision of his royal uncle, and in the companionship of the Infant Carlos and the brilliant Don John. At the age of twenty he had been affianced to Maria of Portugal, daughter of Prince Edward, granddaughter of King Emanuel, and his nuptials with that peerless princess were celebrated soon afterwards with much pomp in Brussels. Sons and daughters were born to him in due time, during his subsequent residence in Parma. Here, however, the fiery and impatient spirit of the future illustrious commander was doomed for a time to fret under restraint and to corrode in distasteful repose.

At last the Holy League was formed, the new and last Crusade proclaimed, his uncle and bosom friend appointed to the command of the united troops of Rome, Spain, and

Venice. Alexander Farnese could no longer be restrained. Disdaining the pleadings of his mother and of his spouse, he extorted permission from Philip, and flew to the seat of war in the Levant. Placed in command of several Genoese galleys at the battle of Lepanto, he performed a most brilliant exploit of personal daring, capturing Mustapha Bey's treasure-ship. After a few years of peaceful life, Philip sent him to the Netherlands.

He reached Luxemburg on the 18th of December, 1577, in time to participate, and in fact to take the lead, in the signal victory of Gembloux. He was struck with the fatal change which disappointment and anxiety had wrought upon the beautiful and haughty features of his illustrious kinsman. He closed his eyes in the camp, and erected a marble tablet over his heart in the little church. He now governed in his stead.

His personal appearance corresponded with his character. He had the head of a gladiator—round, compact, combative, with something alert and snake-like in its movements. The black, closely shorn hair was erect and bristling. The forehead was lofty and narrow. The features were handsome, the nose regularly aquiline, the eyes well opened, dark, piercing, but with something dangerous and sinister in their expression. There was an habitual look askance, as of a man seeking to parry or inflict a mortal blow—the look of a swordsman and professional fighter. The lower part of the face was swallowed in a bushy beard, the mouth and chin being quite invisible. He was of middle stature, well formed and graceful in person, princely in demeanor, sumptuous and stately in apparel. His high ruff of point-lace, his badge of the Golden Fleece, his gold-inlaid Milan armor, marked him at once as one of high degree. On the field of battle he possessed the rare gift of inspiring his soldiers with his own impetuous and chivalrous courage. He ever led the way upon the most dangerous and desperate ventures, and, like his uncle and his imperial grandfather, well knew how to reward the devotion of his readiest followers with a poniard, a feather, a ribbon, a jewel, taken with his own hands from his own attire.

His military abilities—now for the first time to be largely called into employment—were unquestionably superior to those of Don John, whose name had been surrounded with such splendor by the world-renowned battle of Lepanto. Moreover, he possessed far greater power for governing men, whether in camp or cabinet. Less attractive and fascinating, he was more commanding than his kinsman. He had a single and concentrated kind of character. He knew precisely the work which Philip required, and felt himself to be precisely the workman that had so long been wanted. Cool, incisive, fearless, artful, he united the unscrupulous audacity of a *condottiere* with the wily patience of a Jesuit. He could coil unperceived through unsuspected paths, could strike suddenly, sting mortally. He came prepared, not only to smite the Netherlanders in the open field, but to cope with them in tortuous policy—to outwatch and outweary them in the game to which his impatient predecessor had fallen a baffled victim. He possessed the art and the patience —as time was to prove—not only to undermine their most impregnable cities, but to delve below the intrigues of their most accomplished politicians.

As for religion, Alexander Farnese was, of course, strictly Catholic, regarding all seceders from Romanism as mere heathen dogs. Not that he practically troubled himself much with sacred matters—for, during the lifetime of his wife, he had cavalierly thrown the whole burden of his personal salvation upon her saintly shoulders. Romanism was the creed of his caste. It was the religion of princes and gentlemen of high degree. As for Lutheranism, Zwinglism, Calvinism, and similar systems, they were but the fantastic rites of weavers, brewers, and the like—an ignoble herd, whose presumption in entitling themselves Christian, while rejecting the Pope, called for their instant extermination. His personal habits were extremely temperate. He was accustomed to say that he ate only to support life; and he rarely finished a dinner without having risen three or four times from table to attend to some public business which, in his opinion, ought not to be deferred.

His previous connections in the Netherlands were of use to him, and he knew how to turn them to immediate account. The great nobles, who had been uniformly actuated by jealousy of the Prince of Orange, who had been baffled in their intrigue with Matthias, whose half-blown designs upon Anjou had already been nipped in the bud, were now peculiarly in a position to listen to the wily tongue of Alexander Farnese. The Montignys, the La Mottes, the Meluns, the Egmonts, the Aerschots, the Havrés, foiled and doubly foiled in all their small intrigues and their base ambition, were ready to sacrifice their country to the man they hated, and to the ancient religion which they thought that they loved. The Malcontents ravaging the land of Hainault and threatening Ghent, the "Pater-noster Jacks" who were only waiting for a favorable opportunity and a good bargain to make their peace with Spain, were the very instruments which Parma most desired to use at this opening stage of his career. The position of affairs was far more favorable for him than it had been for Don John when the latter first succeeded to power. On the whole, there seemed a bright prospect of success.

It was at Ghent that the opening scenes in Parma's administration took place. Of the high-born suitors for the Netherland bride, two were still watching each other with jealous eyes. Anjou was at Mons, which city he had secretly, but unsuccessfully attempted to master for his own purposes. John Casimir was at Ghent, fomenting an insurrection which he had neither skill to guide nor intelligence to comprehend. There was a talk of making him Count of Flanders, and his paltry ambition was dazzled by the glittering prize. Anjou—disgusted with the temporary favor accorded to Casimir, a rival whom he affected to despise—disbanded his troops in dudgeon, and prepared to retire to France. Several thousand of these mercenaries took service immediately with the Malcontents under Montigny, thus swelling the ranks of the deadliest foes to that land over which Anjou had assumed the title of protector. The states' army, meanwhile, had been rapidly dissolving. There were hardly men enough

ALEXANDER FARNESE, DUKE OF PARMA

left to make a demonstration in the field or properly to garrison the more important towns. The unhappy provinces, torn by civil and religious dissensions, were overrun by hordes of unpaid soldiers of all nations, creeds, and tongues—Spaniards, Italians, Burgundians, Walloons, Germans, Scotch, and English; some who came to attack and others to protect, but who all achieved nothing, and agreed in nothing, save to maltreat and to outrage the defenceless peasantry and denizens of the smaller towns. The contemporary chronicles are full of harrowing domestic tragedies in which the actors are always the insolent foreign soldiery and their desperate victims.

Ghent was now the focus of discord, the centre whence radiated not the light and warmth of reasonable and intelligent liberty, but the bale-fires of murderous license and savage anarchy.* The second city of the Netherlands, one of the wealthiest and most powerful cities of Christendom, it had been its fate so often to overstep the bounds of reason and moderation in its devotion to freedom, so often to incur ignominious chastisement from power which its own excesses had made more powerful, that its name was already becoming a byword. It now, most fatally and forever, was to misunderstand its true position. The Prince of Orange, the great architect of his country's fortunes, would have made it the keystone of the arch which he was laboring to construct. Had he been allowed to perfect his plan, the structure might have endured for ages, a perpetual bulwark against

* The ultra-Calvinistic Protestants burned at the stake, after torture, four Minor Friars and two Augustinian fathers at Ghent, and two Minor Friars at Bruges, during the violence described further on. In Ghent this imitation of the acts of the inquisition took place on the very spot in the Friday Market where the Duke of Alva had held his *autos-da-fé*, and where first stood the statue of Charles the Fifth (pulled down by the French republicans in 1794), but which is now occupied by the bronze effigy of the great people's leader, Jacques Van Artevelde. The turbulence of these Protestant fanatics made a union of all the Netherlands impossible. A monument in honor of the Pacification of Ghent was unveiled, with an appropriate historical address by Professor Paul Frederick, September 3, 1876, on the three hundredth anniversary of the signing of that famous instrument.

tyranny and wrong. The temporary and slender frame by which the great artist had supported his arch while still unfinished was plucked away by rude and ribald hands; the keystone plunged into the abyss, to be lost forever, and the great work of Orange remained a fragment from its commencement.

The grass was growing and the cattle were grazing in the streets of Ghent, where once the tramp of workmen going to and from their labor was like the movement of a mighty army. The great majority of the burghers were of the Reformed religion, and disposed to make effectual resistance to the Malcontents, led by the disaffected nobles. The city, considering itself the natural head of all the southern country, was indignant that the Walloon provinces should dare to reassert that supremacy of Romanism which had been so effectually suppressed, and to admit the possibility of friendly relations with a sovereign who had been virtually disowned. There were two parties, however, in Ghent. Both were led by men of abandoned and dangerous character. Imbize, the worse of the two demagogues, was inconstant, cruel, cowardly, and treacherous, but possessed of eloquence and a talent for intrigue. Ryhove was a bolder ruffian — wrathful, bitter, and unscrupulous. Imbize was at the time opposed to Orange, disliking his moderation, and trembling at his firmness. Ryhove considered himself the friend of the Prince. We have seen that he had consulted him previously to his memorable attack upon Aerschot, in the autumn of the preceding year, and we know the result of that conference.

The Prince, with the slight dissimulation which belonged less to his character than to his theory of politics, and which was perhaps not to be avoided in that age of intrigue by any man who would govern his fellow-men, whether for good or evil, had winked at a project which he would not openly approve. He was not thoroughly acquainted, however, with the desperate character of the man, for he would have scorned an instrument so thoroughly base as Ryhove subsequently proved. The violence of that personage on the occasion of the arrest of

Aerschot and his colleagues was mildness compared with the deed with which he now disgraced the cause of freedom. He had been ordered out from Ghent to oppose a force of Malcontents which was gathering in the neighborhood of Courtray; but he swore that he would not leave the gates so long as two of the gentlemen whom he had arrested on the 28th of the previous October, and who yet remained in captivity, were still alive. These were ex-Procurator Visch and Blood-councillor Hessels. On the fourth day of the same month in 1578, these two aged prisoners were taken out of the city and forthwith hanged on a tree without the least pretence of trial, or even sentence.

Such was the end of Hessels, the famous councillor who had been wont to shout "*ad patibulum*" in his sleep. It was cruel that the fair face of civil liberty, showing itself after years of total eclipse, should be insulted by such bloody deeds on the part of her votaries. It was sad that the crimes of men like Imbize and Ryhove should have cost more to the cause of religious and political freedom than the lives of twenty thousand such ruffians were worth. But for the influence of demagogues like these, counteracting the lofty efforts and pure life of Orange, the separation might never have occurred between the two portions of the Netherlands. The Prince had not power enough, however, nor the nascent commonwealth sufficient consistency, to repress the disorganizing tendency of a fanatical Romanism on the one side and a retaliatory and cruel ochlocracy on the other.

Such events, with the hatred growing daily more intense between the Walloons and the Ghenters, made it highly important that some kind of an accord should be concluded, if possible. In the country, the Malcontents, under pretence of protecting the Catholic clergy, were daily abusing and plundering the people, while in Ghent the clergy were maltreated, the cloisters pillaged, under the pretence of maintaining liberty. In this emergency the eyes of all honest men turned naturally to Orange.

Deputies went to and fro between Antwerp and Ghent. Three points were laid down by the Prince as indispensa-

ble to any arrangement — first, that the Catholic clergy should be allowed the free use of their property; secondly, that they should not be disturbed in the exercise of their religion; thirdly, that the gentlemen kept in prison since the memorable 28th of October should be released.

In a considerably modified form these terms were accepted and a formal act of acceptance signed at Antwerp on the 3d of November, 1578. The Prince of Orange, Davison,* the envoy of Queen Elizabeth, and delegates from the states-general and the city of Brussels also urged, in various interviews, the faithful execution of the act of acceptance.

Yet even while they were reasoning, a fresh tumult occurred at Ghent. The people had been inflamed by demagogues, and by the insane howlings of Peter Dathenus, the unfrocked monk of Poperingen, who had been the servant and minister both of the Pope and of Orange, and who now hated each with equal fervor. The populace, under these influences, rose in its wrath upon the Catholics, smote all their images into fragments, destroyed all their altar pictures, robbed them of much valuable property, and turned all the papists themselves out of the city. The riot was so furious that it seemed, says a chronicler, as if all the inhabitants had gone raving mad. The drums beat the alarm, the magistrates went forth to expostulate, but no commands were heeded till the work of destruction had been accomplished, when the tumult expired at last by its own limitation.

Affairs seemed more threatening than ever. Nothing more excited the indignation of the Prince of Orange than such senseless iconomachy. In fact, he had at one time procured an enactment by the Ghent authorities, making it a crime punishable with death. Therefore it may be well supposed that this fresh act of senseless violence, in the very teeth of his remonstrances, in the very presence

* Davison had lived long in Antwerp and was an officer in the English church there, afterwards visiting The Hague, with his page, William Brewster, who led the Pilgrim Fathers to America. The earlier years of English relations with Antwerp, 1558 - 1567, have been ably treated in Dr. Hajo Brugman's *England en de Nederlanden*, Groningen, 1892.

of his envoys, met with his stern disapprobation. He was on the point of publishing his defence against the calumnies which his toleration had drawn upon him from both Catholic and Calvinist. He was deeply revolving the question whether it were not better to turn his back at once upon a country which seemed so incapable of comprehending his high purposes or seconding his virtuous efforts. From both projects he was dissuaded; and although bitterly wronged by both friend and foe, although feeling that even in his own Holland there were whispers against his purity, since his favorable inclinations towards Anjou had become the general topic, yet he still preserved his majestic tranquillity, and smiled at the arrows which fell harmless at his feet.

The Prince had that year been chosen unanimously by the four "members" of Flanders to be governor of that province, but had again declined the office. The inhabitants, notwithstanding the furious transactions at Ghent, professed attachment to his person and respect for his authority. He was implored to go to the city. His presence, and that alone, would restore the burghers to their reason, but the task was not a grateful one. It was also not unattended with danger. Nevertheless, on the 4th of December, the Prince came to Ghent. He held constant and anxious conferences with the magistrates. He was closeted daily with John Casimir, whose vanity and extravagance of temper he managed with his usual skill. He even dined with Imbize, and thus, by smoothing difficulties and reconciling angry passions, he succeeded at last in obtaining the consent of all to a religious peace, which was published on the 27th of December, 1578. It contained the same provisions as those of the project prepared and proposed during the previous summer throughout the Netherlands. Exercise of both religions was established; mutual insults and irritations—whether by word, book, picture, song, or gesture—were prohibited, under severe penalties, while all persons were sworn to protect the common tranquillity by blood, purse, and life. The Catholics, by virtue of this accord, re-entered into possession of their churches and cloisters, but nothing

could be obtained in favor of the imprisoned gentlemen.

The Walloons and Malcontents were now summoned to lay down their arms; but, as might be supposed, they expressed dissatisfaction with the religious peace, proclaiming it hostile to the Ghent treaty and the Brussels union. In short, nothing would satisfy them but total suppression of the Reformed religion, as nothing would content Imbize and his faction but the absolute extermination of Romanism. A strong man might well seem powerless in the midst of such obstinate and worthless fanatics.

It was some relief to the situation when John Casimir took himself out of the Netherlands into Germany, whence he paid a visit to Britain. There he was feasted, flattered, and Gartered by the coquette who occupied England's throne. The unpaid mercenaries soon after marched homeward into Germany. Casimir received the news of the departure of his ragged soldiery on the very day which witnessed his investment with the Garter by the fair hands of Elizabeth herself. A few days afterwards he left England, accompanied by an escort of lords and gentlemen, especially appointed for that purpose by the Queen. He landed in Flushing, where he was received with distinguished hospitality, by order of the Prince of Orange, and on the 14th of February, 1579, he passed through Utrecht.

The Duke of Anjou, meantime, after disbanding his troops, had lingered for a while near the frontier. Upon taking his final departure, he sent his resident minister, Des Pruneaux, with a long communication to the states-general, complaining that they had not published their contract with himself, nor fulfilled its conditions. He excused, as well as he could, the awkward fact that his disbanded troops had taken refuge with the Walloons, and he affected to place his own departure upon the ground of urgent political business in France, to arrange which his royal brother had required his immediate attendance. He furthermore most hypocritically expressed a desire for a speedy reconciliation of the provinces with

their sovereign, and a resolution that—although for their sake he had made himself a foe to his Catholic Majesty—he would still interpose no obstacle to so desirable a result.

To such shallow discourse the states answered with infinite urbanity, for it was the determination of Orange not to make enemies, at that juncture, of France and England in the same breath. They had foes enough already, and it seemed obvious at that moment, to all persons most observant of the course of affairs, that a matrimonial alliance was soon to unite the two crowns. The probability of Anjou's marriage with Elizabeth was, in truth, a leading motive with Orange for his close alliance with the Duke. The political structure, according to which he had selected the French Prince as protector of the Netherlands, was sagaciously planned, but unfortunately its foundation was the shifting sand-bank of female and royal coquetry.

The estates addressed elaborate apologies and unlimited professions to the Duke. They thanked him heartily for his achievements, expressed unbounded regret at his departure, with sincere hopes for his speedy return, and promised "eternal remembrance of his heroic virtues." They assured him, moreover, that should the 1st of the following March arrive without bringing with it an honorable peace with his Catholic Majesty, they should then feel themselves compelled to declare that the King had forfeited his right to the sovereignty of these provinces. In this case they concluded that, as the inhabitants would be then absolved from their allegiance to the Spanish monarch, it would then be in their power to treat with his Highness of Anjou concerning the sovereignty, according to the contract already existing.

These assurances were ample, but the states, knowing the vanity of the man, offered other inducements, some of which seemed sufficiently puerile. They promised that "his statue, in copper, should be placed in the public squares of Antwerp and Brussels, for the eternal admiration of posterity," and that a "crown of olive-leaves should be presented to him every year." The Duke—not inexorable to such courteous solicitations—was willing

to achieve both immortality and power by continuing his friendly relations with the states, and he answered accordingly in the most courteous terms.

The personal courage and profound military science of Parma were invaluable to the royal cause; but his subtle, unscrupulous, and subterranean combinations of policy were even more fruitful at this period. No man ever understood the art of bribery more thoroughly or practised it more skilfully. He bought a politician, or a general, or a grandee, or a regiment of infantry, usually at the cheapest price at which those articles could be purchased, and always with the utmost delicacy with which such traffic could be conducted. Men conveyed themselves to government for a definite price — fixed accurately in florins and groats, in places and pensions—while a decent gossamer of conventional phraseology was ever allowed to float over the nakedness of unblushing treason. Men high in station, illustrious by ancestry, brilliant in valor, huckstered themselves, and swindled a confiding country for as ignoble motives as ever led counterfeiters or bravoes to the gallows, but they were dealt with in public as if actuated only by the loftiest principles. Behind their ancient shields, ostentatiously emblazoned with fidelity to Church and King, they thrust forth their itching palms with the mendacity which would be hardly credible, were it not attested by the monuments, more perennial than brass, of their own letters and recorded conversations.

One striking example is seen in the treason by which the Walloon provinces were won over to Spain. John Sarrasin, a monk, in Artois, was Parma's tool, and Gosson, a Catholic advocate in Arras, was the champion of law and freedom. The partisans of Parma and of Orange were active, and many dramatic scenes occurred during the revolution and counter-revolution called "The Troubles of Arras." Bribery and treason won the day. Gosson was beheaded October 25, 1578. Sarrasin became Archbishop of Cambrai, and some of the nobles received due reward from Madrid.

This municipal revolution and counter-revolution in

Arras was the last blow struck for freedom in the Walloon country. The failure of the movement made that scission of the Netherlands certain, which has endured till our days, for the influence of the ecclesiastics in the states of Artois and Hainault, together with the military power of the Malcontent grandees, whom Parma and John Sarrasin had purchased, could no longer be resisted. The liberty of the Celtic provinces was sold, and a few high-born traitors received the price. The private treaty, by which the Walloon provinces of Artois, Hainault, Lille, Douai, and Orchies united themselves in a separate league, was signed upon the 6th of January, 1579, but the final arrangements for the reconciliation of the Malcontent nobles and their soldiers were not completed until the 6th of April, upon which day a secret paper was signed at Mount Saint Eloi.

The states-general and the whole national party regarded, with prophetic dismay, the approaching dismemberment of their common country. They sent deputation after deputation to the Walloon states to warn them of their danger, and to avert, if possible, the fatal measure. Meantime, as by the already accomplished movement the "generality" was fast disappearing, and was indeed but the shadow of its former self, it seemed necessary to make a vigorous effort to restore something like unity to the struggling country. The Ghent Pacification had been their outer wall, ample enough and strong enough to inclose and to protect all the provinces. Treachery and religious fanaticism had undermined the bulwark almost as soon as reared. The whole beleaguered country was in danger of becoming utterly exposed to a foe who grew daily more threatening. As in besieged cities a sudden breastwork is thrown up internally when the outward defences are crumbling, so the energy of Orange had been silently preparing the Union of Utrecht as a temporary defence, until the foe should be beaten back and there should be time to decide on their future course of action.

During the whole month of December an active correspondence had been carried on by the Prince and his brother John with various agents in Gelderland, Fries-

land, and Groningen, as well as with influential personages in the more central provinces and cities. Gelderland, the natural bulwark to Holland and Zeeland, commanding the four great rivers of the country, had been fortunately placed under the government of the trusty John of Nassau, that province being warmly in favor of a closer union with its sister provinces, and particularly with those more nearly allied to itself in religion and in language.

Already, in December (1578), Count John, in behalf of his brother, had laid before the states of Holland and Zeeland, assembled at Gorcum, the project of a new union with "Gelderland, Ghent, Friesland, Utrecht, Overyssel, and Groningen." The proposition had been favorably entertained, and commissioners had been appointed to confer with other commissioners at Utrecht, whenever they should be summoned by Count John. The Prince, with the silence and caution which belonged to his whole policy, chose not to be the ostensible mover in the plan himself. He did not choose to startle unnecessarily the Archduke Matthias—the cipher who had been placed by his side, whose sudden subtraction would occasion more loss than his presence had conferred benefit. He did not choose to be cried out upon as infringing the Ghent Pacification, although the whole world knew that treaty to be hopelessly annulled. For these and many other weighty motives he proposed that the new Union should be the apparent work of other hands, and only offered to him and to the country when nearly completed.

After various preliminary meetings in December and January, the deputies of Gelderland and Zutphen, with Count John, stadholder of these provinces, at their head, met with the deputies of Holland, Zeeland, and the provinces between the Ems and the Lauwer Zee, early in January, 1579, and on the 23d of that month, without waiting longer for the deputies of the other provinces, they agreed provisionally upon a treaty of union, which was published afterwards, on the 29th, from the Town-house of Utrecht.

This memorable document—which is ever regarded as

the foundation of the Netherland Republic—contained twenty-six articles.*

The preamble stated the object of the union. It was to strengthen, not to forsake, the Ghent Pacification, already nearly annihilated by the force of foreign soldiery. For this purpose, and in order more conveniently to defend themselves against their foes, the deputies of Gelderland, Zutphen, Holland, Zeeland, Utrecht, and the Frisian provinces thought it desirable to form a still closer union. The contracting provinces agreed to remain eternally united, as if they were but one province. At the same time, it was understood that each was to retain its particular privileges, liberties, laudable and traditionary customs, and other laws. The cities, corporations, and inhabitants of every province were to be guaranteed as to their ancient constitutions. Disputes concerning these various statutes and customs were to be decided by the usual tribunals, by "good men," or by amicable compromise. The provinces, by virtue of the union, were to defend one another "with life, goods, and blood" against all force brought against them in the King's name or behalf. They were also to defend one another against all foreign or domestic potentates, provinces, or cities, provided such defence were controlled by the "generality" of the union. For the expense occasioned by the protection of the provinces, certain imposts and excises were to be equally assessed and collected. No truce or peace was to be concluded, no war commenced, no impost established affecting the "generality," but by unanimous advice and consent of the provinces. Upon other matters the majority was to decide, the votes being taken in the manner then customary in the assembly of states-general. In case of difficulty in coming to a unanimous vote when required, the matter

* In his *John of Barneveld* Mr. Motley refers frequently to the Union of Utrecht, which for over two centuries, until the fall of the Republic in 1795, was the supreme law of the land, and the basis of the Dutch confederacy of states. The native literature of comment, criticism, and explanation is quite large, the chief writers being Paulus and Klint. See also a paper on "The Union of Utrecht," by Mrs. L. M. Salmon, in the "Annual Report of the American Historical Association for 1893."

was to be referred to the stadholders then in office. In case of their inability to agree, they were to appoint arbitrators, by whose decision the parties were to be governed. None of the united provinces, or of their cities or corporations, was to make treaties with other potentates or states without consent of its confederates. If neighboring princes, provinces, or cities wished to enter into this confederacy, they were to be received by the unanimous consent of the united provinces. A common currency was to be established for the confederacy.

In the matter of divine worship, Holland and Zeeland were to conduct themselves as they should think proper. The other provinces of the union, however, were either to conform to the religious peace already laid down by Archduke Matthias and his council, or to make such other arrangements as each province should for itself consider appropriate for the maintenance of its internal tranquillity—provided always that every individual should remain free in his religion, and that no man should be molested or questioned on the subject of divine worship, as had been already established by the Ghent Pacification. As a certain dispute arose concerning the meaning of this important clause, an additional paragraph was inserted a few days afterwards. In this it was stated that there was no intention of excluding from the confederacy any province or city which was wholly Catholic, or in which the number of the Reformed was not sufficiently large to entitle them, by the religious peace, to public worship. On the contrary, the intention was to admit them, provided they obeyed the articles of union, and conducted themselves as good patriots; it being intended that no province or city should interfere with another in the matter of divine service. Disputes between two provinces were to be decided by the others, or—in case the generality were concerned—by the provisions of the ninth article.

The confederates were to assemble at Utrecht whenever summoned by those commissioned for that purpose. A majority of votes was to decide on matters then brought before them, even in case of the absence of some members of the confederacy, who might, however, send written

proxies. Additions or amendments to these articles could only be made by unanimous consent. The articles were to be signed by the stadholders, magistrates, and principal officers of each province and city, and by all the train-bands, fraternities, and sodalities which might exist in the cities or villages of the union.

Such were the simple provisions of that instrument which became the foundation of the powerful Commonwealth of the United Netherlands. On the day when it was concluded there were present deputies from five provinces only. Count John of Nassau signed first, as stadholder of Gelderland and Zutphen. His signature was followed by those of four deputies from that double province; and the envoys of Holland, Zeeland, Utrecht, and the Frisian provinces then signed the document.

The Prince himself, although in reality the principal director of the movement, delayed appending his signature until the 3d of May, 1579. Herein he was actuated by the reasons already stated, and by the hope which he still entertained that a wider union might be established, with Matthias for its nominal chief. His enemies, as usual, attributed this patriotic delay to baser motives. They accused him of a desire to assume the governor-generalship himself, to the exclusion of the Archduke—an insinuation which the states of Holland took occasion formally to denounce as a calumny. For those who have studied the character and history of the man, a defence against such slander is superfluous. Matthias was but the shadow, Orange the substance. The Archduke had been accepted only to obviate the evil effects of a political intrigue, and with the express condition that the Prince should be his lieutenant-general in name, his master in fact. Directly after his departure in the following year, the Prince's authority, which nominally departed also, was re-established in his own person, and by express act of the states-general.

The Union of Utrecht was the foundation-stone of the Netherland Republic; but the framers of the confederacy did not intend the establishment of a republic, or of an independent commonwealth of any kind. They had not forsworn the Spanish monarch. It was not yet their in-

tention to forswear him. Certainly the act of union contained no allusion to such an important step. On the contrary, in the brief preamble they expressly stated their intention to strengthen the Ghent Pacification, and the Ghent Pacification acknowledged obedience to the King. They intended no political innovation of any kind. They expressly accepted matters as they were. All statutes, charters, and privileges of provinces, cities, or corporations were to remain untouched. They intended to form neither an independent state nor an independent federal system. No doubt the formal renunciation of allegiance, which was to follow within two years, was contemplated by many as a future probability, but it could not be foreseen with certainty.

The simple act of union was not regarded as the constitution of a commonwealth. Its object was a single one —defence against a foreign oppressor. The contracting parties bound themselves together to spend all their treasure and all their blood in expelling the foreign soldiery from their soil. To accomplish this purpose, they carefully abstained from intermeddling with internal politics and with religion. Every man was to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. Every combination of citizens, from the provincial states down to the humblest "rhetoric" club, was to retain its ancient constitution.

The establishment of a Republic, which lasted two centuries, which threw a girdle of rich dependencies entirely round the globe, and which attained so remarkable a height of commercial prosperity and political influence, was the result of the Utrecht Union, but it was not a premeditated result. A state, single towards the rest of the world, a unit in its external relations, while permitting internally a variety of sovereignties and institutions —in many respects the prototype of our own much more extensive and powerful union—was destined to spring from the act thus signed by the envoys of five provinces. Those envoys were acting, however, under the pressure of extreme necessity, and for what was believed an evanescent purpose.

The future confederacy was not to resemble the system of the German Empire, for it was to acknowledge no single head. It was to differ from the Achæan League in the far inferior amount of power which it permitted to its general assembly, and in the consequently greater proportion of sovereign attributes which were retained by the individual states. It was, on the other hand, to furnish a closer and more intimate bond than that of the Swiss Confederacy, which was only a union for defence and external purposes, of cantons otherwise independent. It was, finally, to differ from the American federal commonwealth in the great feature that it was to be merely a confederacy of sovereignties, not a representative republic. Its foundation was a compact, not a constitution. The contracting parties were states and corporations, who considered themselves as representing small nationalities *de jure et de facto*, and as succeeding to the supreme power at the very instant in which allegiance to the Spanish monarch was renounced. The general assembly was a collection of diplomatic envoys, bound by instructions from independent states. The voting was not by heads, but by states. The deputies were not representatives of the people, but of the states; for the people of the United States of the Netherlands never assembled—as did the people of the United States of America two centuries later—to lay down a constitution, by which they granted a generous amount of power to the Union, while they reserved enough of sovereign attributes to secure that local self-government which is the life-blood of liberty.

The Union of Utrecht, narrowed as it was to the nether portion of that country which, as a whole, might have formed a commonwealth so much more powerful, was in origin a proof of this lamentable want of patriotism. Could the jealousy of great nobles, the rancor of religious differences, the Catholic bigotry of the Walloon population on the one side contending with the democratic insanity of the Ghent populace on the other, have been restrained within bounds by the moderate counsels of William of Orange, it would have been possible to unite seventeen

provinces instead of seven, and to save many long and blighting years of civil war.

The Utrecht Union was, however, of inestimable value. It was time for some step to be taken, if anarchy were not to reign until the inquisition and absolutism were restored. Already, out of Chaos and Night, the coming Republic was assuming substance and form. The union, if it created nothing else, at least constructed a league against a foreign foe whose armed masses were pouring faster and faster into the territory of the provinces. Farther than this it did not propose to go. It maintained what it found. It guaranteed religious liberty, and accepted the civil and political constitutions already in existence. Meantime, the defects of those constitutions, although visible and sensible, had not grown to the large proportions which they were destined to attain.

Thus, by the Union of Utrecht on the one hand and the fast-approaching reconciliation of the Walloon provinces on the other, the work of decomposition and of construction went hand in hand.

CHAPTER II

MASSACRE AT MAASTRICHT—TURBULENCE AT GHENT

The political movements in both directions were to be hastened by the military operations of the opening season. On the night of the 2d of March, 1579, the Prince of Parma made a demonstration against Antwerp. A body of three thousand Scotch and English, lying at Burgerhout, was rapidly driven in, and a warm skirmish ensued, directly under the walls of the city. The Prince of Orange, with the Archduke Matthias, being in Antwerp at the time, remained on the fortifications superintending the action, and Parma was obliged to retire after an hour or two of sharp fighting, with a loss of four hundred men. This demonstration was, however, only a feint. His real design was upon Maastricht, before which important city he appeared in great force ten days afterwards when he was least expected.

Well fortified, surrounded by a broad and deep moat, built upon both sides of the Meuse, upon the right bank of which river, however, the portion of the town was so inconsiderable that it was merely called the village of Wyk, this key to the German gate of the Netherlands was, unfortunately, in brave but feeble hands. The garrison was hardly one thousand strong ; the trained bands of burghers amounted to twelve hundred more ; while between three and four thousand peasants, who had taken refuge within the city walls, did excellent service as sappers and miners. Parma, on the other hand, had appeared before the walls with twenty thousand men, to which number he received constant reinforcements. The Bishop of Liege, too, had sent him four thousand pioneers—a most

important service, for mining and countermining was to decide the fate of Maastricht.

Early in January the royalists had surprised the strong château of Carpen, in the neighborhood of the city, upon which occasion the garrison were all hanged by moonlight on the trees in the orchard. The commandant shared their fate; and it is a curious fact that he had, precisely a year previously, hanged the royalist captain, Blomaert, on the same spot, who, with the rope around his neck, had foretold a like doom to his destroyer.

The Prince of Orange, feeling the danger of Maastricht, lost no time in warning the states to take necessary measures, imploring them "not to fall asleep in the shade of a peace negotiation"; while, meantime, Parma threw two bridges over the Meuse, above and below the city, and then invested the place so closely that all communication was absolutely suspended. Letters could pass to and fro only at extreme peril to the messengers, and all possibility of reinforcing the city at the moment was cut off.

While this eventful siege was proceeding the negotiations with the Walloons were ripening. The siege and the conferences went hand in hand. Besides the secret arrangements already described for the separation of the Walloon provinces, there had been much earnest and eloquent remonstrance on the part of the states-general and of Orange — many solemn embassies and public appeals. As usual, the Pacification of Ghent was the two-sided shield which hung between the parties to cover or to justify the blows which each dealt at the other. There is no doubt as to the real opinion entertained concerning that famous treaty by the royal party. "Through the peace of Ghent," said Saint Vaast, "all our woes have been brought upon us." La Motte informed Parma that it was necessary to pretend a respect for the Pacification, however, on account of its popularity, but that it was well understood by the leaders of the Walloon movement that the intention was to restore the system of Charles the Fifth. Parma signified his consent to make use of that treaty as a basis, "provided always it were interpreted healthily, and not dislocated by cavillations and sinister

interpolations, as had been done by the Prince of Orange." The Malcontent generals of the Walloon troops were inexpressibly anxious lest the cause of religion should be endangered ; but the arguments by which Parma convinced those military casuists as to the compatibility of the Ghent peace with sound doctrine have already been exhibited. The influence of the reconciled nobles was brought to bear with fatal effect upon the states of Artois, Hainault, and of a portion of French Flanders. The Gallic element in their blood, and an intense attachment to the Roman ceremonial, which distinguished the Walloon population from their Batavian brethren, were used successfully by the wily Parma to destroy the unity of the revolted Netherlands. Moreover, the King offered good terms. The monarch, feeling safe on the religious point, was willing to make liberal promises upon the political questions. In truth, the great grievance of which the Walloons complained was the insolence and intolerable outrages of the foreign soldiers. This, they said, had alone made them malcontent. It was, therefore, obviously the cue of Parma to promise the immediate departure of the troops. This could be done the more easily as he had no intention of keeping the promise.

Meantime the efforts of Orange and of the states-general, where his influence was still paramount, were unceasing to counteract the policy of Parma. A deputation was appointed by the generality to visit the estates of the Walloon provinces. Another was sent by the authorities of Brussels. The states-general, too, inspired by William of Orange, addressed a solemn appeal to their sister provinces thus about to abjure the bonds of relationship forever. It seemed right, once for all, to grapple with the Ghent Pacification for the last time, and to strike a final blow in defence of that large, statesmanlike interpretation which alone could make the treaty live. This was done eloquently and logically.

In various fervently written appeals by Orange, by the states-general, and by other bodies, the wavering provinces were warned against seduction. They were reminded that the Prince of Parma was using this minor nego-

tiation "as a second string to his bow"; that nothing could be more puerile than to suppose the Spaniards capable, after securing Maastricht, of sending away their troops.

On the other hand, a strong deputation now went forth from the Walloon provinces, towards the end of April, to hold a final colloquy with Parma, then already busied with the investment of Maastricht. They were met upon the road with great ceremony, and with drum, trumpet, and flaunting banners escorted into the presence of Farnese. He received them with stately affability, in a magnificently decorated pavilion, carelessly inviting them to a repast, which he called an afternoon lunch, but which proved a most sumptuous and splendidly appointed entertainment. This "trifling, foolish banquet" finished, the deputies were escorted, with great military parade, to the lodgings which had been provided for them in a neighboring village. During the period of their visit all the chief officers of the army and the household were directed to entertain the Walloons with showy festivals, dinners, suppers, dances, and carousals of all kinds. At one of the most brilliant of these revels—a magnificent ball, to which all the matrons and maids of the whole country round had been bidden — the Prince of Parma himself unexpectedly made his appearance. He gently rebuked the entertainers for indulging in such splendid hospitality, without at least permitting him to partake of it. Charmingly affable to the ladies assembled in the ballroom, courteous, but slightly reserved, towards the Walloon envoys, he excited the admiration of all by the splendid decorum of his manners. As he moved through the halls, modulating his steps in grave cadence to the music, the dignity and grace of his deportment seemed truly majestic; but when he actually danced a measure himself, the enthusiasm was at its height. They should, indeed, be rustics, cried the Walloon envoys in a breath, not to give the hand of fellowship at once to a Prince so condescending and amiable. The exclamation seemed to embody the general wish and to foreshadow a speedy conclusion.

Very soon afterwards a preliminary accord was signed

between the King's government and the Walloon provinces. The provisions on his Majesty's part were sufficiently liberal. The religious question furnishing no obstacle, it was comparatively easy for Philip to appear benignant. It was stipulated that the provincial privileges should be respected, that a member of the King's own family, legitimately born, should always be governor-general, and that the foreign troops should be immediately withdrawn. The official exchange and ratification of this treaty were delayed till the 4th of the following September, but the news that the reconciliation had been definitely settled soon spread through the country. The Catholics were elated, the patriots dismayed. Orange—the "Prince of Darkness," as the Walloons of the day were fond of calling him—still unwilling to despair, reluctant to accept this dismemberment, which he foresaw was to be a perpetual one, of his beloved country, addressed the most passionate and solemn adjurations to the Walloon provinces and to their military chieftains. He offered all his children as hostages for his good faith in keeping sacredly any covenant which his Catholic countrymen might be willing to close with him. It was in vain. The step was irretrievably taken; religious bigotry, patrician jealousy, and wholesale bribery had severed the Netherlands in twain forever. The friends of Romanism, the enemies of civil and religious liberty, exulted from one end of Christendom to the other, and it was recognized that Parma had, indeed, achieved a victory which, although bloodless, was as important to the cause of absolutism as any which even his sword was likely to achieve.

The success attained by the Catholic party in the Walloon negotiations caused a corresponding bitterness in the hearts of the Reformers throughout the country. As usual, bitterness begot bitterness; intolerance engendered intolerance. On the 28th of May, 1579, as the Catholics of Antwerp were celebrating the *Ommegang*—the same festival which had been the exciting cause of the memorable tumults of the year 1565—the irritation of the populace could not be repressed. The mob rose in its

wrath to put down these demonstrations—which, taken in connection with recent events, seemed ill-timed and insolent—of a religion whose votaries then formed but a small minority of the Antwerp citizens. There was a great tumult. Two persons were killed. The Archduke Matthias, who was himself in the Cathedral of Notre Dame assisting at the ceremony, was in danger of his life. The well-known cry of "*paapen uit*" (out with the papists) resounded through the streets, and the priests and monks were all hustled out of town amid a tempest of execrations.

Orange did his utmost to quell the mutiny, nor were his efforts fruitless—for the uproar, although seditious and disgraceful, was hardly sanguinary. Next day the Prince summoned the magistracy, the Monday council, the guild officers, with all the chief municipal functionaries, and expressed his indignation in decided terms. He protested that if such tumults, originating in that very spirit of intolerance which he most deplored, could not be repressed for the future, he was determined to resign his offices, and no longer to affect authority in a city where his counsels were derided. The magistrates, alarmed at his threats, and sympathizing with his anger, implored him not to desert them, protesting that if he should resign his offices they would instantly lay down their own. An ordinance was then drawn up and immediately proclaimed at the Town-house, permitting the Catholics to re-enter the city and to enjoy the privileges of religious worship. At the same time it was announced that a new draft of a religious peace would be forthwith issued for the adoption of every city.

A similar tumult, arising from the same cause, at Utrecht, was attended with the like result. On the other hand, the city of Brussels was astonished by a feeble and unsuccessful attempt at treason, made by a youth who bore an illustrious name. Philip, Count of Egmont, eldest son of the unfortunate Lamoral, had command of a regiment in the service of the states. He had, besides, a small body of cavalry in immediate attendance upon his person. He had for some time felt inclined—like the

Lalains, Meluns, La Mottes, and others—to reconcile himself with the crown, and he wisely thought that the terms accorded to him would be more liberal if he could bring the capital of Brabant with him as a peace-offering to his Majesty. His residence was in Brussels. His regiment was stationed outside the gates, but in the immediate neighborhood of the city. On the morning of the 4th of June young Egmont actually attempted to seize the city, but, through the promptness of Colonel Van der Tympel and the citizens, his plans were wholly frustrated. For a day and a night his hungry soldiers were kept penned up in the Grande Place. Then, by an inexplicable indulgence, he and his troops were allowed to ride out of the city to Montigny's headquarters. He soon afterwards made his peace with Spain, and was duly rewarded.

The investment of Maastricht was commenced upon the 12th of March, 1579. In the city, besides the population, there were two thousand peasants, both men and women, a garrison of one thousand soldiers, and a trained burgher guard, numbering about twelve hundred. There were six gates to the town, each provided with ravelins, and there was a doubt in what direction the first attack should be made. Opinions wavered between the gates of Bois-le-Duc, next the river, and that of Tongres, on the south-western side, but it was finally decided to attempt the gate of Tongres.

Over against that point the platforms were accordingly constructed, and after a heavy cannonade from forty-six great guns, continued for several days, it was thought, by the 25th of March, that an impression had been made upon the city. A portion of the brick curtain had crumbled, but through the breach there was seen a massive *terreplein*, well moated, which, after six thousand shots already delivered on the outer wall, still remained uninjured. It was recognized that the gate of Tongres was not the most assailable, but rather the strongest, portion of the defences, and Alexander therefore determined to shift his batteries to the gate of Bois-le-Duc. At the same time the attempt upon that of Tongres was to be varied but not abandoned. Four thousand miners, who

had passed half their lives in burrowing for coal in that anthracite region, had been furnished by the Bishop of Liege, and this force was now set to their subterranean work. A mine having been opened at a distance, the besiegers slowly worked their way towards the Tongres Gate, while at the same time the more ostensible operations were in the opposite direction. The besieged had their miners also, for the peasants in the city had been used to work with mattock and pickaxe. The women, too, enrolled themselves into companies, chose their officers—or "mine-mistresses," as they were called—and did good service daily in the caverns of the earth. Thus a whole army of gnomes were noiselessly at work to destroy and defend the beleaguered city. The mine advanced towards the gate; the besieged delved deeper, and intersected it with a transverse excavation, and the contending forces met daily in deadly encounter within these sepulchral gangways.

The siege continued, with fightings above and below ground, until the 29th of June, 1579, by which time the condition of the reduced garrison was most woful. At last, exhausted by incessant fatigue, the citizens in their sleep were surprised by assault. The Spaniards rushed in and began the slaughter. The battle within the walls soon changed to a massacre. The townspeople rushed hither and thither, but there was neither escape nor means of resisting an enemy who now poured into the town by thousands upon thousands. Women, old men, and children had all been combatants, and all, therefore, had incurred the vengeance of the conquerors. A cry of agony arose which was distinctly heard at the distance of a league. Mothers took their infants in their arms and threw themselves by hundreds into the Meuse—and against women the blood-thirst of the assailants was especially directed. Females who had fought daily in the trenches, who had delved in mines and mustered on the battlements, had unsexed themselves in the opinion of those whose comrades they had helped to destroy. It was nothing that they had laid aside the weakness of women in order to defend all that was holy and dear to them on

earth. It was sufficient that many a Spanish, Burgundian, or Italian mercenary had died by their hands. Women were pursued from house to house and hurled from roof and window. They were hunted into the river, they were torn limb from limb in the streets. Men and children fared no better; but the heart sickens at the oft-repeated tale. Horrors, alas! were commonplaces in the Netherlands. Cruelty too monstrous for description, too vast to be believed by a mind not familiar with the outrages practised by the soldiers of Spain and Italy upon their heretic fellow-creatures, were now committed afresh in the streets of Maastricht.

On the first day four thousand men and women were slaughtered. The massacre lasted two days longer; nor would it be an exaggerated estimate if we assume that the amount of victims upon the two last days was equal to half the number sacrificed on the first. It was said that not four hundred citizens were left alive after the termination of the siege. These soon wandered away, their places being supplied by a rabble rout of Walloon sutlers and vagabonds. Maastricht was depopulated as well as captured.

The Prince of Orange, as usual, was blamed for the tragical termination to this long drama. A letter, brought by an unknown messenger, was laid before the states' assembly, in full session, and sent to the clerk's table to be read aloud. After the first few sentences that functionary faltered in his recital. Several members also peremptorily ordered him to stop; for the letter proved to be a violent and calumnious libel upon Orange, together with a strong appeal in favor of the peace propositions then under debate at Cologne. The Prince alone, of all the assembly, preserving his tranquillity, ordered the document to be brought to him, and forthwith read it aloud himself from beginning to end. Afterwards he took occasion to express his mind concerning the ceaseless calumnies of which he was the mark. He especially alluded to the oft-repeated accusation that he was the only obstacle to peace, and repeated that he was ready at that moment to leave the land, and to close his lips forever, if by so

doing he could benefit his country and restore her to honorable repose. The outcry, with the protestations of attachment and confidence which at once broke from the assembly, convinced him, however, that he was deeply rooted in the hearts of all patriotic Netherlanders, and that it was beyond the power of slanderers to loosen his hold upon their affection.

Meantime his efforts had again and again been demanded to restore order in that abode of anarchy, the city of Ghent. After his visit during the previous winter, and the consequent departure of John Casimir to the palatinate, the pacific arrangements made by the Prince had for a short time held good. Early in March, however, that master of misrule, John van Imbize, had once more excited the populace to sedition. Again the property of Catholics, clerical and lay, was plundered ; again the persons of Catholics, of every degree, were maltreated. The magistrates, with first senator Imbize at their head, rather encouraged than rebuked the disorder ; but Orange, as soon as he received official intelligence of the event, hastened to address them in words of earnest warning and wisdom.

His exhortations exerted a wholesome effect for a moment, but matters soon went from bad to worse. Imbize, fearing the influence of the Prince, indulged in open-mouthed abuse of a man whose character he was unable even to comprehend. He accused him of intriguing with France for his own benefit, of being a papist in disguise, of desiring to establish what he called a "religious peace," merely to restore Roman idolatry. In all these insane ravings the demagogue was most ably seconded by the ex-monk. Incessant and unlicensed were the invectives hurled by Peter Dathenus from his pulpit upon William the Silent's head. He denounced him—as he had often done before—as an atheist in heart ; as a man who changed his religion as easily as his garments ; as a man who knew no God but state expediency, which was the idol of his worship ; a mere politician who would tear his shirt from his back and throw it in the fire if he thought it were tainted with religion.

Such witless but vehement denunciation, from a preacher who was both popular and comparatively sincere, could not but affect the imagination of the weaker portion of his hearers. The faction of Imbize became triumphant. Ryhove — the ruffian whose hands were stained with the recent blood of Visch and Hessels — rather did damage than service to the cause of order. He opposed himself to the demagogue who was prating daily of Greece, Rome, and Geneva, while his clerical associate was denouncing William of Orange; but he opposed himself in vain. An attempt to secure the person of Imbize failed, but by the influence of Ryhove, however, a messenger was despatched to Antwerp in the name of a considerable portion of the community of Ghent. The counsel and the presence of the man to whom all hearts in every part of the Netherlands instinctively turned in the hour of need were once more invoked.

The Prince again addressed them in language which none but he could employ with such effect. He told them that his life, passed in service and sacrifice, ought to witness sufficiently for his fidelity. Nevertheless, he thought it necessary — in view of the calumnies which were circulated — to repeat once more his sentiment that no treaty of peace, war, or alliance ought to be negotiated, save with the consent of the people.

On the following day Imbize executed a *coup d'état*. Having a body of near two thousand soldiers at his disposal, he suddenly secured the persons of all the magistrates and other notable individuals not friendly to his policy, and then, in violation of all law, set up a new board of eighteen irresponsible functionaries, according to a list prepared by himself alone. This was his way of enforcing the democratic liberty of Greece, Rome, and Geneva, which was so near to his heart. A proclamation, in fourteen articles, was forthwith issued, justifying this arbitrary proceeding. At the same time a pamphlet, already prepared for the occasion by Dathenus, was extensively circulated. In this production the arbitrary revolution effected by a demagogue was defended with effrontery, while the character of Orange was loaded with

customary abuse. To prevent the traitor from coming to Ghent and establishing what he called his religious peace, these irregular measures, it was urged, had been wisely taken.

The Prince came again to Ghent, great as had been the efforts of Imbize and his partisans to prevent his coming. His presence was like magic. The demagogue and his whole flock vanished like unclean birds at the first rays of the sun. Imbize dared not look the Father of his country in the face. Orange rebuked the populace in the strong and indignant language that public and private virtue, energy, and a high purpose enabled such a leader of the people to use. He at once set aside the board of eighteen—the Grecian-Roman-Genevese establishment of Imbize—and remained in the city until the regular election, in conformity with the privileges, had taken place. Imbize and Dathenus were permitted to go free. They fled to their friend, John Casimir, who received both with open arms, and allowed them each a pension.

Order being thus again restored in Ghent by the exertions of the Prince, when no other human hand could have dispelled the anarchy which seemed to reign supreme, William the Silent, having accepted the government of Flanders, which had again and again been urged upon him, now returned to Antwerp.

CHAPTER III

TREASON AND INTRIGUES

Since the beginning of May the Cologne negotiations had been dragging their slow length along. Few persons believed that any good was likely to result from these stately and ponderous conferences, yet men were so weary of war, so desirous that a termination might be put to the atrophy under which the country was languishing, that many an eager glance was turned towards the place where the august assembly was holding its protracted session. Certainly, if wisdom were to be found in mitred heads—if the power to heal angry passions and to settle the conflicting claims of prerogative and conscience were to be looked for among men of lofty station, then the Cologne conferences ought to have made the rough places smooth and the crooked paths straight throughout all Christendom. There was the Archbishop of Rossano, afterwards Pope Urban the Seventh, as plenipotentiary from Rome; there was Charles of Aragon, Duke of Terranova, supported by five councillors, as ambassador from his Catholic Majesty; there were the Duke of Aerschot, the Abbot of Saint Gertrude, the Abbot of Marolles, Doctor Bucho Aytta, Caspar Schetz, Lord of Grobbendonck, that learned Frisian, Aggeus van Albada, with seven other wise men, as envoys from the states-general. There were their Serene Highnesses the Elector and Archbishops of Cologne and Treves, with the Bishop of Wurtzburg. There was also a numerous embassy from his Imperial Majesty, with Count Otto de Schwartzenburg at its head.

Here, then, were holiness, serenity, dignity, law, and learning in abundance. Here was a Pope *in posse*, with

archbishops, princes, dukes, jurisconsults, and doctors of divinity *in esse*, sufficient to remodel a world, if worlds were to be remodelled by such instruments. In truth, the envoys came from Spain, Rome, and Vienna, provided with but two ideas. Was it not a diplomatic masterpiece, that from this frugal store they could contrive to eke out seven mortal months of negotiation? Two ideas—the supremacy of his Majesty's prerogative, the exclusive exercise of the Roman Catholic religion—these were the be-all and the end-all of their commission. Upon these two strings they were to harp, at least till the walls of Maastricht had fallen. The envoys did their duty well; they were sent to enact a solemn comedy, and in the most stately manner did they walk through their several parts. Not that the King was belligerent; on the contrary, he was heartily weary of the war. Prerogative was weary—Romanism was weary—Conscience was weary—the Spirit of Freedom was weary—but the Prince of Orange was not weary. Blood and treasure had been pouring forth so profusely during twelve flaming years that all but that one tranquil spirit were beginning to flag.

It is not desirable to disturb much of that learned dust, after its three centuries' repose. A rapid sketch of the course of the proceedings, with an indication of the spirit which animated the contending parties, will be all that is necessary. They came and they separated with precisely opposite views.

The first step in the proceedings had been a secret one. If by any means the Prince of Orange could be detached from his party — if by bribery, however enormous, he could be induced to abandon a tottering cause and depart for the land of his birth—he was distinctly but indirectly given to understand that he had but to name his terms. It was all in vain. The indirect applications of the imperial commissioners made to his servants and his nearest relations were entirely unsuccessful. The Prince was not to be drawn into a negotiation in his own name or for his own benefit. If the estates were satisfied, he was satisfied. He wanted no conditions but theirs; "nor would he, directly or indirectly," he said, "separate

himself from the cause on which hung all his evil or felicity."

On the 18th of May the states' envoys at Cologne presented fourteen articles, demanding freedom of religion and the ancient political charters. Religion, they said, was to be referred, not to man, but to God. To Him the King was subject as well as the people. Both King and people—"and *by people was meant every individual in the land*"—were bound to serve God according to their conscience.

The imperial envoys found such language extremely reprehensible, and promptly refused, as umpires, to entertain the fourteen articles. Others, drawn up by Terranova and colleagues, embodying the claims of the royal and Roman party, were then solemnly presented, and as promptly rejected. The Netherland envoys likewise gave the imperial commissioners distinctly to understand that—in case peace were not soon made—"the states would forthwith declare the King fallen from his sovereignty"; would forever dispense the people from their oaths of allegiance to him, and would probably accept the Duke of Anjou in his place. The states-general, to which body the imperial propositions had been sent, also rejected the articles in a logical and historical argument of unmerciful length.

On the 13th of November, 1579, the states' envoys were invited into the council chamber of the imperial commissioners to hear the last solemn commonplaces of those departing functionaries. After seven dreary months of negotiation, after protocols and memoranda in ten thousand folios, the august diplomatists had travelled round to points from which they had severally started. On the one side, unlimited prerogative and exclusive Catholicism; on the other, constitutional liberty, with freedom of conscience for Catholic and Protestant alike: these were the claims which each party announced at the commencement, and to which they held with equal firmness at the close of the conferences.

The congress had been expensive. Though not much had been accomplished for the political or religious ad-

vancement of mankind, there had been much excellent eating and drinking at Cologne during the seven months. Those droughty deliberations had needed moistening. The Bishop of Wurtzburg had consumed "eighty hogsheads of Rhenish wine and twenty great casks of beer." The expense of the states' envoys was twenty-four thousand guldens. Meantime those southern provinces had made their separate treaty, and the Netherlands were permanently dissevered. Maastricht had fallen. Disunion and dismay had taken possession of the country.

During the course of the year other severe misfortunes had happened to the states. Treachery, even among the men who had done good service to the cause of freedom, was daily showing her hateful visage. Not only the great chieftains who had led the Malcontent Walloon party, with the fickle Aerschot and the wavering Havré besides, had made their separate reconciliation with Parma, but the epidemic treason had mastered such bold partisans as the Seigneur de Bours, the man whose services in rescuing the citadel of Antwerp had been so courageous and valuable. He was governor of Mechlin; Count Renneberg was governor of Friesland. Both were trusted implicitly by Orange and by the estates; both were on the eve of repaying the confidence reposed in them by the most venal treason.

Mechlin was also lost to the patriot cause through the wiles of an eloquent friar, who persuaded the bold but unprincipled commandant De Bours to admit a garrison which Parma, after due negotiation, sent. The archiepiscopal city was thus transferred to the royal party, but the gallant Van der Tympel, governor of Brussels, retook it by surprise within six months of its acquisition by Parma, and once more restored it to the jurisdiction of the states. Peter Lupus, the Carmelite, armed to the teeth and fighting fiercely at the head of the royalists, was slain in the street.

During the weary progress of the Cologne negotiations, the Prince had not been idle, and should this august and slow-moving congress be unsuccessful in restoring peace, the provinces were pledged to an act of abjuration. They

would then be entirely without a head. The idea of a nominal republic was broached by none. The contest had not been one of theory, but of facts; for the war had not been for revolution, but for conservation, so far as political rights were concerned. In religion the provinces had advanced from one step to another till they now claimed the largest liberty — freedom of conscience — for all. Religion, they held, was God's affair, not man's, in which neither people nor King had power over each other, but in which both were subject to God alone. In politics it was different. Hereditary sovereignty was acknowledged as a fact; but, at the same time, the spirit of freedom was already learning its appropriate language. It already claimed boldly the natural right of mankind to be governed according to the laws of reason and of divine justice. If a prince were a shepherd, it was at least lawful to deprive him of his crook when he butchered the flock which he had been appointed to protect. On the other hand, if hereditary rule were an established fact, so also were ancient charters. To maintain, not to overthrow, the political compact was the purpose of the states. "*Je maintiendrai*" was the motto of Orange's escutcheon. That a compact existed between prince and people, and that the sovereign held office only on condition of doing his duty, were startling truths which men were beginning not to whisper to each other in secret, but to proclaim in the market-place.

William of Orange always recognized these truths, but his scheme of government contemplated a permanent chief, and as it was becoming obvious that the Spanish sovereign would soon be abjured, it was necessary to fix upon a substitute. "As to governing these provinces in the form of a republic," said he, speaking for the states-general, "those who know the condition, privileges, and ordinances of the country can easily understand that it is hardly possible to dispense with a head or superintendent." At the same time, he plainly intimated that this "head or superintendent" was to be, not a monarch—a one-ruler—but merely the hereditary chief magistrate of a free commonwealth.

The negotiations pointed to a speedy abjuration of

Philip; the republic was contemplated by none; the Prince of Orange absolutely refused to stretch forth his own hand. Who, then, was to receive the sceptre which was so soon to be bestowed? There was not much hope from the Protestant princes of Germany. The day had passed for generous sympathy with those engaged in the great struggle which Martin Luther had commenced. The present generation of German Protestants were more inclined to put down the Calvinistic schism at home than to save it from oppression abroad. Men were more disposed to wrangle over the thrice-gnawed bones of ecclesiastical casuistry than to assist their brethren in the field.

In England there was much sympathy for the provinces, and there—although the form of government was still arbitrary — the instincts for civil and religious freedom, which have ever characterized the Anglo-Saxon race, were not to be repressed. Upon many a battle-field for liberty in the Netherlands "men whose limbs were made in England" were found contending for the right. The blood and treasure of Englishmen flowed freely in the cause of their relatives by religion and race, but these were the efforts of individuals. Hitherto but little assistance had been rendered by the English Queen, who had, on the contrary, almost distracted the provinces by her fast-and-loose policy, both towards them and towards Anjou. The political rivalry between that Prince and herself in the Netherlands had, however, now given place to the memorable love-passage from which important results were expected, and it was thought certain that Elizabeth would view with satisfaction any dignity conferred upon her lover. Orange had a right to form this opinion. At the same time, it is well known that the chief councillors of Elizabeth — while they were all in favor of assisting the provinces—looked with anything but satisfaction upon the Anjou marriage.

The provinces of Holland and Zeeland, notwithstanding the love they bore to William of Orange, could never be persuaded by his arguments into favoring Anjou. Indeed, it was rather on account of the love they bore the Prince —whom they were determined to have for their sovereign

PRISON GATE, HAGUE

—that they refused to listen to any persuasion in favor of his rival, although coming from his own lips. The states-general, in a report to the states of Holland, drawn up under the superintendence of the Prince, brought forward all the usual arguments for accepting the French duke in case the abjuration should take place.

Three councils were now established—one to be in attendance upon the Archduke and the Prince of Orange, the two others to reside respectively in Flanders and in Utrecht. They were to be appointed by Matthias and the Prince, upon a double nomination from the estates of the united provinces. Their decisions were to be made according to a majority of votes, and there was to be no secret cabinet behind and above their deliberations. It was long, however, before these councils were put into working order. The fatal jealousy of the provincial authorities, the small ambition of local magistrates, interposed daily obstacles to the vigorous march of the generality. Never was jealousy more mischievous, never circumspection more misapplied. It was not a land nor a crisis in which there was peril of centralization. Local municipal government was, in truth, the only force left. There was no possibility of its being merged in a central authority which did not exist. The country was without a centre. There was small chance of apoplexy where there was no head. The danger lay in the mutual repulsiveness of these atoms of sovereignty—in the centrifugal tendencies which were fast resolving a nebulous commonwealth into chaos. Disunion and dissension would soon bring about a more fatal centralization—that of absorption in a distant despotism.

At the end of November, 1579, Orange made another remarkable speech in the states-general at Antwerp. He handled the usual topics with his customary vigor, and with that grace and warmth of delivery which always made his eloquence so persuasive and impressive. He spoke of the countless calumnies against himself, the chaffering niggardliness of the provinces, the slender result produced by his repeated warnings. He told them bluntly the great cause of all their troubles. It was the ab-

sence of a broad patriotism; it was the narrow power grudged rather than given to the deputies who sat in the general assembly. They were mere envoys, tied by instructions. They were powerless to act, except after tedious reference to the will of their masters, the provincial boards. The deputies of the union came thither, he said, as advocates of their provinces or their cities, not as councillors of a commonwealth, and sought to further those narrow interests, even at the risk of destruction to their sister states. The contributions, he complained, were assessed unequally and expended selfishly. Upon this occasion, as upon all occasions, he again challenged inquiry into the purity of his government, demanded chastisement, if any act of maladministration on his part could be found, and repeated his anxious desire either to be relieved from his functions or to be furnished with the means of discharging them with efficiency.

On the 12th of December, 1579, he again made a powerful speech in the states-general. Upon the 9th of January following he made an elaborate address upon the state of the country, urging the necessity of raising instantly a considerable army of good and experienced soldiers. He fixed the indispensable number of such a force at twelve thousand foot, four thousand horse, and at least twelve hundred pioneers.

Early in the year 1580 the Prince was doomed to a bitter disappointment, and the provinces to a severe loss, in the treason of Count Renneberg, governor of Friesland. This young noble was of the great Lalain family. He was a younger brother of Anthony, Count of Hoogstraaten, the unwavering friend of Orange. The bill of sale, by which he agreed with a certain Quislain le Bailly to transfer himself to Spain, fixed the terms with the technical scrupulousness of any other mercantile transaction. Renneberg sold himself as one would sell a yoke of oxen, and his motives were no whit nobler than the cynical contract would indicate. He was treacherous from the most sordid of motives—jealousy of his friend and love of place and pelf; but his subsequent remorse and his early death have cast a veil over the blackness of his crime. On the

4th of March, 1580, Renneberg carried out his plot and seized the capital of Groningen province. The city was formally united to the royal government, but the count's measures had been precipitated to such an extent that he was unable to carry the province with him, as he had hoped. On the contrary, although he had secured the city, he had secured nothing else. He was immediately beleaguered by the states' force in the province, under the command of Barthold Entes, Hohenlo, and Philip Louis Nassau, and it was necessary to send for immediate assistance from Parma.

The Prince of Orange, being thus bitterly disappointed by the treachery of his friend, and foiled in his attempt to avert the immediate consequences, continued his interrupted journey to Amsterdam. Here he was received with unbounded enthusiasm.

CHAPTER IV

THE DUTCH DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

The war continued in a languid and desultory manner in different parts of the country. At an action near Ingelmunster the brave and accomplished De la Noue was made prisoner. This was a severe loss to the states, a cruel blow to Orange, for he was not only one of the most experienced soldiers, but one of the most accomplished writers of his age. His pen was as celebrated as his sword. In exchange for the illustrious Frenchman the states in vain offered Count Egmont, who had been made prisoner a few weeks before, and De Selles, who was captured shortly afterwards. Parma answered, contemptuously, that he would not give a lion for two sheep. Even Champagny was offered in addition, but without success. Parma had written to Philip, immediately upon the capture, that, were it not for Egmont, Selles, and others, then in the power of Orange, he should order the execution of De la Noue. Under the circumstances, however, he had begged to be informed as to his Majesty's pleasure, and in the mean time had placed the prisoner in the castle of Limburg, under charge of De Billy. His Majesty, of course, never signified his pleasure, and the illustrious soldier remained for five years in a loathsome dungeon more befitting a condemned malefactor than a prisoner of war. It was in the donjon-keep of the castle, lighted only by an aperture in the roof, and was therefore exposed to the rain and all inclemencies of the sky, while rats, toads, and other vermin housed in the miry floor. At last, in June, 1585, he was exchanged, on extremely rigorous terms, for Egmont. During his captivity in this

vile dungeon he composed not only his famous political and military discourses, but several other works, among the rest Annotations upon Plutarch and upon the Histories of Guicciardini.

The siege of Groningen proceeded, and Parma ordered some forces under Martin Schenck to advance to its relief. On the other hand, the meagre states' forces under Sonoy, Hohenlo, Entes, and Count John of Nassau's young son, William Louis, had not yet made much impression upon the city. There was little military skill to atone for the feebleness of the assailing army, although there was plenty of rude valor.

Count Philip Hohenlo, upon whom devolved the entire responsibility of the Groningen siege and of the Friesland operations after the death of Barthold Entes, had never learned the art of war, nor had he the least ambition to acquire it. Devoted to his pleasures, he depraved those under his command and injured the cause for which he was contending.

After a few trifling operations before Groningen, Hohenlo was summoned to the neighborhood of Coevorden by the reported arrival of Martin Schenck, at the head of a considerable force. On the 15th of June the Count marched all night and a part of the following morning in search of the enemy. He came up with them upon Hardenberg Heath, in a broiling summer forenoon. His men were jaded by the forced march, overcome with the heat, tormented with thirst, and unable to procure even a drop of water. The royalists were fresh, so that the result of the contest was easily to be foreseen. Hohenlo's army was annihilated in an hour's time, the whole population fled out of Coevorden, the siege of Groningen was raised, Renneberg was set free to resume his operations on a larger scale, and the fate of all the northeastern provinces was once more swinging in the wind. The boors of Drenthe and Friesland rose again. They had already mustered in the field, at an earlier season of the year, in considerable force. Calling themselves "the desperates," and bearing on their standard an egg-shell with the yolk running out—to indicate that, having lost the meat they

were yet ready to fight for the shell — they had swept through the open country, pillaging and burning. Hohenlo had defeated them in two encounters, slain a large number of their forces, and reduced them for a time to tranquillity. His late overthrow once more set them loose. Renneberg, always apt to be over-elated in prosperity, as he was unduly dejected in adversity, now assumed all the airs of a conqueror. He had hardly eight thousand men under his orders, but his strength lay in the weakness of his adversaries. A small war now succeeded, with small generals, small armies, small campaigns, small sieges. For the time, the Prince of Orange was even obliged to content himself with such a general as Hohenlo. As usual, he was almost alone, and he was this summer doomed to a still harder deprivation by the final departure of his brother John from the Netherlands.

The Count had been wearied out by petty miseries. His stadholderate of Gelderland had overwhelmed him with annoyance, for throughout the northeastern provinces there was neither system nor subordination. The magistrates could exercise no authority over an army which they did not pay or a people whom they did not protect. There were endless quarrels between the various boards of municipal and provincial government—particularly concerning contributions and expenditures. During this wrangling, the country was exposed to the forces of Parma, to the private efforts of the Malcontents, to the unpaid soldiery of the states, to the armed and rebellious peasantry. Little heed was paid to the admonitions of Count John, who was of a hotter temper than was the tranquil Prince. Having already loaded himself with a debt of six hundred thousand florins, which he had spent in the states' service, and having struggled manfully against the petty tortures of his situation, he cannot be severely censured for relinquishing his post. The affairs of his own Countship were in great confusion. His children—boys and girls—were many, and needed their father's guidance, while the eldest, William Louis, was already in arms for the Netherlands, following the instincts of his race. Distinguished for a rash valor, which had already gained the rebuke of

his father and the applause of his comrades, he had commenced his long and glorious career by receiving a severe wound at Coevorden, which caused him to halt for life. Leaving so worthy a representative, the Count was more justified in his departure.

On the 22d of July, 1580, the Archduke Matthias, being fully aware of the general tendency of affairs, summoned a meeting of the generality in Antwerp. He did not make his appearance before the assembly, but requested that a deputation might wait upon him at his lodgings, and to this committee he unfolded his griefs. He expressed his hope that the states were not—in violation of the laws of God and man — about to throw themselves into the arms of a foreign prince. He reminded them of their duty to the holy Catholic religion, and to the illustrious house of Austria, while he also pathetically called their attention to the necessities of his own household, and hoped that they would, at least, provide for the arrears due to his domestics.

The states-general replied with courtesy as to the personal claims of the Archduke. For the rest, they took higher grounds, and the coming declaration of independence already pierced through the studied decorum of their language. They defended their negotiation with Anjou on the ground of necessity, averring that the King of Spain had proved inexorable to all intercession, while, through the intrigues of their bitterest enemies, they had been entirely forsaken by the empire.

Soon afterwards a special legation, with Sainte-Aldegonde at its head, was despatched to France to consult with the Duke of Anjou, and settled terms of agreement with him by the treaty of Plessis les Tours (on the 29th of September, 1580), afterwards definitely ratified by the convention of Bordeaux, signed on the 23d of the following January.

The states of Holland and Zeeland, however, kept entirely aloof from this transaction, being from the beginning opposed to the choice of Anjou. From the first to the last they would have no master but Orange, and to him, therefore, this year they formally offered the

sovereignty of their provinces; but they offered it in vain.

The conquest of Portugal had effected a diversion in the affairs of the Netherlands. It was but a transitory one. The provinces found the hopes which they had built upon the necessity of Spain for large supplies in the peninsula —to their own consequent relief—soon changed into fears, for the rapid success of Alva in Portugal gave his master additional power to oppress the heretics of the north. When, in 1579, Philip received homage at Lisbon as King of Portugal, he was more disposed, and more at leisure than ever, to vent his wrath against the Netherlands, and against the man whom he considered the incarnation of their revolt.

Cardinal Granvelle had ever whispered in the King's ear the expediency of taking off the Prince by assassination. It was in accordance with his suggestions that the famous ban was accordingly drawn up, and dated on the 15th of March, 1580. It was, however, not formally published in the Netherlands until the month of June of the same year.

This edict will remain the most lasting monument to the memory of Cardinal Granvelle. It will be read when all his other state-papers and epistles—able as they incontestably are — shall have passed into oblivion. No panegyric of friend, no palliating magnanimity of foe, can roll away this rock of infamy from his tomb. It was by Cardinal Granvelle and by Philip that a price was set upon the head of the foremost man of his age, as if he had been a savage beast, and that admission into the ranks of Spain's haughty nobility was made the additional bribe to tempt the assassin.

The ban consisted of a preliminary narrative to justify the penalty with which it was concluded. It referred to the favors conferred by Philip and his father upon the Prince; to his signal ingratitude and dissimulation. It accused him of originating the Request, the image-breaking, and the public preaching. It censured his marriage with an abbess—even during the lifetime of his wife; alluded to his campaigns against Alva, to his rebellion in

Holland, and to the horrible massacres committed by Spaniards in that province—as the necessary consequences of his treason. It accused him of introducing liberty of conscience, of procuring his own appointment as Ruward, of violating the Ghent treaty, of foiling the efforts of Don John, and of frustrating the counsels of the Cologne commissioners by his perpetual distrust. It charged him with a newly organized conspiracy, in the erection of the Utrecht Union; and for these and similar crimes — set forth with involutions, slow, spiral, and cautious as the head and front of the indictment was direct and deadly— it announced the chastisement due to the "wretched hypocrite" who had committed such offences.

"For these causes," concluded the ban, "we declare him traitor and miscreant, enemy of ourselves and of the country. As such we banish him perpetually from all our realms, forbidding all our subjects, of whatever quality, to communicate with him openly or privately—to administer to him victuals, drink, fire, or other necessaries. We allow all to injure him in property or life. We expose the said William Nassau as an enemy of the human race—giving his property to all who may seize it. And if any one of our subjects or any stranger should be found sufficiently generous of heart to rid us of this pest, delivering him to us, alive or dead, or taking his life, we will cause to be furnished to him, immediately after the deed shall have been done, the sum of twenty-five thousand crowns in gold. *If he have committed any crime, however heinous, we promise to pardon him; and if he be not already noble, we will ennoble him for his valor.*"

Such was the celebrated ban against the Prince of Orange. It was answered before the end of the year by the memorable "Apology of the Prince of Orange," one of the most startling documents in history. No defiance was ever thundered forth in the face of a despot in more terrible tones. It had become sufficiently manifest to the royal party that the Prince was not to be purchased by "millions of money," or by unlimited family advancement —not to be cajoled by flattery or offers of illustrious friendship. It had been decided, therefore, to terrify him into

retreat, or to remove him by murder. The government had been thoroughly convinced that the only way to finish the revolt was to "finish Orange," according to the ancient advice of Antonio Perez. The mask was thrown off. It had been decided to forbid the Prince bread, water, fire, and shelter; to give his wealth to the fisc, his heart to the assassin, his soul, as it was hoped, to the Father of Evil. The rupture being thus complete, it was right that the "wretched hypocrite" should answer ban with ban, royal denunciation with sublime scorn. He had ill-deserved, however, the title of hypocrite, he said. When the friend of government, he had warned them that by their complicated and perpetual persecutions they were twisting the rope of their own ruin. Was that hypocrisy? Since becoming their enemy, there had likewise been little hypocrisy found in him—unless it were hypocrisy to make open war upon government, to take their cities, to expel their armies from the country.

The proscribed rebel, towering to a moral and even social superiority over the man who affected to be his master by right divine, swept down upon his antagonist with crushing effect. He repudiated the idea of a king in the Netherlands. The word might be legitimate in Castile, or Naples, or the Indies, but the provinces knew no such title. Philip had inherited in those countries only the power of Duke or Count—a power closely limited by constitutions more ancient than his birthright. Orange was no rebel then—Philip no legitimate monarch. Even were the Prince rebellious, it was no more than Philip's ancestor, Albert of Austria, had been towards *his* anointed sovereign, Emperor Adolphus of Nassau, ancestor of William. The ties of allegiance and conventional authority being severed, it had become idle for the King to affect superiority of lineage to the man whose family had occupied illustrious stations when the Hapsburgs were obscure squires in Switzerland, and had ruled as sovereign in the Netherlands before that overshadowing house had ever been named.

But whatever the hereditary claims of Philip in the country, he had forfeited them by the violation of his

oaths, by his tyrannical suppression of the charters of the land; while by his personal crimes he had lost all pretension to sit in judgment upon his fellow-man. Was a people not justified in rising against authority when all their laws had been trodden under foot, "not once only, but a million of times?"—and was William of Orange, lawful husband of the virtuous Charlotte de Bourbon, to be denounced for moral delinquency by a lascivious, incestuous, adulterous, and murderous king? With horrible distinctness he laid before the monarch all the crimes of which he believed him guilty, and having thus told Philip to his beard, "thus diddest thou," he had a withering word for the priest who stood at his back. "Tell me," he cried, "by whose command Cardinal Granvelle administered poison to the Emperor Maximilian? I know what the Emperor told me, and how much fear he felt afterwards for the King and for all Spaniards."

He ridiculed the effrontery of men like Philip and Granvelle in charging "distrust" upon others when it was the very atmosphere of their own existence. He proclaimed that sentiment to be the only salvation for the country. He reminded Philip of the words which his namesake of Macedon—a school-boy in tyranny compared to himself—had heard from the lips of Demosthenes—that the strongest fortress of a free people against a tyrant was *distrust*. That sentiment, worthy of eternal memory, the Prince declared that he had taken from the "divine philippic," to engrave upon the heart of the nation, and he prayed God that he might be more readily believed than the great orator had been by his people.

He treated with scorn the price set upon his head, ridiculing this project to terrify him for its want of novelty, and asking the monarch if he supposed the rebel ignorant of the various bargains which had frequently been made before with cutthroats and poisoners to take away his life. "I am in the hand of God," said William of Orange; "my worldly goods and my life have been long since dedicated to His service. He will dispose of them as seems best for His glory and my salvation."

On the contrary, however, if it could be demonstrated, or even hoped, that his absence would benefit the cause of the country, he proclaimed himself ready to go into exile. "Would to God," said he, in conclusion, "that my perpetual banishment, or even my death, could bring you a true deliverance from so many calamities. Oh, how consoling would be such banishment—how sweet such a death! For why have I exposed my property? Was it that I might enrich myself? Why have I lost my brothers? Was it that I might find new ones? Why have I left my son so long a prisoner? Can you give me another? Why have I put my life so often in danger? What reward can I hope after my long services, and the almost total wreck of my earthly fortunes, if not the prize of having acquired, perhaps at the expense of my life, your liberty? If then, my masters, you judge that my absence or my death can serve you, behold me ready to obey. Command me—send me to the ends of the earth—I will obey. Here is my head, over which no prince, no monarch has power but yourselves. Dispose of it for your good, for the preservation of your republic, but if you judge that the moderate amount of experience and industry which is in me, if you judge that the remainder of my property and of my life can yet be of service to you, I dedicate them afresh to you and to the country."

His motto—most appropriate to his life and character—"*Je maintiendrai*," was the concluding phrase of the document. His arms and signature were also formally appended, and the Apology, translated into most modern languages, was sent to nearly every potentate in Christendom. It had been previously, on the 13th of December, 1580, read before the assembly of the united states, at Delft, and approved as cordially as the ban was indignantly denounced.

During the remainder of the year 1580, and the half of the following year, the seat of hostilities was mainly in the northeast, Parma, while waiting the arrival of fresh troops, being inactive. The operations, like the armies and the generals, were petty. Hohenlo was opposed to Renneberg. After a few insignificant victories, the latter

laid siege to Steenwyk, a city in itself of no great importance, but the key to the province of Drenthe. The garrison consisted of six hundred soldiers, and half as many trained burghers. Renneberg, having six thousand foot and twelve hundred horse, summoned the place to surrender, but was answered with defiance. Captain Cornput, who had escaped from Groningen, after unsuccessfully warning the citizens of Renneberg's meditated treason, commanded in Steenwyk, and his courage and cheerfulness sustained the population of the city during a close winter siege. On the 22d of February, 1581, Sir John Norris succeeded in victualling the town, and Count Renneberg abandoned the siege in despair.

The subsequent career of that unhappy nobleman was brief. On the 19th of July his troops were signally defeated by Sonoy and Norris, the fugitive royalists retreating into Groningen at the very moment when their general, who had been prevented by illness from commanding them, was receiving the last sacraments. Remorse, shame, and disappointment had literally brought Renneberg to his grave. His regrets, his early death, and his many attractive qualities combined to save his character from universal denunciation, and his name, although indelibly stained by treason, was ever mentioned with pity rather than with rancor.

Great changes, destined to be perpetual, were in process in the internal condition of the provinces. A preliminary measure of an important character had been taken early this year by the assembly of the united provinces held in the month of January at Delft. This was the establishment of a general executive council. The constitution of the board was arranged on the 13th of the month, and was embraced in eighteen articles. The number of councillors was fixed at thirty, all to be native Netherlanders, a certain proportion to be appointed from each province by its estates. The advice and consent of this body as to treaties with foreign powers were to be indispensable, but they were not to interfere with the rights and duties of the states-general, nor to interpose any obstacle to the arrangements with the Duke of Anjou.

While this additional machine for the self-government of the provinces was in the course of creation, the Spanish monarch, on the other hand, had made another effort to recover the authority which he felt slipping from his grasp. Philip was in Portugal, preparing for his coronation in that new kingdom — an event destined to be nearly contemporaneous with his deposition from the Netherland sovereignty, so solemnly conferred upon him a quarter of a century before in Brussels; but although thus distant, he was confident that he could more wisely govern the Netherlands than the inhabitants could, and unwilling as ever to confide in the abilities of those to whom he had delegated his authority. Provided, as he unquestionably was at that moment, with a more energetic representative than any who had before exercised the functions of royal governor in the provinces, he was still disposed to harass, to doubt, and to interfere. With the additional cares of the Portuguese conquest upon his hands, he felt as irresistibly impelled as ever to superintend the minute details of provincial administration. To do this was impossible. It was, however, not impossible, by attempting to do it, to produce much mischief. The King had, moreover, recently committed the profound error of sending the Duchess Margaret of Parma to the Netherlands again. The event was what might have been foreseen. The Netherlanders were very moderately excited by the arrival of their former regent, but the Prince of Parma was furious. His mother actually arrived at Namur in the month of August, 1580, to assume the civil administration of the provinces, and he was himself, according to the King's request, to continue in the command of the army. Margaret of Parma was instantly informed, however, by Alexander, that a divided authority like that proposed was entirely out of the question. Both offered to resign; but Alexander was unflinching in his determination to retain all the power or none. By the end of the year 1581 letters arrived confirming the Prince of Parma in his government, but requesting the Duchess of Parma to remain privately in the Netherlands. She accordingly continued to reside there under an assumed

name until the autumn of 1583, when she was at last permitted to return to Italy.

During the summer of 1581 the same spirit of persecution which had inspired the Catholics to inflict such infinite misery upon those of the Reformed faith in the Netherlands began to manifest itself in overt acts against the papists by those who had at last obtained political ascendency over them. Edicts were published in Antwerp, in Utrecht, and in different cities of Holland, suspending the exercise of the Roman worship. These statutes were certainly a long way removed in horror from those memorable placards which sentenced the Reformers by thousands to the axe, the cord, and the stake; but it was still melancholy to see the persecuted becoming persecutors in their turn. They were excited to these stringent measures by the noisy zeal of certain Dominican monks in Brussels, whose extravagant discourses were daily inflaming the passions of the Catholics to a dangerous degree. The authorities of the city accordingly thought it necessary to suspend, by proclamation, the public exercise of the ancient religion, assigning as their principal reason for this prohibition the shocking jugglery by which simple-minded persons were constantly deceived. They alluded particularly to the practice of working miracles by means of relics, pieces of the holy cross, bones of saints, and the perspiration of statues. They charged that bits of lath were daily exhibited as fragments of the cross, that the bones of dogs and monkeys were held up for adoration as those of saints, and that oil was poured habitually into holes drilled in the heads of statues, that the populace might believe in their miraculous sweating. For these reasons, and to avoid the tumult and possible bloodshed to which the disgust excited by such charlatanry might give rise, the Roman Catholic worship was suspended until the country should be restored to greater tranquillity. Similar causes led to similar proclamations in other cities. The Prince of Orange lamented the intolerant spirit thus showing itself among those who had been its martyrs, but it was not possible at that moment to keep it absolutely under control.

A most important change was now to take place in his condition—a most vital measure was to be consummated by the provinces. The step, which could never be retraced, was, after long hesitation, finally taken upon the 26th of July, 1581, upon which day the united provinces, assembled at The Hague, solemnly declared their independence of Philip, and renounced their allegiance forever.*

This act was accomplished with the deliberation due to its gravity; at the same time it left the country in a very divided condition. This was inevitable. The Prince had done all that one man could do to hold the Netherlands together and unite them perpetually into one body politic, and perhaps, if he had been inspired by a keener personal ambition, this task might have been accomplished. The seventeen provinces might have accepted his dominion, but they would agree to that of no other sovereign. Providence had not decreed that the country, after its long agony, should give birth to a single and perfect commonwealth. The Walloon provinces had already fallen off from the cause, notwithstanding the entreaties of the Prince. The other Netherlands, after long and tedious negotiation with Anjou, had at last consented to his supremacy, but from this arrangement Holland and Zeeland held themselves aloof. By a somewhat anomalous proceeding, they sent deputies along with those of the other provinces to the conferences with the Duke, but it was expressly understood that they would never accept him as sovereign. They were willing to contract with him and with their sister provinces—over which he was soon to exercise authority—a firm and perpetual league, but as to their own chief their hearts were fixed. The Prince of Orange should be their lord and master, and none other. It lay only in his self-denying character that he

* The full text of the English translation of the Act of Abjuration is found in Lord Somer's *Tracts*, and is reprinted in full in the *Old South Historical Leaflets*, No. 72. Boston, 1896. It is interesting to compare the text of this Dutch document with that of the Declaration of Rights or Act of Abjuration of James II. of Great Britain, and with the American Declaration of July 4, 1776.

had not been clothed with this dignity long before. He had, however, persisted in the hope that all the provinces might be brought to acknowledge the Duke of Anjou as their sovereign, under conditions which constituted a free commonwealth with an hereditary chief, and in this hope he had constantly refused concession to the wishes of the northern provinces. He in reality exercised sovereign power over nearly the whole population of the Netherlands. Already, in 1580, at the assembly held in April, the states of Holland had formally requested him to assume the full sovereignty over them, with the title of Count of Holland and Zeeland, forfeited by Philip. He had not consented, and the proceedings had been kept comparatively secret. As the negotiations with Anjou advanced, and as the corresponding abjuration of Philip was more decisively indicated, the consent of the Prince to this request was more warmly urged. As it was evident that the provinces, thus bent upon placing him at their head, could by no possibility be induced to accept the sovereignty of Anjou, as, moreover, the act of renunciation of Philip could no longer be deferred, the Prince of Orange reluctantly and provisionally accepted the supreme power over Holland and Zeeland. This arrangement was finally accomplished upon the 24th of July, 1581, and the Act of Abjuration took place two days afterwards. The offer of the sovereignty over the other united provinces had been accepted by Anjou six months before. Thus the Netherlands were divided into three portions —the reconciled provinces, the united provinces under Anjou, and the northern provinces under Orange ; the last division forming the germ, already nearly developed, of the coming republic.

On the 29th of March, 1580, a resolution passed the assembly of Holland and Zeeland never to make peace or enter into any negotiations with the King of Spain on the basis of his sovereignty. The same resolution provided that his name—hitherto used in all public acts—should be forever discarded, that his seal should be broken, and that the name and seal of the Prince of Orange should be substituted in all commissions and public documents.

At almost the same time the states of Utrecht passed a similar resolution. These offers were, however, not accepted, and the affair was preserved profoundly secret. On the 5th of July, 1581, "the knights, nobles, and cities of Holland and Zeeland" again, in an urgent and solemn manner, requested the Prince to accept the "entire authority as sovereign and chief of the land, *as long as the war should continue.*" This limitation as to time was inserted *most reluctantly* by the states, and because it was perfectly well understood that without it the Prince would not accept the sovereignty at all. The act by which this dignity was offered conferred full power to command all forces by land and sea, to appoint all military officers, and to conduct all warlike operations without the control or advice of any person whatsoever. It authorized him, with consent of the states, to appoint all financial and judicial officers, created him the supreme executive chief and fountain of justice and pardon, and directed him "to maintain the exercise only of the Reformed evangelical religion, without, however, permitting that inquiries should be made into any man's belief or conscience, or that any injury or hinderance should be offered to any man on account of his religion."

The sovereignty thus pressingly offered, and thus limited as to time, was finally accepted by William of Orange, according to a formal act dated at The Hague, 5th of July, 1581, but it will be perceived that no powers were conferred by this new instrument beyond those already exercised by the Prince. It was, as it were, a formal continuance of the functions which he had exercised since 1576 as the King's stadholder, according to his old commission of 1555, although a vast difference existed in reality. The King's name was now discarded and his sovereignty disowned, while the proscribed rebel stood in his place, exercising supreme functions, not vicariously, but in his own name. The *limitation as to time* was, moreover, soon afterwards *secretly, and without the knowledge of Orange, cancelled by the states.* They were determined that the Prince should be their sovereign—if they could make him so—for the term of his life.

The offer having thus been made and accepted upon the 5th of July, oaths of allegiance and fidelity were exchanged between the Prince and the estates upon the 24th of the same month. In these solemnities the states, as representing the provinces, declared that because the King of Spain, contrary to his oath as Count of Holland and Zeeland, had not only not protected these provinces, but had sought with all his might to reduce them to eternal slavery, it had been found necessary to forsake him. They therefore proclaimed every inhabitant absolved from allegiance, while at the same time, in the name of the people, they swore fidelity to the Prince of Orange, as representing the supreme authority.

Two days afterwards, upon the 26th of July, 1581, the memorable declaration of independence was issued by the deputies of the united provinces, then solemnly assembled at The Hague. It was called the Act of Abjuration. It deposed Philip from his sovereignty, but was not the proclamation of a new form of government, for the united provinces were not ready to dispense with an hereditary chief. Unluckily, they had already provided themselves with a very bad one to succeed Philip in the dominion over most of their territory, while the northern provinces were fortunate enough and wise enough to take the Father of the country for their supreme magistrate.

The document by which the provinces renounced their allegiance was not the most felicitous of their state papers. It was too prolix and technical. Its style had more of the formal phraseology of legal documents than befitted this great appeal to the whole world and to all time. Nevertheless, this is but matter of taste. The Netherlanders were so eminently a law-abiding people that, like the American patriots of the eighteenth century, they on most occasions preferred punctilious precision to florid declamation. They chose to conduct their revolt according to law. At the same time, while thus decently wrapping herself in conventional garments, the spirit of Liberty revealed none the less her majestic proportions.

At the very outset of the Abjuration, these fathers of the republic laid down wholesome truths, which at that

time seemed startling blasphemies in the ears of Christendom. "All mankind know," said the preamble, "that a prince is appointed by God to cherish his subjects, even as a shepherd to guard his sheep. When, therefore, the prince does not fulfil his duty as protector, when he oppresses his subjects, destroys their ancient liberties, and treats them as slaves, he is to be considered, not a prince, but a tyrant. As such, the estates of the land may lawfully and reasonably depose him, and elect another in his room."

Having enunciated these maxims, the estates proceeded to apply them to their own case, and certainly never was an ampler justification for renouncing a prince since princes were first instituted. The states ran through the history of the past quarter of a century, patiently accumulating a load of charges against the monarch, a tithe of which would have furnished cause for his dethronement. Without passion or exaggeration, they told the world their wrongs. The picture was not highly colored. On the contrary, it was rather a feeble than a striking portrait of the monstrous iniquity which had so long been established over them. Nevertheless, they went through the narrative conscientiously and earnestly. They spoke of the King's early determination to govern the Netherlands, not by natives, but by Spaniards; to treat them not as constitutional countries, but as conquered provinces; to regard the inhabitants not as liege subjects, but as enemies; above all, to supersede their ancient liberty by the Spanish Inquisition; and they alluded to the first great step in this scheme, the creation of the new bishoprics, each with its staff of inquisitors.

They noticed the memorable Petition, the mission of Berghen and Montigny, their imprisonment and taking off, in violation of all national law, even that which had ever been held sacred by the most cruel and tyrannical princes. They sketched the history of Alva's administration—his entrapping the most eminent nobles by false promises, and delivering them to the executioner; his countless sentences of death, outlawry, and confiscation; his erection of citadels to curb, his imposition of the

tenth and twentieth penny to exhaust the land; his Council of Blood and its achievements; and the immeasurable woe produced by hanging, burning, banishing, and plundering, during his seven years of residence. They adverted to the Grand Commander as having been sent, not to improve the condition of the country, but to pursue the same course of tyranny by more concealed ways. They spoke of the horrible mutiny which broke forth at his death; of the Antwerp Fury; of the express approbation rendered to that great outrage by the King, who had not only praised the crime, but promised to recompense the criminals. They alluded to Don John of Austria and his duplicity; to his pretended confirmation of the Ghent treaty; to his attempts to divide the country against itself; to the Escovedo policy; to the intrigues with the German regiments. They touched upon the Cologne negotiations, and the fruitless attempt of the patriots upon that occasion to procure freedom of religion, while the object of the royalists was only to distract and divide the nation. Finally, they commented with sorrow and despair upon that last and crowning measure of tyranny, the ban against the Prince of Orange.

They calmly observed, after this recital, that they were sufficiently justified in forsaking a sovereign who for more than twenty years had forsaken them. Obeying the law of nature, desirous of maintaining the rights, charters, and liberties of their fatherland, determined to escape from slavery to Spaniards, and making known their decision to the world, they declared the King of Spain deposed from his sovereignty, and proclaimed that they should recognize thenceforth neither his title nor jurisdiction. Three days afterwards, on the 29th of July, the assembly adopted a formula by which all persons were to be required to signify their abjuration.

Such were the forms by which the united provinces threw off their allegiance to Spain, and *ipso facto* established a republic, which was to flourish for two centuries. Acting upon the principle that government should be for the benefit of the governed, and in conformity to the dictates of reason and justice, they examined the facts by

those divine lights, and discovered cause to discard their ruler. They did not object to being ruled. They were satisfied with their historical institutions, and preferred the mixture of hereditary sovereignty with popular representation, to which they were accustomed. They did not devise an *à priori* constitution. Philip, having violated the law of reason and the statutes of the land, was deposed, and a new chief magistrate was to be elected in his stead. This was popular sovereignty in fact, but not in words. The deposition and election could be legally justified only by the inherent right of the people to depose and to elect; yet the provinces, in their Declaration of Independence, spoke of the divine right of kings, even while dethroning, by popular right, their own King!

The Netherlanders dealt with facts. They possessed a body of laws, monuments of their national progress, by which as good a share of individual liberty was secured to the citizen as was then enjoyed in any country of the world. Their institutions admitted of great improvement, no doubt; but it was natural that a people so circumstanced should be unwilling to exchange their condition for the vassalage of "Moors or Indians."

At the same time it may be doubted whether the instinct for political freedom only would have sustained them in the long contest, and whether the bonds which united them to the Spanish Crown would have been broken had it not been for the stronger passion for religious liberty by which so large a portion of the people was animated. Boldly as the united states of the Netherlands laid down their political maxims, the quarrel might perhaps have been healed if the religious question had admitted of a peaceable solution. Philip's bigotry amounting to frenzy, and the Netherlanders of "the religion" being willing, in their own words, "to die the death" rather than abandon the Reformed faith, there was upon this point no longer room for hope. In the Act of Abjuration, however, it was thought necessary to give offence to no class of the inhabitants, but to lay down such principles only as enlightened Catholics would not oppose. All parties abhorred the inquisition, and hatred

to that institution is ever prominent among the causes assigned for the deposition of the monarch. "Under pretence of maintaining the Roman religion," said the estates, "the King has sought by evil means to bring into operation the whole strength of the placards and of the inquisition—*the first and true cause of all our miseries.*"

Without making any assault upon the Roman Catholic faith, the authors of the great act by which Philip was forever expelled from the Netherlands showed plainly enough that religious persecution had driven them at last to extremity. At the same time, they were willing—for the sake of conciliating all classes of their countrymen—to bring the political causes of discontent into the foreground, and to use discreet language upon the religious question.

The hour had not arrived for more profound analysis of the social compact. Philip was accordingly deposed justly, legally, formally—justly, because it had become necessary to abjure a monarch who was determined not only to oppress but to exterminate his people; legally, because he had habitually violated the constitutions which he had sworn to support; formally, because the act was done in the name of the people, by the body historically representing the people. All classes of individuals, arranged in various political or military combinations, gave their acquiescence afterwards, together with their oaths of allegiance. The people approved the important steps taken by their representatives.

Without a direct intention on the part of the people or its leaders to establish a republic, the republic established itself. Providence did not permit the whole country, so full of wealth, intelligence, healthy political action, so stocked with powerful cities and an energetic population, to be combined into one free and prosperous commonwealth. The factious ambition of a few grandees, the cynical venality of many nobles, the frenzy of the Ghent democracy, the spirit of religious intolerance, the consummate military and political genius of Alexander Farnese, the exaggerated self-abnegation and the tragic fate of Orange, all united to dissever this group of flourishing and kindred provinces.

The want of personal ambition on the part of William the Silent inflicted perhaps a serious damage upon his country. He believed a single chief requisite for the united states; he might have been, but always refused to become that chief. The unfortunate negotiations with Anjou, to which no man was more opposed than Count John, therefore proceeded. In the meantime the sovereignty over the united provinces was provisionally held by the national council and, at the urgent solicitation of the states general, by the Prince.

The Archduke Matthias, whose functions were most unceremoniously brought to an end by the transactions which we have been recording, took his leave of the states, and departed in the month of October. Brought to the country a beardless boy, by the intrigues of a faction who wished to use him as a tool against William of Orange, he had quietly submitted, on the contrary, to serve as the instrument of that great statesman. His personality during his residence was null, and he had to expiate, by many a petty mortification, by many a bitter tear, the boyish ambition which brought him to the Netherlands. He had certainly had ample leisure to repent the haste with which he had got out of his warm bed in Vienna to take his bootless journey to Brussels. Nevertheless, in a country where so much baseness, cruelty, and treachery was habitually practised by men of high position as was the case in the Netherlands, it is something in favor of Matthias that he had not been base or cruel or treacherous. The states voted him, on his departure, a pension of fifty thousand guldens annually, which was probably not paid with exemplary regularity.

CHAPTER V

THE DUKE OF ANJOU — ORANGE OFFERED THE SOVEREIGNTY

Thus it was arranged that, for the present at least, the Prince should exercise sovereignty over Holland and Zeeland, although he had himself used his utmost exertions to induce those provinces to join the rest of the United Netherlands in the proposed election of Anjou. This, however, they sternly refused to do. There was also a great disinclination felt by many in the other states to this hazardous offer of their allegiance, and it was the personal influence of Orange that eventually carried the measure through. Looking at the position of affairs and at the character of Anjou, as they appear to us now, it seems difficult to account for the Prince's policy. It is so natural to judge only by the result that we are ready to censure statesmen for consequences which beforehand might seem utterly incredible, and for reading falsely human characters whose entire development only a late posterity has had full opportunity to appreciate. Still, one would think that Anjou had been sufficiently known to inspire distrust.

There was but little, too, in the aspect of the French court to encourage hopes of valuable assistance from that quarter. It was urged, not without reason, that the French were as likely to become as dangerous as the Spaniards; that they would prove nearer and more troublesome masters; that France intended the incorporation of the Netherlands into her own kingdom; that the provinces would therefore be dispersed forever from the German Empire; and that it was as well to hold to the ty-

rant under whom they had been born as to give themselves voluntarily to another of their own making. In short, it was maintained, in homely language, that "France and Spain were both under one coverlet." It might have been added that only extreme misery could make the provinces take either bedfellow. Moreover, it was asserted, with reason, that Anjou would be a very expensive master, for his luxurious and extravagant habits were notorious—that he was a man in whom no confidence could be placed, and one who would grasp at arbitrary power by any means which might present themselves. Above all, it was urged that he was not of the true religion, that he hated the professors of that faith in his heart, and that it was extremely unwise for men whose dearest interests were their religious ones, to elect a sovereign of opposite creed to their own. To these plausible views the Prince of Orange and those who acted with him had, however, sufficient answers. The Netherlands had waited long enough for assistance from other quarters. Germany would not lift a finger in the cause; on the contrary, the whole of Germany, whether Protestant or Catholic, was either openly or covertly hostile. It was madness to wait till assistance came to them from unseen sources. It was time for them to assist themselves, and to take the best they could get; for when men were starving they could not afford to be dainty. They might be bound hand and foot, they might be overwhelmed a thousand times before they would receive succor from Germany, or from any land but France. Under the circumstances in which they found themselves, hope delayed was but a cold and meagre consolation.

"To speak plainly," said Orange, "asking us to wait is very much as if you should keep a man three days without any food in the expectation of a magnificent banquet, should persuade him to refuse bread, and at the end of three days should tell him that the banquet was not ready, but that a still better one was in preparation. Would it not be better, then, that the poor man, to avoid starvation, should wait no longer, but accept bread wherever he might find it? Such is our case at present."

It was in this vein that he ever wrote and spoke. The Netherlands were to rely upon their own exertions, and to procure the best alliance together with the most efficient protection possible. They were not strong enough to cope single-handed with their powerful tyrant, but they were strong enough if they used the instruments which Heaven offered. It is only by listening to these arguments so often repeated that we can comprehend the policy of Orange at this period.

There was a feeling entertained by the more sanguine that the French King would heartily assist the Netherlands after his brother should be fairly installed. He had expressly written to that effect, assuring Anjou that he would help him with all his strength, and would enter into close alliance with those Netherlands which should accept him as prince and sovereign. As for the Queen-mother, she was fierce in her determination to see fulfilled in this way the famous prediction of Nostradamus. Three of her sons had successively worn the crown of France. That she might be "the mother of four kings," without laying a third child in the tomb, she was greedy for this proffered sovereignty to her youngest and favorite son. This well-known desire of Catharine de' Medici was duly insisted upon by the advocates of the election; for her influence, it was urged, would bring the whole power of France to support the Netherlands.

At any rate, France could not be worse — could hardly be so bad—as their present tyranny. "Better the government of the Gaul, though suspect and dangerous," said Everard Reyd, "than the truculent dominion of the Spaniard. Even thus will the partridge fly to the hand of man to escape the talons of the hawk."

As for the religious objection to Anjou, on which more stress was laid than upon any other, the answer was equally ready. Orange professed himself "not theologian enough" to go into the subtleties brought forward. As it was intended to establish most firmly a religious peace, with entire tolerance for all creeds, he did not think it absolutely essential to require a prince of the Reformed faith. It was bigotry to dictate to the sovereign when full liberty

in religious matters was claimed for the subject. Orange was known to be a zealous professor of the Reformed worship himself; but he did not therefore reject political assistance, even though offered by a not very enthusiastic member of the ancient Church. "If the priest and the Levite pass us by when we are fallen among thieves," said he, with much aptness and some bitterness, "shall we reject the aid proffered by the Samaritan, because he is of a different faith from the worthy fathers who have left us to perish?"

By midsummer the Duke of Anjou made his appearance in the western part of the Netherlands. The Prince of Parma had recently come before Cambrai with the intention of reducing that important city. On the arrival of Anjou, however, at the head of five thousand cavalry—nearly all of them gentlemen of high degree, serving as volunteers—and of twelve thousand infantry, Alexander raised the siege precipitately, and retired towards Tournai. Anjou victualled the city, strengthened the garrison, and then, as his cavalry had only enlisted for a summer's amusement, and could no longer be held together, he disbanded his forces. The bulk of the infantry took service for the states under the Prince of Espinoy, governor of Tournai. The Duke himself, finding that, notwithstanding the treaty of Plessis les Tours and the present showy demonstration upon his part, the states were not yet prepared to render him formal allegiance, and being, moreover, in the heyday of what was universally considered his prosperous courtship of Queen Elizabeth, soon afterwards took his departure for England. Parma, being thus relieved of his interference, soon afterwards advanced against the important city of Tournai, and began a siege which lasted two months. Meantime, it became impossible for Orange and the estates, notwithstanding their efforts, to raise a sufficient force to drive Parma from his intrenchments. The city was becoming gradually and surely undermined from without, while at the same time the insidious art of a Dominican friar, Father Géry by name, had been as surely sapping the fidelity of the garrison from within. An open revolt of the Catholic popula-

tion being on the point of taking place, it became impossible any longer to hold the city. Those of the Reformed faith insisted that the place should be surrendered ; and the Princess of Espinoy, in command, being thus deserted by all parties, made an honorable capitulation with Parma. She herself, with all her garrison, was allowed to retire with personal property, and with all the honors of war, while the sack of the city was commuted for one hundred thousand crowns, levied upon the inhabitants. The Princess, on leaving the gates, was received with such a shout of applause from the royal army that she seemed less like a defeated commander than a conqueror. Upon the 30th of November, Parma accordingly entered the place which he had been besieging since the 1st of October.

By the end of the autumn, the Prince of Orange, more than ever dissatisfied with the anarchical condition of affairs, and with the obstinate jealousy and parsimony of the different provinces, again summoned the country in the most earnest language to provide for the general defence, and to take measures for the inauguration of Anjou. He painted in sombre colors the prospect which lay before them if nothing were done to arrest the progress of the internal disorders and of the external foe, whose forces were steadily augmenting.

The states, thus shamed and stimulated, set themselves in earnest to obey the mandates of the Prince, and sent a special mission to England to arrange with the Duke of Anjou for his formal installation as sovereign. Sainte-Aldegonde and other commissioners were already there. It was the memorable epoch in the Anjou wooing when the rings were exchanged between Elizabeth and the Duke, and when the world thought that the nuptials were on the point of being celebrated. Sainte-Aldegonde wrote to the Prince of Orange on the 22d of November that the marriage had been finally settled upon that day. Throughout the Netherlands the auspicious tidings were greeted with bonfires, illuminations, and cannonading, and the measures for hailing the Prince, thus highly favored by so great a Queen, as sovereign master of the provinces, were pushed forward with great energy.

Nevertheless, the marriage ended in smoke. There were plenty of tourneys, pageants, and banquets; a profusion of nuptial festivities, in short, where nothing was omitted but the nuptials. By the end of January, 1582, the Duke was no nearer the goal than upon his arrival three months before. Acceding, therefore, to the wishes of the Netherland envoys, he prepared for a visit to their country, where the ceremony of his joyful entrance as Duke of Brabant and sovereign of the other provinces was to take place. No open rupture with Elizabeth occurred. On the contrary, the Queen accompanied the Duke, with a numerous and stately retinue, as far as Canterbury, and sent a most brilliant train of her greatest nobles and gentlemen to escort him to the Netherlands, communicating at the same time by special letter her wishes to the estates-general that he should be treated with as much honor "as if he were her second self."

On the 10th of February fifteen large vessels cast anchor at Flushing. The Duke of Anjou, attended by the Earl of Leicester, the Lords Hunsdon, Willoughby, Sheffield, Howard, Sir Philip Sidney, and many other personages of high rank and reputation, landed from this fleet. He was greeted on his arrival by the Prince of Orange who, with the Prince of Espinoy and a large deputation of the states-general, had been for some days waiting to welcome him. The man whom the Netherlands had chosen for their new master stood on the shores of Zeeland. Francis Hercules, son of France, Duke of Alençon and Anjou, was at that time just twenty-eight years of age; yet not even his flatterers or his "minions," of whom he had as regular a train as his royal brother, could claim for him the external graces of youth or of princely dignity. He was below the middle height, puny and ill-shaped. His hair and eyes were brown, his face was seamed with the small-pox, his skin covered with blotches, his nose so swollen and distorted that it seemed to be double. This prominent feature did not escape the sarcasms of his countrymen, who, among other gibes, were wont to observe that the man who always wore two faces might be expected to have two noses also. It was

thought that his revolting appearance was the principal reason for the rupture of the English marriage, and it was in vain that his supporters maintained that if he could forgive her age she might, in return, excuse his ugliness. It seemed that there was a point of hideousness beyond which even royal princesses could not descend with impunity, and the only wonder seemed that Elizabeth, with the handsome Robert Dudley ever at her feet, could even tolerate the addresses of Francis Valois.

His intellect was by no means contemptible. He was not without a certain quickness of apprehension and vivacity of expression which passed current among his admirers for wit and wisdom. Even the experienced Sainte-Aldegonde was deceived in his character, and described him, after an hour and a half's interview, as a prince overflowing with bounty, intelligence, and sincerity. That such men as Sainte-Aldegonde and the Prince of Orange should be at fault in their judgment is evidence not so much of their want of discernment as of the difference between the general reputation of the Duke at that period and that which has been eventually established for him in history.

No more ignoble yet more dangerous creature had yet been loosed upon the devoted soil of the Netherlands. Not one of the personages who had hitherto figured in the long drama of the revolt had enacted so sorry a part. Ambitious but trivial, enterprising but cowardly, an intriguer and a dupe, without religious convictions or political principles save that he was willing to accept any creed or any system which might advance his own schemes, he was the most unfit protector for a people who, whether wrong or right, were at least in earnest, and who were accustomed to regard truth as one of the virtues. He was certainly not deficient in self-esteem. With a figure which was insignificant and a countenance which was repulsive, he had hoped to efface the impression made upon Elizabeth's imagination by the handsomest man in Europe. With a commonplace capacity and with a narrow political education he intended to circumvent the most profound statesman of his age. And there, upon the

pier at Flushing, he stood between them both—between the magnificent Leicester, whom he had thought to outshine, and the silent Prince of Orange, whom he was determined to outwit.

The Duke's arrival was greeted with the roar of artillery, the ringing of bells, and the acclamations of a large concourse of the inhabitants; suitable speeches were made by the magistrates of the town, the deputies of Zeeland, and other functionaries, and a stately banquet was provided, so remarkable "for its sugar-work and other delicacies as to entirely astonish the French and English lords who partook thereof." The Duke visited Middelburg, where he was received with great state, and to the authorities of which he expressed his gratification at finding two such stately cities situate so close to each other on one little island.

On the 17th of February he set sail for Antwerp. A fleet of fifty-four vessels, covered with flags and streamers, conveyed him and his retinue, together with the large deputation which had welcomed him at Flushing, to the great commercial metropolis. He stepped on shore at Kiel within a bowshot of the city—for, like other Dukes of Brabant, he was not to enter Antwerp until he had taken the oaths to respect the constitution—and the ceremony of inauguration was to take place outside the walls. A large platform had been erected for this purpose, commanding a view of the stately city, with its bristling fortifications and shady groves. A throne, covered with velvet and gold, was prepared, and here the Duke took his seat, surrounded by a brilliant throng, including many of the most distinguished personages in Europe.

It was a bright winter morning. The gayly bannered fleet lay conspicuous in the river, while an enormous concourse of people were thronging from all sides to greet the new sovereign. Twenty thousand burgher troops, in bright uniforms, surrounded the platform, upon the tapestried floor of which stood the magistrates of Antwerp, the leading members of the Brabant estates, with the Prince of Orange at their head, together with many other great functionaries. The magnificence everywhere dis-

played, and especially the splendid costumes of the military companies, excited the profound astonishment of the French, who exclaimed that every soldier seemed a captain, and who regarded with vexation their own inferior equipments.

Inside the gate a stupendous allegory was awaiting the approach of the new sovereign, and the procession advanced into the city. The streets were lined with troops and with citizens; the balconies were filled with fair women; "the very gables," says an enthusiastic contemporary, "seemed to laugh with ladies' eyes." The market-place was filled with waxen torches and with blazing tar-barrels, while in its centre stood the giant Antigonus —founder of the city thirteen hundred years before the Christian era—the fabulous personage who was accustomed to throw the right hands of all smuggling merchants into the Scheldt. This colossal individual, attired in a "surcoat of sky-blue," and holding a banner emblazoned with the arms of Spain, turned its head as the Duke entered the square, saluted the new sovereign, and then dropping the Spanish scutcheon upon the ground, raised aloft another bearing the arms of Anjou.

And thus, amid exuberant outpouring of confidence, another lord and master had made his triumphal entrance into the Netherlands. Alas! how often had this sanguine people greeted with similar acclamations the advent of their betrayers and their tyrants! How soon were they to discover that the man whom they were thus receiving with the warmest enthusiasm was the most treacherous tyrant of all.

It was nightfall before the procession at last reached the palace of Saint Michael, which had been fitted up for the temporary reception of the Duke. The next day was devoted to speech-making; various deputations waiting upon the new Duke of Brabant with congratulatory addresses. There were oaths enough, orations enough, compliments enough, to make any agreement steadfast, so far as windy suspirations could furnish a solid foundation for the social compact. Bells, trumpets, and the brazen throats of men and of cannon made a sufficient din,

torches and tar-barrels made a sufficient glare, to confirm —so far as noise and blazing pitch could confirm—the decorous proceedings of church and Town-house, but time was soon to show the value of such demonstrations.

The terms of the treaty concluded at Plessis les Tours and Bordeaux were made public. The Duke had subscribed to twenty-seven articles, which made as stringent and sensible a constitutional compact as could be desired by any Netherland patriot. These articles, taken in connection with the ancient charters which they expressly upheld, left to the new sovereign no vestige of arbitrary power. He was merely the hereditary president of a representative republic. He was to be duke, count, margrave, or seignior of the different provinces on the same terms which his predecessors had accepted.

It would be superfluous to point out the great difference between the notions entertained upon international law in the sixteenth century and in our own. A state of nominal peace existed between Spain, France, and England; yet here was the brother of the French monarch, at the head of French troops and attended by the grandees of England, solemnly accepting the sovereignty over the revolted provinces of Spain. It is also curious to observe that the constitutional compact by which the new sovereign of the Netherlands was admitted to the government would have been repudiated as revolutionary and republican by the monarchs of France or England, if an attempt had been made to apply it to their own realms, for the ancient charters—which in reality constituted a republican form of government—had all been re-established by the agreement with Anjou.

The first-fruits of the ban now began to display themselves. Sunday, 18th of March, 1582, was the birthday of the Duke of Anjou, and a great festival had been arranged, accordingly, for the evening, at the palace of Saint Michael, the Prince of Orange as well as all the great French lords being of course invited. The Prince dined, as usual, at his house in the neighborhood of the citadel, in company with the Counts Hohenlo and Laval, and the two distinguished French commissioners, Bonni-

vet and Des Pruneaux. Young Maurice of Nassau and two nephews of the Prince, sons of his brother John, were also present at table. During dinner the conversation was animated, many stories being related of the cruelties which had been practised by the Spaniards in the provinces. On rising from the table, Orange led the way from the dining-room to his own apartments, showing the noblemen in his company as he passed along a piece of tapestry upon which some Spanish soldiers were represented. At this moment, as he stood upon the threshold of the antechamber, a youth of small stature, vulgar mien, and pale, dark complexion appeared from among the servants and offered him a petition. He took the paper, and as he did so the stranger suddenly drew a pistol and discharged it at the head of the Prince. The ball entered the neck under the right ear, passed through the roof of the mouth, and came out under the left jaw-bone, carrying with it two teeth. The pistol had been held so near that the hair and beard of the Prince were set on fire by the discharge. He remained standing, but blinded, stunned, and for a moment entirely ignorant of what had occurred. As he afterwards observed, he thought perhaps that a part of the house had suddenly fallen. Finding very soon that his hair and beard were burning, he comprehended what had occurred, and called out quickly, "Do not kill him—I forgive him my death!" and turning to the French noblemen present, he added, "Alas! what a faithful servant does his Highness lose in me!"

These were his first words, spoken when, as all believed, he had been mortally wounded. The message of mercy came, however, too late; for two of the gentlemen present, by an irresistible impulse, had run the assassin through with their rapiers. The halberdiers rushed upon him immediately afterwards, so that he fell pierced in thirty-two vital places. The Prince, supported by his friends, walked to his chamber, where he was put to bed, while the surgeons examined and bandaged the wound. It was most dangerous in appearance, but a very strange circumstance gave more hope than could otherwise have been entertained. The flame from the pistol had been so close that

it had actually cauterized the wound inflicted by the ball. But for this, it was supposed that the flow of blood from the veins which had been shot through would have proved fatal before the wound could be dressed. The Prince, after the first shock, had recovered full possession of his senses, and believing himself to be dying, he expressed the most unaffected sympathy for the condition in which the Duke of Anjou would be placed by his death. "Alas, poor Prince!" he cried frequently; "alas, what troubles will now beset thee!" The surgeons enjoined and implored his silence, as speaking might cause the wound to prove immediately fatal. He complied, but wrote incessantly. As long as his heart could beat it was impossible for him not to be occupied with his country.

Lion Petit, a trusty captain of the city guard, forced his way to the chamber, it being absolutely necessary, said the honest burgher, for him to see with his own eyes that the Prince was living, and report the fact to the townspeople: otherwise, so great was the excitement, it was impossible to say what might be the result. Captain Petit was urged by the Prince, in writing, to go forth instantly with the news that he yet survived, but to implore the people, in case God should call him to Himself, to hold him in kind remembrance, to make no tumult, and to serve the Duke obediently and faithfully.

Meantime, the youthful Maurice of Nassau was giving proof of that cool determination which already marked his character. It was natural that a boy of fifteen should be somewhat agitated at seeing such a father shot through the head before his eyes. His situation was rendered doubly grave by the suspicions which were instantly engendered as to the probable origin of the attempt. It was already whispered in the hall that the gentlemen who had been so officious in slaying the assassin were his accomplices, who—upon the principle that dead men would tell no tales — were disposed, now that the deed was done, to preclude inconvenient revelations as to their own share in the crime. Maurice, notwithstanding these causes for perturbation, and despite his grief at his father's probable death, remained steadily by the body of the murderer. He

was determined, if possible, to unravel the plot, and he waited to possess himself of all papers and other articles which might be found upon the person of the deceased.

A scrupulous search was at once made by the attendants, and everything placed in the young Count's own hands. This done, Maurice expressed a doubt lest some of the villain's accomplices might attempt to take the articles from him, whereupon a faithful old servant of his father came forward, who with an emphatic expression of the importance of securing such important documents, took his young master under his cloak and led him to a retired apartment of the house. Here, after a rapid examination, it was found that the papers were all in Spanish, written by Spaniards to Spaniards, so that it was obvious that the conspiracy, if one there were, was not a French conspiracy. The servant, therefore, advised Maurice to go to his father, while he would himself instantly descend to the hall with this important intelligence. Count Hohenlo had, from the instant of the assault, ordered the doors to be fastened, and had permitted no one to enter or to leave the apartment without his permission. The information now brought by the servant as to the character of the papers caused great relief to the minds of all; for, till that moment, suspicion had even lighted upon men who were the firm friends of the Prince.

Sainte-Aldegonde, who had meantime arrived, now proceeded, in company of the other gentlemen, to examine the papers and other articles taken from the assassin. This done, he hastened to lay the result of this examination before the Duke of Anjou. Information was likewise instantly conveyed to the magistrates at the Town-house, and these measures were successful in restoring confidence throughout the city as to the intentions of the new government. Anjou immediately convened the state council, issued a summons for an early meeting of the states-general, and published a proclamation that all persons having information to give concerning the crime which had just been committed should come instantly forward, upon pain of death. The body of the assassin was forthwith exposed upon the public square, and was soon recognized as

that of one Juan Jaureguy, a servant in the employ of Gaspar d'Anastro, a Spanish merchant of Antwerp. The letters and bills of exchange had also, on nearer examination at the Town-house, implicated Anastro in the affair. His house was immediately searched, but the merchant had taken his departure, upon the previous Tuesday, under pretext of pressing affairs at Calais. His cashier, Venero, and a Dominican friar, named Antonie Timmerman, both inmates of his family, were, however, arrested upon suspicion. On the following day the watch stationed at the gate carried the foreign post-bags, as soon as they arrived, to the magistracy, when letters were found from Anastro to Venero which made the affair quite plain. After they had been thoroughly studied they were shown to Venero, who, seeing himself thus completely ruined, asked for pen and ink, and wrote a full confession.

It appeared that the crime was purely a commercial speculation on the part of Anastro. That merchant, being on the verge of bankruptcy, had entered with Philip into a mutual contract, which the King had signed with his hand and sealed with his seal, and according to which Anastro, within a certain period, was to take the life of William of Orange, and for so doing was to receive eighty thousand ducats and the cross of Santiago. To be a knight companion of Spain's proudest order of chivalry was the guerdon, over and above the eighty thousand pieces of silver, which Spain's monarch promised the murderer, if he should succeed. The merchant and his bookkeeper concerted between them that Juan Jaureguy should be intrusted with the job. Anastro had intended — as he said in a letter afterwards intercepted — "to accomplish the deed with his own hand ; but, as God had probably reserved him for other things, and particularly to be of service to his very affectionate friends, he had thought best to intrust the execution of the design to his servant." The price paid by the master to the man for the work seems to have been but two thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven crowns. The cowardly and crafty principal escaped. He had gone post haste to Dunkirk, pretending that the sudden death of his agent in Calais required his

immediate presence in that city. Governor Swevezeele, of Dunkirk, sent an orderly to get a passport for him from La Motte, commanding at Gravelingen. Two hours after the traveller's departure the news arrived of the deed, together with orders to arrest Anastro, but it was too late. The merchant had found refuge within the lines of Parma.

Meanwhile the Prince lay in a most critical condition. Believing that his end was fast approaching, he dictated letters to the states-general entreating them to continue in their obedience to the Duke, than whom he affirmed that he knew no better prince for the government of the provinces. These letters were despatched by Sainte-Aldegonde to the assembly, from which body a deputation, in obedience to the wishes of Orange, was sent to Anjou with expressions of condolence and fidelity.

On Wednesday a solemn fast was held, according to proclamation, in Antwerp, all work and all amusements being prohibited, and special prayers commanded in all the churches for the recovery of the Prince. "Never, within men's memory," says an account published at the moment, in Antwerp, "had such crowds been seen in the churches, nor so many tears been shed."

The process against Venero and Timmerman was rapidly carried through, for both had made a full confession of their share in the crime. The Prince had enjoined from his sick bed, however, that the case should be conducted with strict regard to justice, and when the execution could no longer be deferred, he had sent a written request by the hands of Sainte-Aldegonde that they should be put to death in the least painful manner. The request was complied with, but there can be no doubt that the criminals, had it not been made, would have expiated their offence by the most lingering tortures. Owing to the intercession of the man who was to have been their victim, they were strangled, before being quartered, upon a scaffold erected in the market-place, opposite the Town-house. This execution took place on Wednesday, the 28th of March.

The Prince, meanwhile, was thought to be mending, and thanksgivings began to be mingled with the prayers

offered almost every hour in the churches; but for eighteen days he lay in a most precarious state. His wife hardly left his bedside, and his sister, Catharine, Countess of Schwartzburg, was indefatigable in her attentions. The Duke of Anjou visited him daily and expressed the most filial anxiety for his recovery, but the hopes which had been gradually growing stronger were, on the 5th of April, exchanged for the deepest apprehensions. Upon that day the cicatrix by which the flow of blood from the neck had been prevented, almost from the first infliction of the wound, fell off. The veins poured forth a vast quantity of blood; it seemed impossible to check the hemorrhage, and all hope appeared to vanish. The Prince resigned himself to his fate, and bade his children "good-night for ever," saying calmly, "it is now all over with me."

It was difficult, without suffocating the patient, to fasten a bandage tightly enough to stanch the wound, but Leonardo Botalli, of Asti, body physician of Anjou, was nevertheless fortunate enough to devise a simple mechanical expedient, which proved successful. By his advice a succession of attendants, relieving each other day and night, prevented the flow of blood by keeping the orifice of the wound slightly but firmly compressed with the thumb. After a period of anxious expectation the wound again closed, and by the end of the month the Prince was convalescent. On the 2d of May he went to offer thanksgiving in the Great Cathedral, amid the joyful sobs of a vast and most earnest throng.

The Prince was saved, but, unhappily, the murderer had yet found an illustrious victim. The Princess of Orange, Charlotte de Bourbon—the devoted wife who for seven years had so faithfully shared his joys and sorrows—lay already on her death-bed. Exhausted by anxiety, long watching, and the alternations of hope and fear during the first eighteen days, she had been prostrated by despair at the renewed hemorrhage. A violent fever seized her, under which she sank on the 5th of May, three days after the solemn thanksgiving for her husband's recovery. The Prince, who loved her tenderly, was in great danger of relapse upon the sad event, which, although not sudden,

had not been anticipated. She was laid in her grave on the 9th of May, amid the lamentations of the whole country, for her virtues were universally known and cherished. She was a woman of rare intelligence, accomplishment, and gentleness of disposition, whose only offence had been to break, by her marriage, the Church vows to which she had been forced in her childhood, but which had been pronounced illegal by competent authority, both ecclesiastical and lay. For this, and for the contrast which her virtues afforded to the vices of her predecessor, she was the mark of calumny and insult. These attacks, however, had cast no shadow upon the serenity of her married life, and so long as she lived she was the trusted companion and consoler of her husband.

The Princess left six daughters—Louisa Juliana, Elizabeth, Catharina Belgica, Flandrina, Charlotta Brabantica, and Emilia Secunda.

Parma received the first intelligence of the attempt from the mouth of Anastro himself, who assured him that the deed had been entirely successful, and claimed the promised reward. Alexander, in consequence, addressed circular letters to the authorities of Antwerp, Brussels, Bruges, and other cities, calling upon them, now that they had been relieved of their tyrant and their betrayer, to return again to the path of their duty and to the ever open arms of their lawful monarch. These letters were premature. On the other hand, the states of Holland and Zeeland remained in permanent session, awaiting with extreme anxiety the result of the Prince's wound. "With the death of his Excellency, if God should please to take him to Himself," said the magistracy of Leyden, "in the death of the Prince we all foresee our own death." It was, in truth, an anxious moment, and the revulsion of feeling consequent on his recovery was proportionately intense.

In consequence of the excitement produced by this event, it was no longer possible for the Prince to decline accepting the countship of Holland and Zeeland, which he had refused absolutely two years before, and which he had again rejected, except for a limited period, in the year

1581. It was well understood, as appears by the treaty with Anjou, and afterwards formally arranged, "that the Duke was never to claim sovereignty over Holland and Zeeland," and the offer of the sovereign countship of Holland was again made to the Prince of Orange in most urgent terms. It will be recollected that he had accepted the sovereignty on the 5th of July, 1581, only for the term of the war. In a letter dated Bruges, 14th of August, 1582, he accepted the dignity without limitation. This offer and acceptance, however, constituted but the preliminaries, for it was further necessary that the letters of "*Renversal*" should be drawn up, that they should be formally delivered, and that a new constitution should be laid down, and confirmed by mutual oaths. After these steps had been taken, the ceremonious inauguration or rendering of homage was to be celebrated.

All these measures were duly arranged, except the last. The installation of the new Count of Holland was prevented by his death, and the northern provinces remained a Republic, not only in fact but in name.

In political matters, the basis of the new constitution was the "Great Privilege" of the Lady Mary, the Magna Charta of the country. That memorable monument in the history of the Netherlands and of municipal progress had been overthrown by Mary's son, with the forced acquiescence of the states, and it was therefore stipulated by the new article that even such laws and privileges as had fallen into disuse should be revived. It was furthermore provided that the little state should be a free countship, and should thus silently sever its connection with the empire.

With regard to the position of the Prince as hereditary chief of the little commonwealth, his actual power was rather diminished than increased by his new dignity. What was his position at the moment? He was sovereign *during the war*, on the general basis of the authority originally bestowed upon him by the King's commission of stadholder. In 1581 his Majesty had been abjured and the stadholder had become sovereign. He held in his hands the supreme power, *legislative, judicial, executive.*

The Counts of Holland — and Philip as their successor — were the great fountains of that triple stream. Concessions and exceptions had become so extensive, no doubt, that the provincial charters constituted a vast body of "liberties" by which the whole country was reasonably well supplied. At the same time, all the power not expressly granted away remained in the breast of the Count. If ambition, then, had been William's ruling principle, he had exchanged substance for shadow, for the new state now constituted was a free commonwealth—a republic in all but name.

By the new constitution he ceased to be the source of governmental life, or to derive his own authority from above by right divine. The sacred oil which had flowed from Charles the Simple's beard was dried up. Orange's sovereignty was from the estates, as legal representatives of the people, and, instead of exercising all the powers not otherwise granted away, he was content with those especially conferred upon him. He could neither declare war nor conclude peace without the co-operation of the representative body. The appointing power was scrupulously limited. Judges, magistrates, governors, sheriffs, provincial and municipal officers, were to be nominated by the local authorities or by the estates, on the triple principle. From these triple nominations he had only the right of selection by advice and consent of his council. He was expressly enjoined to see that the law was carried to every man's door, without *any distinction* of persons, to submit himself to its behests, to watch against all impediments to the even flow of justice, to prevent false imprisonments, and to secure trials for every accused person by the local tribunals. This was certainly little in accordance with the arbitrary practice of the past quarter of a century.

With respect to the great principle of taxation, stricter bonds even were provided than those which already existed. Not only the right of taxation remained with the states, but the Count was to see that, except for war purposes, every impost was levied by a unanimous vote. He was expressly forbidden to tamper with the currency. As executive head, save in his capacity as commander-in-chief by

land or sea, the new sovereign was, in short, strictly limited by self-imposed laws. It had rested with him to dictate or to accept a constitution. He had in his memorable letter of August, 1582, from Bruges, laid down generally the articles prepared at Plessis and Bourdeaux, for Anjou — together with all applicable provisions of the Joyous Entry of Brabant — as the outlines of the constitution for the little commonwealth then forming in the north. To these provisions he was willing to add any others which, after ripe deliberation, might be thought beneficial to the country.

Thus limited were his executive functions. As to his judicial authority, it had ceased to exist. The Count of Holland was now the guardian of the laws, but the judges were to administer them. He held the sword of justice to protect and to execute, while the scales were left in the hands which had learned to weigh and to measure.

As to the Count's legislative authority, it had become co-ordinate with, if not subordinate to, that of the representative body. He was strictly prohibited from interfering with the right of the separate or the general states to assemble as often as they should think proper, and he was also forbidden to summon them outside their own territory. This was one immense step in the progress of representative liberty, and the next was equally important. It was now formally stipulated that the estates were to deliberate upon all measures which "concerned justice and polity," and that no change was to be made—that is to say, no new law was to pass—without their consent as well as that of the council.

Thus the principle was established of two legislative chambers, with the right, but not the exclusive right, of initiation on the part of government, and in the sixteenth century one would hardly look for broader views of civil liberty and representative government. The foundation of a free commonwealth was thus securely laid, which, had William lived, would have been a representative monarchy, but which his death converted into a federal republic.

CHAPTER VI

THE FRENCH FURY—DEATH OF ANJOU.

During the course of the year 1582 the military operations on both sides had been languid and desultory, the Prince of Parma, not having a large force at his command, being comparatively inactive. In consequence, however, of the treaty concluded between the united states and Anjou, Parma had persuaded the Walloon provinces that it had now become absolutely necessary for them to permit the entrance of fresh Italian and Spanish troops. This, then, was the end of the famous provision against foreign soldiery in the Walloon treaty of reconciliation. The Abbot of Saint Vaast was immediately despatched on a special mission to Spain, and the troops, by midsummer, had already begun to pour into the Netherlands.

In the meantime Farnese, while awaiting these reinforcements, had not been idle, but had been quietly picking up several important cities. Early in the spring he had laid siege to Oudenarde, a place of considerable importance upon the Scheldt, and celebrated as the birthplace of his grandmother, Margaret van Geest. The burghers were obstinate; the defence was protracted; the sorties were bold; the skirmishes frequent and sanguinary. Alexander commanded personally in the trenches, encouraging his men by his example, and often working with the mattock, or handling a spear in the assault, like a private pioneer or soldier. The city, close pressed by so determined a commander, accepted terms, which were more favorable by reason of the respect which Alexander chose to render to his grandmother's birthplace. The

pillage was commuted for thirty thousand crowns, and on the 5th of July the place was surrendered to Parma almost under the very eyes of Anjou, who was making a demonstration of relieving the siege.

Ninove, a citadel then belonging to the Egmont family, was next reduced. Here, too, the defence was more obstinate than could have been expected from the importance of the place; and as the autumn advanced Parma's troops were nearly starved in their trenches from the insufficient supplies furnished them. The famine was long familiarly known as the "Ninove starvation," but notwithstanding this obstacle the place was eventually surrendered.

An attempt upon Lochem, an important city in Gelderland, was unsuccessful, the place being relieved by the Duke of Anjou's forces, and Parma's troops forced to abandon the siege. At Steenwyk the royal arms were more successful, Colonel Tassis, conducted by a treacherous Frisian peasant, having surprised the city which had so long and so manfully sustained itself against Renneberg during the preceding winter. With this event the active operations under Parma closed for the year. By the end of the autumn, however, he had the satisfaction of numbering under his command full sixty thousand well-appointed and disciplined troops, including the large reinforcements recently despatched from Spain and Italy. The monthly expense of this army—half of which was required for garrison duty, leaving only the other moiety for field operations—was estimated at six hundred and fifty thousand florins. The forces under Anjou and the united provinces were also largely increased, so that the marrow of the land was again in a fair way of being thoroughly exhausted by its defenders and its foes.

The incidents of Anjou's administration, meantime, during the year 1582, had been few and of no great importance. After the pompous and elaborate "homage-making" at Antwerp he had, in the month of July, been formally accepted, by writing, as Duke of Guelders and Lord of Friesland. In the same month he had been ceremoniously inaugurated at Bruges as Count of Flan-

ders—an occasion upon which the Prince of Orange had been present. In the midst of this event an attempt was made upon the lives both of Orange and Anjou. An Italian named Basa and a Spaniard called Salseda were detected in a scheme to administer poison to both princes, and when arrested confessed that they had been hired by the Prince of Parma to compass this double assassination. Basa destroyed himself in prison. His body was, however, gibbeted, with an inscription that he had attempted, at the instigation of Parma, to take the lives of Orange and Anjou. Salseda, less fortunate, was sent to Paris, where he was found guilty, and executed by being torn to pieces by four horses. Sad to relate, Lamoral Egmont, younger son and namesake of the great general, was intimate with Salseda and implicated in this base design. The young noble was imprisoned; his guilt was far from doubtful; but the powerful intercessions of Orange himself, combined with Egmont's near relationship to the French Queen, saved his life, and he was permitted, after a brief captivity, to take his departure for France.

The Duke of Anjou, a month later, was received with equal pomp in the city of Ghent. Here the ceremonies were interrupted in another manner. The Prince of Parma, at the head of a few regiments of Walloons, making an attack on a body of troops by which Anjou had been escorted into Flanders, the troops retreated in good order, and without much loss, under the walls of Ghent, where a long and sharp action took place, much to the disadvantage of Parma. The Prince of Orange and the Duke of Anjou were on the city walls during the whole skirmish, giving orders and superintending the movements of their troops, and at nightfall Parma was forced to retire, leaving a large number of dead behind him.

The 15th day of December in this year was celebrated —according to the new ordinance of Gregory the Thirteenth—as Christmas. It was the occasion of more than usual merrymaking among the Catholics of Antwerp, who had procured, during the preceding summer, a renewed right of public worship from Anjou and the estates. Many nobles of high rank came from France to pay their

homage to the new Duke of Brabant. They secretly expressed their disgust, however, at the close constitutional bonds in which they found their own future sovereign imprisoned by the provinces. They thought it far beneath the dignity of the "son of France" to play the secondary part of titular Duke of Brabant, Count of Flanders, Lord of Friesland, and the like, while the whole power of government was lodged with the states. They whispered that it was time to take measures for the incorporation of the Netherlands into France, and they persuaded the false and fickle Anjou that there would never be any hope of his royal brother's assistance except upon the understanding that the blood and treasure of Frenchmen were to be spent to increase the power, not of upstart and independent provinces, but of the French crown.

They struck the basest chords of the Duke's base nature by awakening his jealousy of Orange. His whole soul vibrated to the appeal. He already hated the man by whose superior intellect he was overawed, and by whose pure character he was shamed. He stoutly but secretly swore that he would assert his own rights, and that he would no longer serve as a shadow, a statue, a zero, a Matthias. It is needless to add that neither in his own judgment nor in that of his *mignons* were the constitutional articles which he had recently sworn to support, or the solemn treaty which he had signed and sealed at Bordeaux, to furnish any obstacles to his seizure of unlimited power, whenever the design could be cleverly accomplished. He rested not, day nor night, in the elaboration of his plan.

Early in January, 1583, he sent one night for several of his intimate associates to consult with him after he had retired to bed. He complained of the insolence of the states, of the importunity of the council which they had forced upon him, of the insufficient sums which they furnished both for him and his troops, of the daily insults offered to the Catholic religion. He protested that he should consider himself disgraced in the eyes of all Christendom should he longer consent to occupy his present ignoble position. But two ways were open to him, he observed: either to retire altogether from the Netherlands,

or to maintain his authority with the strong hand, as became a prince. The first course would cover him with disgrace. It was therefore necessary for him to adopt the other. He then unfolded his plan to his confidential friends—La Fougère, De Fazy, Valette, the sons of Maréchal Biron, and others. Upon the same day, if possible, he was determined to take possession with his own troops of the principal cities in Flanders. Dunkirk, Dixmuiden, Dendermonde, Bruges, Ghent, Vilvoorde, Alost, and other important places were to be simultaneously invaded, under pretext of quieting tumults artfully created and encouraged between the burghers and the garrisons, while Antwerp was reserved for his own especial enterprise. That important capital he would carry by surprise at the same moment in which the other cities were to be secured by his lieutenants.

The plot was pronounced an excellent one by the friends around his bed—all of them eager for Catholic supremacy, for the establishment of the right divine on the part of France to the Netherlands, and for their share in the sacking of so many wealthy cities at once. These worthless *mignons* applauded their weak master to the echo; whereupon the Duke leaped from his bed, and kneeling on the floor in his night-gown, raised his eyes and his clasped hands to heaven and piously invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon the project which he had thus announced. He added the solemn assurance that, if favored with success in his undertaking, he would abstain in future from all unchastity, and forego the irregular habits by which his youth had been stained. Having thus bribed the Deity and received the encouragement of his flatterers, the Duke got into bed again. His next care was to remove the Seigneur du Plessis, whom he had observed to be often in colloquy with the Prince of Orange, his suspicious and guilty imagination finding nothing but mischief to himself in the conjunction of two such natures. He therefore dismissed Du Plessis, under pretext of a special mission to his sister, Margaret of Navarre, but in reality that he might rid himself of the presence of an intelligent and honorable countryman.

On the 15th of January, 1583, the day fixed for the execution of the plot, the French commandant of Dunkirk, Captain Chamois, skilfully took advantage of a slight quarrel between the citizens and the garrison to secure that important frontier town. The same means were employed simultaneously, with similar results, at Ostend, Dixmuiden, Dendermonde, Alost, and Vilvoorde, but there was a fatal delay at one important city. La Fougère, who had been with Chamois at Dunkirk, was arrested on his way to Bruges by some patriotic citizens who had got wind of what had just been occurring in the other cities, so that when Valette, the provost of Anjou, and Colonel la Rebours, at the head of fifteen hundred French troops, appeared before the gates, entrance was flatly refused. De Grijse, burgomaster of Bruges, encouraged his fellow-townsmen by words and stout action to resist the nefarious project then on foot against religious liberty and free government, in favor of a new foreign tyranny. He spoke to men who could sympathize with and second his courageous resolution, and the delay of twenty-four hours, during which the burghers had time to take the alarm, saved the city. The whole population was on the alert, and the baffled Frenchmen were forced to retire from the gates, to avoid being torn to pieces by the citizens whom they had intended to surprise.

At Antwerp, meanwhile, the Duke of Anjou had been rapidly maturing his plan, under pretext of a contemplated enterprise against the city of Eindhoven, having concentrated what he esteemed a sufficient number of French troops at Burgerhout, a village close to the walls of Antwerp.

On the 16th of January suspicion was aroused in the city. A man in a mask entered the main guard-house in the night, mysteriously gave warning that a great crime was in contemplation, and vanished before he could be arrested. His accent proved him to be a Frenchman. Strange rumors flew about the streets. A vague uneasiness pervaded the whole population as to the intention of their new master, but nothing was definitely known, for of course there was entire ignorance of the events which

were just occurring in other cities. The colonels and captains of the burgher guard came to consult the Prince of Orange. He avowed the most entire confidence in the Duke of Anjou, but, at the same time, recommended that the chains should be drawn, the lanterns hung out, and the drawbridge raised an hour earlier than usual, and that other precautions, customary in the expectation of an attack, should be duly taken. He likewise sent the burgomaster of the interior, Doctor Alostanus, to the Duke of Anjou, in order to communicate the suspicions created in the minds of the city authorities by the recent movements of troops.

Anjou, thus addressed, protested in the most solemn manner that nothing was further from his thoughts than any secret enterprise against Antwerp. He was willing, according to the figure of speech which he had always ready upon every emergency, "to shed every drop of his blood in her defence." He swore that he would signally punish all those who had dared to invent such calumnies against himself and his faithful Frenchmen, declaring earnestly, at the same time, that the troops had only been assembled in the regular course of their duty. As the Duke was so loud and so fervent; as he, moreover, made no objections to the precautionary measures which had been taken; as the burgomaster thought, moreover, that the public attention thus aroused would render all evil designs futile, even if any had been entertained; it was thought that the city might sleep in security for that night at least.

On the following morning, as vague suspicions were still entertained by many influential persons, a deputation of magistrates and militia officers waited upon the Duke, the Prince of Orange—although himself still feeling a confidence which seems now almost inexplicable — consenting to accompany them. The Duke was more vehement than ever in his protestations of loyalty to his recent oaths, as well as of deep affection for the Netherlands—for Brabant in particular, and for Antwerp most of all—and he made use of all his vivacity to persuade the Prince, the burgomasters, and the colonels, that they had deeply wronged

him by such unjust suspicions. His assertions were accepted as sincere, and the deputation withdrew, Anjou having first solemnly promised—at the suggestion of Orange—not to leave the city during the whole day, in order that unnecessary suspicion might be prevented.

This pledge the Duke proceeded to violate almost as soon as made. Orange returned with confidence to his own house, which was close to the citadel, and therefore far removed from the proposed point of attack, but he had hardly arrived there when he received a visit from the Duke's private secretary, Quinsay, who invited him to accompany his Highness on a visit to the camp. Orange declined the request, and sent an earnest prayer to the Duke not to leave the city that morning. The Duke dined, as usual, at noon. While at dinner he received a letter, was observed to turn pale on reading it, and to conceal it hastily in a muff which he wore on his left arm. The repast finished, the Duke ordered his horse, and, placing himself at the head of his body-guard and some troopers, numbering in all three hundred mounted men, rode out of the palace-yard and through the Kipdorp Gate towards Burgerhout, where his troops were stationed. As soon as Anjou had crossed the first drawbridge he rose in his stirrups and waved his hand. "There is your city, my lads," said he to the troopers behind him; "go and take possession of it!"

At the same time he set spurs to his horse and galloped off towards the camp at Burgerhout. Instantly afterwards, a gentleman of his suite, Count Rochepot, affected to have broken his leg through the plunging of his horse, a circumstance by which he had been violently pressed against the wall as he entered the gate. Kaiser, the commanding officer at the guard-house, stepped kindly forward to render him assistance, and his reward was a desperate thrust from the Frenchman's rapier. As he wore a steel cuirass, he fortunately escaped with a slight wound.

The expression, "broken leg," was the watchword, for at one and the same instant the troopers and guardsmen of Anjou set upon the burgher watch at the gate and butchered every man. A sufficient force was left to protect the en-

trance thus easily mastered, while the rest of the Frenchmen entered the town at full gallop, shrieking "*Ville gaignée, ville gaignée! vive la messe! vive le Duc d'Anjou!*" They were followed by their comrades from the camp outside, who now poured into the town at the preconcerted signal, at least six hundred cavalry and three thousand musketeers, all perfectly appointed, entering Antwerp at once. From the Kipdorp Gate two main arteries — the streets called the Kipdorp and the Meer—led quite through the heart of the city, towards the Town-house and the river beyond. Along these great thoroughfares the French soldiers advanced at a rapid pace, the cavalry clattering furiously in the van shouting "*Ville gaignée, ville gaignée! vive la messe, vive la messe! tue, tue, tue!*"

The burghers, coming to door and window to look for the cause of all this disturbance, were saluted with volleys of musketry. They were for a moment astonished, but not appalled, for at first they believed it to be merely an accidental tumult. Observing, however, that the soldiers, meeting with but little effective resistance, were dispersing into dwellings and warehouses, particularly into the shops of the goldsmiths and lapidaries, the citizens remembered the dark suspicions which had been so rife, and many recalled to mind that distinguished French officers had during the last few days been carefully examining the treasures of the jewellers, under pretext of purchasing, but, as it now appeared, with intent to rob intelligently.

The burghers, taking this rapid view of their position, flew instantly to arms. Chains and barricades were stretched across the streets; the trumpets sounded through the city; the municipal guards swarmed to the rescue. An effective rally was made, as usual, at the Bourse, whither a large detachment of the invaders had forced their way. Inhabitants of all classes and conditions, noble and simple, Catholic and Protestant, gave each other the hand, and swore to die at each other's side in defence of the city against the treacherous strangers. The gathering was rapid and enthusiastic. Gentlemen came with lance and cuirass, burghers with musket and bandoleer, artisans with axe, mallet, and other implements of their trade. A bold

baker, standing by his oven — stark naked, according to the custom of bakers at that day— rushed to the street as the sound of the tumult reached his ear. With his heavy bread-shovel, which he still held in his hand, he dealt a French cavalry officer, just riding and screaming by, such a hearty blow that he fell dead from his horse. The baker seized the officer's sword, sprang all unattired as he was upon his steed, and careered furiously through the streets, encouraging his countrymen everywhere to the attack, and dealing dismay through the ranks of the enemy. His services in that eventful hour were so signal that he was publicly thanked afterwards by the magistrates for his services, and rewarded with a pension of three hundred florins for life.

The invaders had been forced from the Bourse, while another portion of them had penetrated as far as the market-place. The resistance which they encountered became every instant more formidable, and Fervacques, a leading French officer, who was captured on the occasion, acknowledged that no regular troops could have fought more bravely than did these stalwart burghers. Women and children mounted to roof and window, whence they hurled, not only tiles and chimney-pots, but tables, ponderous chairs, and other bulky articles upon the heads of the assailants, while such citizens as had used all their bullets loaded their pieces with the silver buttons from their doublets, or twisted gold and silver coins with their teeth into ammunition. With a population so resolute, the four thousand invaders, however audacious, soon found themselves swallowed up. The city had closed over them like water, and within an hour nearly a third of their whole number had been slain.

Hardly an hour had elapsed from the time when the Duke of Anjou first rode out of the Kipdorp gate before nearly the whole of the force which he had sent to accomplish his base design was either dead or captive. Two hundred and fifty nobles of high rank and illustrious name were killed—recognized at once as they lay in the streets by their magnificent costume. A larger number of the gallant chivalry of France had been sacrificed—as

Anjou confessed—in this treacherous and most shameful enterprise than had often fallen upon noble and honorable fields. Nearly two thousand of the rank and file had perished, and the rest were prisoners. Less than one hundred burghers lost their lives.

Anjou, as he looked on at a distance, was bitterly reproached for his treason by several of the high-minded gentlemen about his person, to whom he had not dared to confide his plot. In addition to the punishment of hearing these reproaches from men of honor, he was the victim of a rapid and violent fluctuation of feeling. When it was obvious at last that the result of the enterprise was an absolute and disgraceful failure, together with a complete exposure of his treachery, he hastily mounted his horse and fled conscience-stricken from the scene.

The attack had been so unexpected, in consequence of the credence that had been rendered by Orange and the magistracy to the solemn protestations of the Duke, that it had been naturally out of any one's power to prevent the catastrophe. The Prince was lodged in a part of the town remote from the original scene of action, and it does not appear that information had reached him that anything unusual was occurring until the affair was approaching its termination. Then there was little for him to do. He hastened, however, to the scene and, mounting the ramparts, persuaded the citizens to cease cannonading the discomfited and retiring foe. He felt the full gravity of the situation, and the necessity of diminishing the rancor of the inhabitants against their treacherous allies, if such a result were yet possible. The burghers had done their duty, and it certainly would have been neither in his power nor his inclination to protect the French marauders from expulsion and castigation.

Such was the termination of the French Fury, and it seems sufficiently strange that it should have been so much less disastrous to Antwerp than was the Spanish Fury of 1576, to which men could still scarcely allude without a shudder. Instead of repressing their greediness, as the Spaniards had done, until they had overcome resistance, they dispersed almost immediately into by-

streets, and entered warehouses to search for plunder. They seemed actuated by a fear that they should not have time to rifle the city before additional troops should be sent by Anjou to share in the spoil. They were less used to the sacking of Netherland cities than were the Spaniards, whom long practice had made perfect in the art of methodically butchering a population at first, before attention should be diverted to plundering and supplementary outrages. At any rate, whatever the causes, it is certain that the panic, which upon such occasions generally decides the fate of the day, seized upon the invaders and not upon the invaded, almost from the very first. As soon as the marauders faltered in their purpose and wished to retreat it was all over with them. Returning was worse than advancing, and it was the almost inevitable result that hardly a man escaped death or capture.

The Duke retreated the same day in the direction of Dendermonde, and on his way met with another misfortune by which an additional number of his troops lost their lives. A dike was cut by the Mechlin citizens to impede his march, and the swollen waters of the Dill, liberated and flowing across the country which he was to traverse, produced such an inundation that at least a thousand of his followers were drowned.

As soon as he had established himself in a camp near Berchem, he opened a correspondence with the Prince of Orange and with the authorities of Antwerp. His language was marked by wonderful effrontery. He found himself and soldiers suffering for want of food; he remembered that he had left much plate and valuable furniture in Antwerp; and he was therefore desirous that the citizens, whom he had so basely outraged, should at once send him supplies and restore his property. He also reclaimed the prisoners who still remained in the city, and to obtain all this he applied to the man whom he had bitterly deceived, and whose life would have been sacrificed by the Duke had the enterprise succeeded. He had the further originality to speak of himself as an aggrieved person, who had rendered great services to the Netherlands, and who had only met with ingratitude

in return. His envoys, Messieurs Landmater and Escolières, despatched on the very day of the French Fury to the burgomasters and senate of Antwerp, were instructed to remind those magistrates that the Duke had repeatedly exposed his life in the cause of the Netherlands. The affronts, they were to add, which he had received, and the approaching ruin of the country, which he foresaw, had so altered his excellent nature as to engender the present calamity, which he infinitely regretted.

To these appeals neither the Prince nor the authorities of Antwerp answered immediately in their own names. A general consultation was, however, immediately held with the estates-general, and an answer forthwith despatched to the Duke by the hands of his envoys. It was agreed to liberate the prisoners, to restore the furniture, and to send a special deputation for the purpose of making further arrangements with the Duke by word of mouth, and for this deputation his highness was requested to furnish a safe conduct.

Anjou was overjoyed when he received this amicable communication. Relieved for a time from his fears as to the result of his crime, he already assumed a higher ground. He not only spoke to the states in a paternal tone, which was sufficiently ludicrous, but he had actually the coolness to *assure them of his forgiveness*. In his first letters the Duke had not affected to deny his agency in the outrage — an agency so flagrant that all subterfuge seemed superfluous. He now, however, ventured a step further. Presuming upon the indulgence which he had already experienced, and bravely assuming the tone of injured innocence, he ascribed the enterprise partly to accident and partly to the insubordination of his troops. A tumult had accidentally arisen between his soldiers and the guard at the gate. Other troops rushing in from without had joined in the affray, so that, to his great sorrow, an extensive disorder had arisen. He manifested the same Christian inclination to forgive, however, which he had before exhibited.

In his original communications he had been both cringing and threatening — but, at least, he had not denied

truths which were plain as daylight. His new position considerably damaged his cause. This forgiving spirit on the part of the malefactor was a little more than the states could bear, disposed as they felt, from policy, to be indulgent, and to smooth over the crime as gently as possible. The negotiations were interrupted, and the authorities of Antwerp published a brief and spirited defence of their own conduct. They cited the simultaneous attempts at Bruges, Dendermonde, Alost, Dixmuiden, Nieuwpoort, Ostend, Vilvoorde, and Dunkirk, as a series of damning proofs of a deliberate design.

Anjou wrote again to the Prince of Orange, invoking his influence to bring about an arrangement. The Prince, justly indignant at the recent treachery and the present insolence of the man whom he had so profoundly trusted, but feeling certain that the welfare of the country depended at present upon avoiding, if possible, a political catastrophe, answered in plain, firm, mournful, and appropriate language. This moderate but heartfelt appeal to the better nature of the Duke, if he had a better nature, met with no immediate response.

While matters were in this condition, a special envoy arrived out of France, despatched by the King and Queen-mother on the first reception of the recent intelligence from Antwerp. M. de Mirambeau, the ambassador, whose son had been killed in the Fury, brought letters of credence to the states of the union and to the Prince of Orange. He delivered also a short confidential note, written in her own hand, from Catharine de' Medici to the Prince, to the following effect:

"My Cousin,—The King, my son, and myself send you Monsieur de Mirambeau, to prove to you that we do not believe—for we esteem you an honorable man—that you would manifest ingratitude to my son, and to those who have followed him for the welfare of your country. We feel that you have too much affection for one who has the support of so powerful a prince as the King of France as to play him so base a trick. Until I learn the truth I shall not renounce the good hope which I have always indulged—that you would never have invited my son to your country without intending to serve him faithfully. As long as you do this, you may ever reckon on the support of all who belong to him.

"Your good cousin, Catharine."

It would have been very difficult to extract much information or much comfort from this wily epistle. The menace was sufficiently plain, the promise disagreeably vague. Moreover, a letter from the same Catharine de' Medici had been recently found in a casket at the Duke's lodgings in Antwerp. In that communication she had distinctly advised her son to re-establish the Roman Catholic religion, assuring him that by so doing he would be enabled to marry the Infanta of Spain.

Nevertheless, the Prince, convinced that it was his duty to bridge over the deep and fatal chasm which had opened between the French Prince and the provinces, if an honorable reconciliation were possible, did not attach an undue importance either to the stimulating or to the upbraiding portion of the communication from Catharine. He was most anxious to avert the chaos which he saw returning. He knew that while the tempers of Rudolph, of the English Queen, and of the Protestant princes of Germany, and the internal condition of the Netherlands remained the same, it were madness to provoke the government of France, and thus gain an additional enemy while losing their only friend. He did not renounce the hope of forming all the Netherlands — excepting of course the Walloon provinces, already reconciled to Philip — into one independent commonwealth, freed forever from Spanish tyranny. A dynasty from a foreign house he was willing to accept, but only on condition that the new royal line should become naturalized in the Netherlands, should conform itself to the strict constitutional compact established, and should employ only natives in the administration of Netherland affairs. Notwithstanding, therefore, the recent treachery of Anjou, he was willing to treat with him upon the ancient basis. The dilemma was a very desperate one, for whatever might be his course, it was impossible that it should escape censure.

Even at this day, it is difficult to decide what might have been the result of openly braving the French government and expelling Anjou. The Prince of Parma—subtle, vigilant, prompt with word and blow—was waiting

most anxiously to take advantage of every false step of his adversary. The provinces had been already summoned in most eloquent language to take warning by the recent fate of Antwerp, and to learn by the manifestation just made by Anjou, of his real intentions, that their only salvation lay in a return to the King's arms. Anjou himself, as devoid of shame as of honor, was secretly holding interviews with Parma's agents, Acosta and Flaminio Carnero, at the very moment when he was alternately expressing to the states his resentment that they dared to doubt his truth, or magnanimously extending to them his pardon for their suspicions. He offered to restore Dunkirk, Dixmuiden, and the other cities which he had so recently filched from the states, and to enter into a strict alliance with Philip; but he claimed that certain Netherland cities on the French frontier should be made over to him in exchange. He required, likewise, ample protection for his retreat from a country which was likely to be sufficiently exasperated. Parma and his agents smiled, of course, at such exorbitant terms. Nevertheless, it was necessary to deal cautiously with a man who, although but a poor baffled rogue to-day, might to-morrow be seated on the throne of France. While they were all secretly haggling over the terms of the bargain, the Prince of Orange discovered the intrigue. It convinced him of the necessity of closing with a man whose baseness was so profound, but whose position made his enmity, on the whole, more dangerous than his friendship. Anjou, backed by so astute and unscrupulous a politician as Parma, was not to be trifled with. The feeling of doubt and anxiety was spreading daily through the country; many men, hitherto firm, were already wavering, while at the same time the Prince had no confidence in the power of any of the states, save those of Holland, Zeeland, and Utrecht, to maintain a resolute attitude of defiance if not assisted from without.

He therefore endeavored to repair the breach, if possible, and thus save the union. Mirambeau, in his conferences with the estates, suggested, on his part, all that words could effect.

The estates of the union, being in great perplexity as to their proper course, now applied formally, as they always did in times of danger and doubt, to the Prince for a public expression of his views. Somewhat reluctantly, he complied with their wishes in one of the most admirable of his state papers.

The Prince rapidly reviewed the circumstances which had led to the election of Anjou, and reminded the estates that they had employed sufficient time to deliberate concerning that transaction. Of three courses, he said, one must be taken : they must make their peace with the King, or consent to a reconciliation with Anjou, or use all the strength which God had given them to resist, single-handed, the enemy.

Concerning these he rejected the first. Reconciliation with the King of Spain was impossible. For his own part, he would much *prefer the third course.* He had always been in favor of their maintaining independence by their own means and the assistance of the Almighty. He was obliged, however, in sadness, to confess that the narrow feeling of individual state rights, the general tendency to disunion, and the constant wrangling, had made this course a hopeless one. There remained, therefore, only the second, and they must effect an honorable reconciliation with Anjou. Whatever might be their decision, however, it was meet that it should be a speedy one. Not an hour was to be lost. Many fair churches of God, in Anjou's power, were trembling on the issue, and religious and political liberty was more at stake than ever. In conclusion, the Prince again expressed his determination, whatever might be their decision, to devote the rest of his days to the service of his country.

The result of these representations by the Prince, of frequent letters from Queen Elizabeth urging a reconciliation, and of the professions made by the Duke and the French envoys, was a provisional arrangement, signed on the 26th and 28th of March. According to the terms of this accord the Duke was to receive thirty thousand florins for his troops, and to surrender the cities still in his power. The French prisoners were to be liberated,

the Duke's property at Antwerp was to be restored, and the Duke himself was to await at Dunkirk the arrival of plenipotentiaries to treat with him as to a new and perpetual arrangement.

The negotiations, however, were languid. The quarrel was healed on the surface, but confidence so recently and violently uprooted was slow to revive. On the 28th of June the Duke of Anjou left Dunkirk for Paris, never to return to the Netherlands, but he exchanged on his departure affectionate letters with the Prince and the estates. M. des Pruneaux remained as his representative, and it was understood that the arrangements for reinstalling him as soon as possible in the sovereignty which he had so basely forfeited were to be pushed forward with earnestness.

In the spring of the same year Gerard Truchses, Archbishop of Cologne, who had lost his see for the love of Agnes Mansfeld, whom he had espoused in defiance of the Pope, took refuge with the Prince of Orange at Delft. A civil war in Germany broke forth, the Protestant princes undertaking to support the Archbishop, in opposition to Ernest of Bavaria, who had been appointed in his place. The Palatine, John Casimir, thought it necessary to mount and ride as usual. Making his appearance at the head of a hastily collected force, and prepared for another plunge into chaos, he suddenly heard, however, of his elder brother's death at Heidelberg. Leaving his men, as was his habit, to shift for themselves, and Baron Truchses, the Archbishop's brother, to fall into the hands of the enemy, he disappeared from the scene with great rapidity, in order that his own interests in the palatinate and in the guardianship of the young palatines might not suffer by his absence.

At this time, too, on the 12th of April, the Prince of Orange was married, for the fourth time, to Louisa, widow of the Seigneur de Teligny, and daughter of the illustrious Coligny.

In the course of the summer, the states of Holland and Zeeland, always bitterly opposed to the connection with Anjou, and more than ever dissatisfied with the resump-

tion of negotiations since the Antwerp catastrophe, sent a committee to the Prince in order to persuade him to set his face against the whole proceedings. They delivered at the same time a formal remonstrance, in writing (25th of August, 1583), in which they explained how odious the arrangement with the Duke had ever been to them. They expressed the opinion that even the wisest might be sometimes mistaken, and that the Prince had been bitterly deceived by Anjou and by the French court. They besought him to rely upon the assistance of the Almighty and upon the exertions of the nation, and they again hinted at the propriety of his accepting that supreme sovereignty over all the united provinces which would be so gladly conferred, while, for their own parts, they voluntarily offered largely to increase the sums annually contributed to the common defence.

Very soon afterwards, in August, 1583, the states of the united provinces assembled at Middelburg formally offered the general government—which under the circumstances was the general sovereignty—to the Prince, warmly urging his acceptance of the dignity. He manifested, however, the same reluctance which he had always expressed, demanding that the project should beforehand be laid before the councils of all the large cities, and before the estates of certain provinces which had not been represented at the Middelburg diet.

Like all other attempts to induce the acceptance by the Prince of supreme authority this effort proved ineffectual, from the obstinate unwillingness of his hand to receive the proffered sceptre.

In connection with this movement and at about the same epoch, Jacob Swerius, member of the Brabant Council, with other deputies, waited upon Orange and formally tendered him the sovereign dukedom of Brabant, forfeited and vacant by the late crime of Anjou. The Prince, however, resolutely refused to accept the dignity, assuring the committee that he had not the means to afford the country as much protection as they had a right to expect from their sovereign.

Accordingly, firmly refusing to heed the overtures of

the united states, and of Holland in particular, he continued to further the re-establishment of Anjou—a measure in which, as he deliberately believed, lay the only chance of union and independence.

The Prince of Parma, meantime, had not been idle. He had been unable to induce the provinces to listen to his wiles and to rush to the embrace of the monarch whose arms he described as ever open to the repentant. He had, however, been busily occupied in the course of the summer in taking up many of the towns which the treason of Anjou had laid open to his attacks. Eindhoven, Diest, Dunkirk, Nieuwpoort, and other places were successively surrendered to royalist generals. On the 22d of September, 1583, the city of Zutphen, too, was surprised by Colonel Tassis, on the fall of which most important place the treason of Orange's brother-in-law, Count Van den Berg, governor of Gueldres, was revealed.

Not much better could have been expected of Van den Berg. His pusillanimous retreat from his post in Alva's time will be recollected; and it is certain that the Prince had never placed implicit confidence in his character. Nevertheless, it was the fate of this great man to be often deceived by the friends whom he trusted, although never to be outwitted by his enemies. Van den Berg was arrested on the 15th of November, carried to The Hague, examined, and imprisoned for a time in Delfshaven. After a time he was, however, liberated, when he instantly, with all his sons, took service under the King.

While treason was thus favoring the royal arms in the north, the same powerful element, to which so much of the Netherland misfortunes had always been owing, was busy in Flanders. Towards the end of the year 1583 the Prince of Chimay, eldest son of the Duke of Aerschot, had been elected governor of that province. This noble was as unstable in character, as vain, as unscrupulous, and as ambitious as his father and his uncle. Imbize, after having been allowed to depart, infamous and contemptible, from the city which he had endangered, now ventured after five years to return and to engage in fresh schemes which were even more criminal than his previous

enterprises. The uncompromising foe to Romanism, the advocate of Grecian and Genevan democracy, now allied himself with Champagny and with Chimay to effect a surrender of Flanders to Philip and to the inquisition. He succeeded in getting himself elected chief senator in Ghent, and forthwith began to use all his influence to further the secret plot. The joint efforts and intrigues of Parma, Champagny, Chimay, and Imbize were near being successful. The friends of the union and of liberty used all their eloquence to arrest the city of Ghent in its course and to save the province of Flanders from accepting the proposed arrangement with Parma. The people of Ghent were reminded that the chief promoter of this new negotiation was Champagny, a man who owed a deep debt of hatred to their city for the long and, as he believed, the unjust confinement which he had endured within its walls. Moreover, he was the brother of Granvelle, source of all their woes. To take counsel with Champagny was to come within reach of a deadly foe, for "he who confesses himself to a wolf," said the burgomasters of Antwerp, "will get wolf's absolution."

The Prince of Orange, too, was indefatigable in public and private efforts to counteract the machinations of Parma and the Spanish party in Ghent. He saw with horror the progress which the political decomposition of that most important commonwealth was making, for he considered the city the key-stone to the union of the provinces, and he felt with a prophetic instinct that its loss would entail that of all the southern provinces, and make a united and independent Netherland state impossible. Already, in the summer of 1583, he addressed a letter full of wisdom and of warning to the authorities of Ghent —a letter in which he set fully before them the iniquity and stupidity of their proceedings, while at the same time he expressed himself with so much dexterity and caution as to avoid giving offence, by accusations which he made, as it were, hypothetically, when, in truth, they were real ones.

These remonstrances were not fruitless, and the authorities and citizens of Ghent once more paused ere they

stepped from the precipice. While they were thus wavering, the whole negotiation with Parma was abruptly brought to a close by a new incident, the demagogue Imbize having been discovered in a secret attempt to obtain possession of the city of Dendermonde and deliver it to Parma. The old acquaintance, ally, and enemy of Imbize, the Seigneur de Ryhove, was commandant of the city, and information was privately conveyed to him of the design before there had been time for its accomplishment. Ryhove, being thoroughly on his guard, arrested his old comrade, who was shortly afterwards brought to trial, and executed at Ghent. John van Imbize had returned to the city from which the contemptuous mercy of Orange had permitted him formerly to depart, only to expiate fresh turbulence and fresh treason by a felon's death. Meanwhile the citizens of Ghent, thus warned by word and deed, passed an earnest resolution to have no more intercourse with Parma, but to abide faithfully by the union. Their example was followed by the other Flemish cities, excepting, unfortunately, Bruges, for that important town, being entirely in the power of Chimay, was now surrendered by him to the royal government. On the 20th of May, 1584, Baron Montigny, on the part of Parma, signed an accord with the Prince of Chimay, by which the city was restored to his Majesty, and by which all inhabitants not willing to abide by the Roman Catholic religion were permitted to leave the land. The Prince was received with favor by Parma, on conclusion of the transaction, and subsequently met with advancement from the King, while the Princess, who had embraced the Reformed religion, retired to Holland.

The only other city of importance gained on this occasion by the government was Ypres, which had been long besieged, and was soon afterwards forced to yield. The new Bishop, on taking possession, resorted to instant measures for cleansing a place which had been so long in the hands of the infidels, and as the first step in this purification, the bodies of many heretics who had been buried for years were taken from their graves and publicly hanged in their coffins. All living adherents to

the Reformed religion were instantly expelled from the place.

Ghent and the rest of Flanders were, for the time, saved from the power of Spain, the inhabitants being confirmed in their resolution of sustaining their union with the other provinces by the news from France. Early in the spring the negotiations between Anjou and the states-general had been earnestly renewed, and Junius, Mouillerie, and Asseliers had been despatched on a special mission to France for the purpose of arranging a treaty with the Duke. On the 19th of April, 1584, they arrived at Delft on their return, bringing warm letters from the French court, full of promises to assist the Netherlands; and it was understood that a constitution, upon the basis of the original arrangement of Bordeaux, would be accepted by the Duke. These arrangements were, however, forever terminated by the death of Anjou, who had been ill during the whole course of the negotiations. On the 10th of June, 1584, he expired at Château-Thierry, in great torture, sweating blood from every pore, and under circumstances which, as usual, suggested strong suspicions of poison.

CHAPTER VII

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY ASSASSINATED

It has been seen that the Ban against the Prince of Orange had not been hitherto without fruits, for, although unsuccessful, the efforts to take his life and earn the promised guerdon had been incessant. Within two years there had been five distinct attempts to assassinate the Prince, all of them with the privity of the Spanish government. A sixth was soon to follow.

In the summer of 1584 William of Orange was residing at Delft, where his wife, Louisa de Coligny, had given birth, in the preceding winter, to a son, afterwards the celebrated stadholder, Frederic Henry. The child had received these names from his two godfathers, the Kings of Denmark and of Navarre, and his baptism had been celebrated with much rejoicing on the 12th of June, in the place of his birth. The house of the Prince stood on the old Delft Street, directly opposite the "old church," being separated by a spacious court-yard from the street, while the stables and other offices in the rear extended to the city wall. A narrow lane, opening out of Delft Street, ran along the side of the house and court, in the direction of the ramparts. The house was a plain, two-storied edifice of brick, with red-tiled roof, and had formerly been a cloister dedicated to Saint Agatha, the last prior of which had been hanged by the furious Lumey de la Marck.

The news of Anjou's death had been brought to Delft by a special messenger from the French court. On Sunday morning, the 8th of July, 1584, the Prince of Orange, having read the despatches before leaving his bed, caused

the man who had brought them to be summoned, that he might give some particular details by word of mouth concerning the last illness of the Duke. The courier was accordingly admitted to the Prince's bed-chamber, and proved to be one Francis Guion, as he called himself. This man had, early in the spring, claimed and received the protection of Orange on the ground of being the son of a Protestant at Besançon who had suffered death for his religion, and of his own ardent attachment to the Reformed faith. A pious, psalm-singing, thoroughly Calvinistic youth he seemed to be, having a Bible or a hymn-book under his arm whenever he walked the street, and most exemplary in his attendance at sermon and lecture. For the rest, a singularly unobtrusive personage, twenty-seven years of age, low of stature, meagre, mean-visaged, muddy complexioned, and altogether a man of no account—quite insignificant in the eyes of all who looked upon him. If there were one opinion in which the few who had taken the trouble to think of the puny, somewhat shambling stranger from Burgundy at all coincided, it was that he was inoffensive, but quite incapable of any important business. He seemed well educated, claimed to be of respectable parentage, and had considerable facility of speech, when any person could be found who thought it worth while to listen to him; but on the whole he attracted little attention.

This Francis Guion, the Calvinist son of a martyred Calvinist, was in reality Balthazar Gérard, a fanatical Catholic, whose father and mother were still living at Villefans, in Burgundy. Before reaching man's estate he had formed the design of murdering the Prince of Orange, "who, so long as he lived, seemed likely to remain a rebel against the Catholic King, and to make every effort to disturb the repose of the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion."

Parma had long been looking for a good man to murder Orange, feeling—as Philip, Granvelle, and all former governors of the Netherlands had felt—that this was the only means of saving the royal authority in any part of the provinces. Many unsatisfactory assassins had presented

themselves from time to time, and Alexander had paid money in hand to various individuals — Italians, Spaniards, Lorrainers, Scotchmen, Englishmen—who had generally spent the sums received without attempting the job. Others were supposed to be still engaged in the enterprise, and at that moment there were four persons—each unknown to the others, and of different nations—in the city of Delft, seeking to compass the death of William the Silent. Shag-eared, military, hirsute ruffians — ex-captains of free companies and such marauders — were daily offering their services; there was no lack of them, and they had done but little. The representations of Haultepenne and others induced him so far to modify his views as to send his confidential councillor, d'Assonleville, to the stranger, in order to learn the details of the scheme. Assonleville had, accordingly, an interview with Gérard, in which he requested the young man to draw up a statement of his plan in writing, and this was done upon the 11th of April, 1584. Neither Parma nor his councillor would advance Gérard any money, but promised to see that he was richly rewarded if successful.

The "inveterate deliberation" thus thoroughly matured Gérard now proceeded to carry into effect. He came to Delft, obtained a hearing of Villers, the clergyman and intimate friend of Orange, and was, through the Prince's recommendation, received into the suite of Noel de Caron, Seigneur de Schoneval, then setting forth on a special mission to the Duke of Anjou. While in France Gérard could rest neither by day nor night, so tormented was he by the desire of accomplishing his project, and at length he obtained permission, upon the death of the Duke, to carry this important intelligence to the Prince of Orange. The despatches having been entrusted to him, he travelled post-haste to Delft, and, to his astonishment, the letters had hardly been delivered before he was summoned in person to the chamber of the Prince. Here was an opportunity such as he had never dared to hope for. The arch-enemy to the Church and to the human race, whose death would confer upon his destroyer wealth and nobility in this world, besides a crown of glory in the

next, lay unarmed, alone, in bed, before the man who had thirsted seven long years for his blood.

Balthazar could scarcely control his emotions sufficiently to answer the questions which the Prince addressed to him concerning the death of Anjou, but Orange, deeply engaged with the despatches, and with the reflections which their deeply important contents suggested, did not observe the countenance of the humble Calvinist exile, who had been recently recommended to his patronage by Villers. Gérard had, moreover, made no preparation for an interview so entirely unexpected, had come unarmed, and had formed no plan for escape. He was obliged to forego his prey when most within his reach, and after communicating all the information which the Prince required, he was dismissed from the chamber.

It was Sunday morning, and the bells were tolling for church. Upon leaving the house he loitered about the court-yard, furtively examining the premises, so that a sergeant of halberdiers asked him why he was waiting there. Balthazar meekly replied that he was desirous of attending divine worship in the church opposite, but added, pointing to his shabby and travel-stained attire, that, without at least a new pair of shoes and stockings, he was unfit to join the congregation. Insignificant as ever, the small, pious, dusty stranger excited no suspicion in the mind of the good-natured sergeant. He forthwith spoke of the wants of Gérard to an officer, by whom they were communicated to Orange himself, and the Prince instantly ordered a sum of money to be given him. Thus Balthazar obtained from William's charity what Parma's thrift had denied—a fund for carrying out his purpose!

Next morning, with the money thus procured, he purchased a pair of pistols, or small carabines, from a soldier, chaffering long about the price because the vender could not supply a particular kind of chopped bullets or slugs which he desired. Before the sunset of the following day that soldier had stabbed himself to the heart, and died despairing, on hearing for what purpose the pistols had been bought.

On Tuesday, the 10th of July, 1584, at about half-past

twelve, the Prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, was going to the dining-room. William the Silent was dressed upon that day, according to his usual custom, in very plain fashion. He wore a wide-leaved, loosely-shaped hat of dark felt, with a silken cord round the crown—such as had been worn by the Beggars in the early days of the revolt. A high ruff encircled his neck, from which also depended one of the Beggar's medals, with the motto, "*Fidèles au roy jusqu'à la besace,*" while a loose surcoat of gray frieze-cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide, slashed underclothes, completed his costume. Gérard presented himself at the doorway and demanded a passport. The Princess, struck with the pale and agitated countenance of the man, anxiously questioned her husband concerning the stranger. The Prince carelessly observed that "it was merely a person who came for a passport," ordering, at the same time, a secretary forthwith to prepare one. The Princess, still not relieved, observed in an undertone that "she had never seen so villanous a countenance." Orange, however, not at all impressed with the appearance of Gérard, conducted himself at table with his usual cheerfulness, conversing much with the burgomaster of Leeuwarden, the only guest present at the family dinner, concerning the political and religious aspects of Friesland. At two o'clock the company rose from table. The Prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments above. The dining-room, which was on the ground floor, opened into a little square vestibule, which communicated, through an arched passage-way, with the main entrance into the court-yard. This vestibule was also directly at the foot of the wooden staircase leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width. Upon its left side, as one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch, sunk deep in the wall, and completely in the shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were completely lighted by a large window, half way up the flight. The Prince came from the dining-room and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached

the second stair when a man emerged from the sunken arch and, standing within a foot or two of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence against the wall beyond. The Prince exclaimed in French, as he felt the wound, "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!"

These were the last words he ever spoke, save that when his sister, Catherine of Schwartzburg, immediately afterwards asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, he faintly answered, "Yes." His master of the horse, Jacob van Maldere, had caught him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired. The Prince was then placed on the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterwards laid upon a couch in the dining-room, where, in a few minutes, he breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister.

The murderer succeeded in making his escape through the side-door, and sped swiftly up the narrow lane. He had almost reached the ramparts, from which he intended to spring into the moat, when he stumbled over a heap of rubbish. As he rose he was seized by several pages and halberdiers, who had pursued him from the house. He had dropped his pistols upon the spot where he had committed the crime, and upon his person was found a couple of bladders, provided with a piece of pipe with which he had intended to assist himself across the moat, beyond which a horse was waiting for him. He made no effort to deny his identity, but boldly avowed himself and his deed. He was brought back to the house, where he immediately underwent a preliminary examination before the city magistrates. He was afterwards subjected to excruciating tortures; for the fury against the wretch who had destroyed the Father of the country was uncontrollable, and William the Silent was no longer alive to intercede—as he had often done before—in behalf of those who assailed his life.

The organization of Balthazar Gérard would furnish a subject of profound study, both for the physiologist and

the metaphysician. Neither wholly a fanatic nor entirely a ruffian, he combined the most dangerous elements of both characters. In his puny body and mean exterior were enclosed considerable mental powers and accomplishments, a daring ambition, and a courage almost superhuman. Yet those qualities led him only to form upon the threshold of life a deliberate determination to achieve greatness by the assassin's trade. The rewards held out by the Ban, combining with his religious bigotry and his passion for distinction, fixed all his energies with patient concentration upon the one great purpose for which he seemed to have been born, and after seven years' preparation he had at last fulfilled his design.

Upon being interrogated by the magistrates he manifested neither despair nor contrition, but rather a quiet exultation. "Like David," he said, "I have slain Goliath of Gath." When falsely informed that his victim was not dead, he showed no credulity or disappointment. He had discharged three poisoned balls into the Prince's stomach, and he knew that death must have already ensued. He expressed regret, however, that the resistance of the halberdiers had prevented him from using his second pistol, and avowed that if he were a thousand leagues away he would return in order to do the deed again, if possible. He deliberately wrote a detailed confession of his crime, and of the motives and manner of its commission, taking care, however, not to implicate Parma in the transaction. After sustaining day after day the most horrible tortures, he subsequently related his interviews with Assonleville and with the president of the Jesuit college at Tréves, adding that he had been influenced in his work by the assurance of obtaining the rewards promised by the Ban. During the intervals of repose from the rack he conversed with ease, and even eloquence, answering all questions addressed to him with apparent sincerity.

The sentence pronounced against the assassin was execrable — a crime against the memory of the great man whom it professed to avenge. Not even his horrible crime, with its endless consequences, nor the natural frenzy of indignation which it had excited, could justify this sav-

age decree, to rebuke which the murdered hero might have almost risen from the sleep of death. The sentence was literally executed on the 14th of July, the criminal supporting its horrors with the same astonishing fortitude.

The reward promised by Philip to the man who should murder Orange was paid to the heirs of Gérard. Parma informed his sovereign that the "poor man" had been executed, but that *his father and mother* were still living, to whom he recommended the payment of that "merced" which "the laudable and generous deed had so well deserved." This was accordingly done, and the excellent parents, ennobled and enriched by the crime of their son, received, instead of the twenty-five thousand crowns promised in the Ban, the three seignories of Lievremont, Hostal, and Dampmartin, in the Franche Comté, and took their place at once among the landed aristocracy. Thus the bounty of the Prince had furnished the weapon by which his life was destroyed, and his estates supplied the fund out of which the assassin's family received the price of blood. At a later day, when the unfortunate eldest son of Orange returned from Spain after twenty-seven years' absence, a changeling and a Spaniard, the restoration of those very estates was offered to him by Philip the Second, provided he would continue to pay a *fixed proportion of their rents to the family of his father's murderer.* The education which Philip William had received, under the King's auspices, had, however, not entirely destroyed all his human feelings, and he rejected the proposal with scorn. The estates remained with the Gérard family, and the patents of nobility which they had received were used to justify their exemption from certain taxes until the union of Franche Comté with France.

William of Orange, at the period of his death, was aged fifty-one years and sixteen days. He left twelve children. By his first wife, Anne of Egmont, he had one son, Philip, and one daughter, Mary, afterwards married to Count Hohenlo. By his second wife, Anna of Saxony, he had one son, the celebrated Maurice of Nassau, and two daughters, Anna, married afterwards to her cousin, Count William Louis, and Emilie, who espoused the Pretender of

Portugal, Prince Emanuel. By Charlotte of Bourbon, his third wife, he had six daughters; and by his fourth, Louisa de Coligny, one son, Frederic Henry, afterwards stadholder of the republic in her most palmy days. The Prince was entombed on the 3d of August, at Delft, amid the tears of a whole nation. Never was a more extensive, unaffected, and legitimate sorrow felt at the death of any human being.

The life and labors of Orange had established the emancipated commonwealth upon a secure foundation, but his death rendered the union of all the Netherlands into one republic hopeless. The efforts of the Malcontent nobles, the religious discord, the consummate ability, both political and military, of Parma, all combined with the lamentable loss of William the Silent to separate forever the southern and Catholic provinces from the northern confederacy. So long as the Prince remained alive he was the Father of the whole country; the Netherlands—saving only the two Walloon provinces—constituting a whole. Notwithstanding the spirit of faction and the blight of the long civil war, there was at least one country, or the hope of a country, one strong heart, one guiding head, for the patriotic party throughout the land. Philip and Granvelle were right in their estimate of the advantage to be derived from the Prince's death, in believing that an assassin's hand could achieve more than all the wiles which Spanish or Italian statesmanship could teach, or all the armies which Spain or Italy could muster. The pistol of the insignificant Gérard destroyed the possibility of a united Netherland state, while during the life of William there was union in the policy, unity in the history of the country.

In person Orange was above the middle height, perfectly well made and sinewy, but rather spare than stout. His eyes, hair, beard, and complexion were brown. His head was small, symmetrically-shaped, combining the alertness and compactness characteristic of the soldier, with the capacious brow, furrowed prematurely with the horizontal lines of thought, denoting the statesman and the sage. His physical appearance was therefore in har-

mony with his organization, which was of antique model. Of his moral qualities, the most prominent was his piety. He was more than anything else a religious man. From his trust in God he ever derived support and consolation in the darkest hours. Implicitly relying upon Almighty wisdom and goodness, he looked danger in the face with a constant smile, and endured incessant labors and trials with a serenity which seemed more than human. While, however, his soul was full of piety, it was tolerant of error. Sincerely and deliberately himself a convert to the Reformed Church, he was ready to extend freedom of worship to Catholics on the one hand and to Anabaptists on the other, for no man ever felt more keenly than he that the reformer who becomes in his turn a bigot is doubly odious.

His firmness was allied to his piety. His constancy in bearing the whole weight of struggle, as unequal as men have ever undertaken, was the theme of admiration even to his enemies. The rock in the ocean, "tranquil amid raging billows," was the favorite emblem by which his friends expressed their sense of his firmness. From the time when, as a hostage in France, he first discovered the plan of Philip to plant the inquisition in the Netherlands, up to the last moment of his life, he never faltered in his determination to resist that iniquitous scheme. This resistance was the labor of his life. To exclude the inquisition, to maintain the ancient liberties of his country, was the task which he appointed to himself when a youth of three-and-twenty. Never speaking a word concerning a heavenly mission, never deluding himself or others with the usual phraseology of enthusiasts, he accomplished the task, through danger, amid toils, and with sacrifices such as few men have ever been able to make on their country's altar; for the disinterested benevolence of the man was as prominent as his fortitude. A prince of high rank and with royal revenues, he stripped himself of station, wealth, almost at times of the common necessaries of life, and became, in his country's cause, nearly a beggar as well as an outlaw. Nor was he forced into his career by an accidental impulse from which there was no recovery.

Retreat was ever open to him. Not only pardon, but advancement, was urged upon him again and again. He lived and died, not for himself, but for his country: "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!" were his dying words.

His intellectual faculties were various and of the highest order. He had the exact, practical, and combining qualities which make the great commander, and his friends claimed that in military genius he was second to no captain in Europe. This was, no doubt, an exaggeration of partial attachment, but it is certain that the Emperor Charles had an exalted opinion of his capacity for the field. His fortification of Philippeville and Charlemont, in the face of the enemy—his passage of the Meuse in Alva's sight—his unfortunate but well-ordered campaign against that general—his sublime plan of relief, projected and successfully directed at last from his sick bed, for the besieged city of Leyden—will always remain monuments of his practical military skill.

Of the soldier's great virtues—constancy in disaster, devotion to duty, hopefulness in defeat—no man ever possessed a larger share. He arrived, through a series of reverses, at a perfect victory. He planted a free commonwealth under the very battery of the inquisition, in defiance of the most powerful empire existing. He was therefore a conqueror in the loftiest sense, for he conquered liberty and a national existence for a whole people. The contest was long, and he fell in the struggle; but the victory was to the dead hero, not to the living monarch.

The supremacy of his political genius was entirely beyond question. He was the first statesman of the age. The quickness of his perception was only equalled by the caution which enabled him to mature the results of his observations. His knowledge of human nature was profound. He governed the passions and sentiments of a great nation as if they had been but the keys and chords of one vast instrument; and his hand rarely failed to evoke harmony even out of the wildest storms. The turbulent city of Ghent, which could obey no other master, which even the haughty Emperor could only crush with-

out controlling, was ever responsive to the master-hand of Orange. His presence scared away Imbize and his bat-like crew, confounded the schemes of John Casimir, frustrated the wiles of Prince Chimay, and while he lived Ghent was what it ought always to have remained, the bulwark, as it had been the cradle, of popular liberty. After his death it became its tomb.

If the capacity for unremitted intellectual labor in an honorable cause be the measure of human greatness, few minds could be compared to the "large composition" of this man. The efforts made to destroy the Netherlands by the most laborious and painstaking of tyrants were counteracted by the industry of the most indefatigable of patriots. His eloquence, oral or written, gave him almost boundless power over his countrymen. He possessed, also, a rare perception of human character, together with an iron memory which never lost a face, a place, or an event, once seen or known. He read the minds, even the faces of men, like printed books. No man could overreach him, excepting only those to whom he gave his heart. He might be mistaken where he had confided: never where he had been distrustful or indifferent. He was deceived by Renneberg, by his brother-in-law Van den Berg, by the Duke of Anjou. Had it been possible for his brother Louis or his brother John to have proved false, he might have been deceived by them. He was never outwitted by Philip, or Granvelle, or Don John, or Alexander of Parma. Anna of Saxony was false to him, and entered into correspondence with the royal governors and with the King of Spain; Charlotte of Bourbon or Louisa de Coligny might have done the same had it been possible for their natures also to descend to such depths of guile.

As for the Aerschots, the Havrés, the Chimays, he was never influenced either by their blandishments or their plots. He was willing to use them when their interest made them friendly, or to crush them when their intrigues against his policy rendered them dangerous. The adroitness with which he converted their schemes in behalf of Matthias, of Don John, of Anjou, into so many additional weapons for his own cause, can never be too often studied.

It is instructive to observe the wiles of the Macchiavelian school employed by a master of the craft to frustrate, not to advance, a knavish purpose. This character, in a great measure, marked his whole policy. He was profoundly skilled in the subtleties of Italian statesmanship, which he had learned as a youth at the Imperial court, and which he employed in his manhood in the service, not of tyranny, but of liberty. He fought the inquisition with its own weapons. He dealt with Philip on his own ground. He excavated the earth beneath the King's feet by a more subtle process than that practised by the most fraudulent monarch that ever governed the Spanish empire, and Philip, chain-mailed as he was in complicated wiles, was pierced to the quick by a keener policy than his own.

This history is not the eulogy of Orange, although, in discussing his character, it is difficult to avoid the monotony of panegyric. Judged by a severe moral standard, it cannot be called virtuous or honorable to suborn treachery or any other crime even to accomplish a lofty purpose; yet the universal practice of mankind in all ages has tolerated the artifices of war, and no people has ever engaged in a holier or more mortal contest than did the Netherlands in their great struggle with Spain. Orange possessed the rare quality of caution, a characteristic by which he was distinguished from his youth. At fifteen he was the confidential counsellor, as at twenty-one he became the general-in-chief, to the most politic as well as the most warlike potentate of his age, and if he at times indulged in wiles which modern statesmanship, even while it practises, condemns, he ever held in his hand the clew of an honorable purpose to guide him through the tortuous labyrinth.

Whether originally of a timid temperament or not, he was certainly possessed of perfect courage at last. In siege and battle—in the deadly air of pestilential cities—in the long exhaustion of mind and body which comes from unduly protracted labor and anxiety—amid the countless conspiracies of assassins—he was daily exposed to death in every shape. Within two years five different attempts against his life had been discovered. Rank and

fortune were offered to any malefactor who would compass the murder. He had already been shot through the head and almost mortally wounded. Under such circumstances even a brave man might have seen a pitfall at every step, a dagger in every hand, and poison in every cup. On the contrary, he was ever cheerful, and hardly took more precaution than usual. "God in his mercy," said he, with unaffected simplicity, "will maintain my innocence and my honor during my life and in future ages. As to my fortune and my life, I have dedicated both, long since, to His service. He will do therewith what pleases Him for His glory and my salvation."

He possessed, too, that which to the heathen philosopher seemed the greatest good—the sound mind in the sound body. His physical frame was after death found so perfect that a long life might have been in store for him, notwithstanding all which he had endured. The desperate illness of 1574, the frightful gunshot wound inflicted by Jaureguy in 1582, had left no traces. The physicians pronounced that his body presented an aspect of perfect health. His temperament was cheerful. At table, the pleasures of which, in moderation, were his only relaxation, he was always animated and merry, and this jocoseness was partly natural, partly intentional. In the darkest hours of his country's trial he affected a serenity which he was far from feeling, so that his apparent gayety at momentous epochs was even censured by dullards, who could not comprehend its philosophy, nor applaud the flippancy of William the Silent.

He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime commended his soul in dying "to his great captain, Christ." The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their "Father William," and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived he

was the guiding-star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.

The history of the rise of the Netherland Republic has been at the same time the biography of William the Silent. This, while it gives unity to the narrative, renders an elaborate description of his character superfluous. That life was a noble Christian epic; inspired with one great purpose from its commencement to its close; the stream flowing ever from one fountain with expanding fulness, but retaining all its original purity.

Part VII

HISTORY OF THE DUTCH NATION

1584–1907

CHAPTER I

THE ORPHAN REPUBLIC

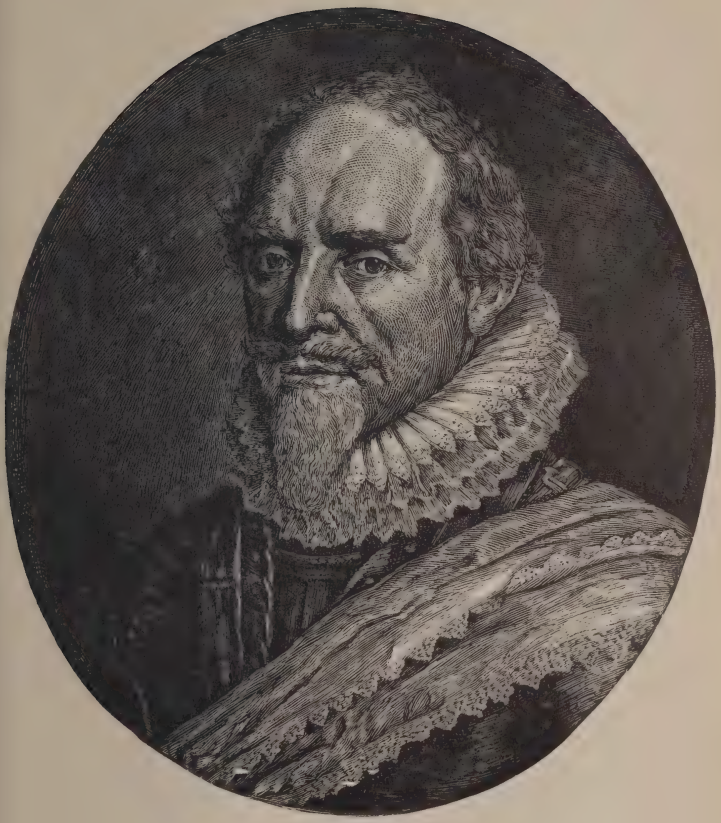
The republic was still in its swaddling-clothes when it was left an orphan by the bullet of the fanatic and assassin. It seemed the darkest hour of their lives when the members of the states of Holland assembled at Delft on the day of the nation's bereavement, but there was no thought of yielding for a moment in the struggle with Spain. Liberty had become dearer than life. Even though they knew that the northern provinces — the united states — must now continue the fight single-handed, they resolved to maintain their cause. They realized also that the brunt would fall upon the two provinces, Holland and Zeeland.

The one state of Holland in those days was not, as since 1840 it has been, politically divided into two portions, North and South. Holland was then large enough to give its name to the entire republic, even as it yet does among English-speaking people to the whole kingdom. It extended from Zeeland and Brabant, on the south, to the North Sea, and included the three islands of Texel, Vlieland, and Terschelling, and those of Wieringen, Urk, and Marken in the Zuyder Zee. It was bounded on the east by the states of Utrecht and Gelderland. Through its territory flowed the Maas and the various branches of the Rhine—the water-ways into the heart of Europe. Though there still remained much unproductive and swamp land, yet the soil of Holland consisted for the most part of that amazingly fertile sea-clay of which there is comparatively little in the other provinces, and the presence of which means inexhaustible wealth and permanent sustenance to man. The Hollanders felt that with faith in God and their good right arms, and having the control of the sea,

it was possible to withstand Spain. Both Holland and Zeeland were each wonderfully like that Hebrew lad who, with sling and stone, faced armor and experience in war. Lightly armed, but knowing well the power of his familiar weapons, full alike of faith and genius, he sallied forth to meet in open field the giant clad and armed in the most approved style. Philip, like Goliath, cherishing ideas long prevalent, could not understand that the institutions he represented had waxed old and were ready to pass away. He did not see that the young republic, based on freedom of conscience, was pioneer of the coming ages.

Who would be the young David to lead the hosts of "Dapper Hollandje"? They had not far to look for one who should lead what in the eyes of Dutchmen were the armies of the living God. He was at hand. Maurice, the son of William the Silent, although but seventeen years of age at the time of his father's death, was a lad of exceeding promise. He had been and was still a student of the art of war, having critically examined and exhausted under the best masters whatever antiquity could teach him of the theories of sieges, battles, and campaigns. He was even quicker than his instructors to perceive that the time had come for new methods in warfare, and that the spade and the heavy cannon would be mightier than the spear, arquebus, and sword in winning the freedom of the fatherland. The days of the pikeman were already numbered, for in the open field one could better trust to the powder and lead of the shotman. The cavalrymen were to be not only wielders of the sabre in the charge and at close combat, but must be equipped with fire-arms, and be the eyes and ears of the army when in the trenches. It is owing, most probably, to Maurice's tastes and example, harmonizing so subtly with the national temperament and physical environment, that the seventeenth-century Dutchmen led the world as engineers, inventors, discoverers, and appliers of the mechanical arts.

The States-General quickly established a council of state, and placed Maurice at its head. No son was ever more devoutly determined to carry on a father's work, or more strikingly expressed the spirit of his life-purpose on his



MAURICE OF NASSAU

escutcheon. William the Silent, as the younger son and branch of the House of Nassau, on entering into his inheritance had adopted the emblem of a halcyon floating on the stormy sea, with the motto—"*Saevis tranquillus in undis*" (Always calm amid waves). Maurice inheriting the motto, which was and still is the prou and significant one of the House of Orange—"*Je main ndrai*" (I will maintain), adopted also a device which wed the stump of an oak tree from which a vigorous sl is growing up, with the motto "*Tandem fit surculus* " (The sprout will by-and-by become a tree). In ne year, 1584, his cousin Count Willem Lodewijk, or iam Louis, was made stadholder of Friesland. Still er son of William of Orange, by Louisa de Coligny amed Frederick Henry, a baby six months old, was desti d in time to become stadholder and captain-general of the republic. Of the six daughters of William, the care of the three elder was solicited by Queen Elizabeth, and that of the three younger by relatives of the House of Orange in France and Germany. The Estates settled a liberal allowance upon the widowed princess and begged her to remain in Holland. She accepted and made her home in Leyden, where Maurice was still a student.

While the orphaned republic was seeking succor from England, Germany, and France, Parma was taking advantage of a situation so depressing to the patroits. He strained every resource to seize the cities on the Scheldt, while tempting the people with many lures to surrender to Philip. Flanders and Brabant, now so hard pressed by the Spaniards, overcame in the States-General the opposition of Holland and Zeeland against a French alliance, and thereupon, January 3, 1585, a fleet of forty vessels of war, with sixteen dignitaries of the republic, sailed to France to offer the sovereignty to Henry the Third. The coward King, however, like the brave but vacillating Elizabeth, had no desire to be the head of a Protestant league. After eight months of uncertainty, in alternate hope and despair, the envoys went home, each having a gold chain upon his neck, but with nothing in his hand, and only apologies and explanations upon his tongue.

Nevertheless, the failure of these Dutch envoys was at once interpreted by Elizabeth to mean that Spanish gold and intrigue had won the day in France, and that the result would be an alliance of French and Spanish Catholics for the purpose of crushing, first the Netherlands, and then England.

Truly Holland and Zeeland were the sea-dikes of Albion, and well did the Protestants of the island-kingdom realize it, for their eyes were turned in sympathy towards the struggling provinces. Already English volunteers by thousands had streamed over the sea to fight in the cause of freedom. Long before Elizabeth could perceive it, her subjects had discerned the true meaning of the conflict between Spain and the Netherlands, and they felt that the Dutch cause was their own. From the very beginning of the conflict there were English and Scottish individual soldiers in the Dutch army, but it was in April, 1572, that the first muster of three hundred men took place before the Queen at Greenwich. The expense of arming and equipping them had been provided by the refugee Netherlanders then dwelling in England. They were led by the bold Thomas Morgan, with whom was the fiery Roger Williams, quixotic in valor, yet an accomplished soldier and student. During the summer they were received into Vlissingen, or, as the English call it, Flushing, forming the first distinctively English band that served in the Dutch war of Independence. They had not long to wait for an opportunity to prove their prowess; for soon some Spaniards from Middelburg mounted cannon on an artificial hill, and began to bombard Flushing. The English pikemen, led by their fiery Welch captain, charged on the battery and took it, though they lost fifty men. These Englishmen were very popular. Instead of seeking plunder they were satisfied with bare victuals and lodging, and were eager to do their best in fight. They asked for reinforcements from home, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the half brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, came over as colonel, bringing fifteen hundred recruits.

In this manner began the training on Dutch soil of those Englishmen who were to be the military advisers, leaders,

and founders of American colonies, and who, catching from the Dutch their inextinguishable love of freedom, were thus prepared to lay the foundations of new commonwealths beyond the Atlantic. With the names of Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Walter Raleigh must be linked those of Captain John Smith, Samuel Argall, Edward M. Wingfield, Miles Standish, Lyon Gardner, Governor Thomas Dudley, Major John Mason, Jacob Leisler, and all of the early American colonial military officers, without exception. In the low countries, and during the Dutch war of freedom, the history of the modern British army began. The English, Irish, Welsh, and Scottish men in the first levies had courage and the other noble qualities of the British soldier, but they were without experience of the art of war, and were, therefore, in the beginning, no match for the Spaniards, at that time the most accomplished warriors in the world. The "help-troops" had to learn from the Spaniards the military art, the drill, the use of weapons, and, in fact, the very names of the newer formations. Most of the traditional military terms used in England to this day are of Spanish or Dutch origin, and the early history of the modern British army is that of its seventy years' training in the Netherlands. When their own civil war broke out in 1642, the leaders, officers, and drill-masters on both sides, royal and parliamentary, had been in the Dutch service, though the majority of officers and veterans were against the King and for the commonwealth, whose model army, in which were no longer "common" soldiers but "privates," was formed closely after that of the republic.

The sufferings and losses of the lads of Queen Bess were very severe during the first few years of service, and many disgraceful defeats had to be borne; but with that splendid patience and tenacity for which the British soldiers are noted, they persevered, and their enthusiasm never cooled. By the time that Maurice was able to take the field, many of the Englishmen had already faced the Spaniard, and, breaking the iron discipline of *vandera* and *tercio*, had seen the backs of their enemies, and had even sent home Spanish trophies.

Early in December, 1584, Queen Elizabeth despatched her commissioner, William Davison, whose page was William Brewster, of Scrooby, to The Hague to confer with the Dutch rulers concerning an alliance of friendship and aid, and the tender to her of the sovereignty of the United Provinces. On the 29th of June, 1585, envoys of the Netherlands received in London an audience of the Queen. It was not until November that all the details were settled to her satisfaction. She declined the sovereignty, lest it might entangle her in new difficulties, but she signed a treaty, agreeing to send six hundred men and, during the war, to furnish the money for their maintenance, which the states were to repay within five years after peace should be declared. Meanwhile, as security, they were to deliver up to English occupation the towns of Flushing and Brill and the fort of Rammekens. The Queen's proclamation, setting forth her reasons for aiding her "next neighbors . . . placed the English nation in a most honorable position before the world."*

It was the tardy decision of the long vacillating and coquettish Elizabeth, and the positive advice of her statesmen, who believed that a war with Spain was simply a question of time, that finally led the English government to help, with men and money, the little republic that was fighting for freedom and mankind. Nevertheless, the enthusiasm and example of the inexperienced English volunteers on Dutch soil had a powerful influence in determining the question. The army equipped and despatched by Queen Elizabeth was the first English force organized on the Spanish model. The grades of command, the drill, tactics, evolutions, and most of the military nomenclature were borrowed from the Spaniards, whose infantry had reached a degree of perfection in military discipline which had not been seen in Europe since the fall of the Roman Empire.

Meanwhile the Duke of Parma had already begun the siege of Antwerp, in order to separate permanently the southern from the northern Netherlands, and to make

* The Fighting Veres, p. 69.

sure of securing the former as a base of supplies before advancing from Netherlandish to English soil. His first plan was to isolate the great city and cut off its supplies. He trusted to the wolf as his ally even more than he depended upon the sword. He relied upon the engineer rather than upon the fighter, and so he began building forts on the canals and rivers to stop the transportation of food, intending then to bridge the Scheldt in order to make the isolation complete and thus force famine.

The Silent, who had foreseen Parma's plans, showed how they might be baffled. Believing that the bridge would be built, he pointed out that by piercing the Blawgaren dike below the city the Zeeland sailors could both victual and reinforce Antwerp by taking their light draft boats up to the very walls. He prevailed upon Philip de Marnix, lord of Sainte-Aldegonde, to be burgomaster of the city. The Prince of Orange was, in the best sense of the word, a consummate politician. Besides, being the hereditary Burgrave and the Ruward of Brabant, he was able to control the municipal election. So Marnix was chosen, and endeavored faithfully to fill an office better suited to an iron-willed general than to a scholar and diplomatist.

When, after the death of William, Marnix tried to carry out that Prince's plan of piercing the dike, the butchers, who formed a powerful trades-union, opposed the proceeding, and won over the colonels of militia to support them in keeping their cattle-pastures intact. They laughed at the idea of a bridge that could stand either the winter ice and floods or an attack of the Zeeland vessels. Meanwhile the Spaniards went steadily on, though the bold Zeelanders broke the blockade, and brought grain to the city so long as prices were high. When, however, the magistrates foolishly destroyed the profits of the blockade-runners by checking the importation of grain except at a set price, famine was within sight. Smaller dikes had been pierced, but the Spaniards were neither driven out nor were the Zeelanders furnished a passage, while the water overlying the drowned fields enabled Parma to move his heavy artillery on scows and get them into effective position. At last the butchers yielded and agreed to let

in the waters over the cow pastures, but it was too late. In spite of the prophecies of failure, even in his own council, Parma, starting from opposite points on the river, drove lines of piles which were guarded by forts, intending to join the ends of the palisades in the middle of the current with a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile within Antwerp there was turbulence, amounting almost to civil war, because some of the rich citizens urged a surrender. Outside, the Dutch fleets failed to injure the bridge, or to relieve the city. The trouble was caused by the lack of union among the patriot commanders. Count Hohenlohe, who led the land forces of the republic, had taken the city of Hertogenbosch, some fifty miles distant, but lost his prize through carelessness while a portion of his troops was pillaging the town.

By the 25th of February, 1585, Parma had completed his gigantic task of bridging a swift river, a half a mile wide. Both diplomacy and the weather had favored him. During the mild winter very little ice formed in the river, while negotiations with France had nearly paralyzed the operations of the patriots on land and water. The bridge, consisting of two long moles and a chain of thirty-two great barges, made a structure twenty-four hundred feet long, defended by two forts mounting the heaviest guns, and garrisoned with the bravest troops, while forty heavily armed vessels were anchored in the current. The barges were twenty-two feet apart, and each one was a floating fortress defended by a garrison of thirty-two soldiers, having at either end a heavy gun, mounted between gabions and served by four sailors. In addition, there were piers, heavy rafts, and booms above and below the main structure. With these defences Parma believed he could defy any force sent against the bridge, which was to force Antwerp into starvation. A spy was caught examining his works, but instead of hanging him Parma, with true statesmanship, allowed him to inspect everything, and then sent him back to report that the bridge would be the Spaniard's path of entrance or his grave. Although the messenger delivered his message, there was as yet no thought of surrender.

In those days the "fire-ship" occupied much the same place in marine warfare as does the torpedo-boat in our age. While waiting for succor from without, the Antwerpers summoned the flames to their aid. On the 5th of April they sent down the river a fleet of "hell-burners," with which they expected that the rafts protecting the bridge would be broken through or set on fire. At the same time a floating volcano called "The Hope," which had been designed and furnished with clockwork by the Italian Gianibelli, was to explode and spout out old iron castings, broken tools and timbers, blocks of stone, and other things of weight that would serve as missiles or projectiles. Owing to mismanagement and miscalculation on the one hand, and to Spanish discipline, vigilance, and valor on the other, only a portion of the bridge was destroyed, and the damage was repaired even before the result was known in the city, which was not until after three days of awful suspense.

Although Parma lost many of his best soldiers, the Zeeland sailors feared to come near the scene of devastation. Finally, a messenger sent out by Hohenlohe swam under the bridge and brought back to Antwerp an exact report. Contrary winds prevented the further use of the Zeeland fleet, and when other fire-ships came drifting down the river, Parma opened the bridge of boats and let them pass through harmlessly.

The patriots now again attempted relief from Zeeland, and towards the end of May they despatched two hundred vessels, which, co-operating with a fleet from Antwerp and meeting off the Cowenstein dike, began a desperate attack on the forts, and then broke the barrier and let in the flood. Although the Spaniards at first were driven back, they were quickly rallied by Parma in person, and drove back the patriots, killing or drowning two thousand of them. One vessel had forced its way through and entered the city over the breach in the dike, which had flooded the country and compelled the Spaniards to march breast-high through the water. The premature joy in Antwerp over supposed victory was quickly chilled by news of the subsequent reverse.

By the beginning of summer the situation in the city was critical, and in July the mobs demanded either bread or peace. Hope of aid from France and England was in vain, for it was too late when Elizabeth made the treaty guaranteeing military aid. Negotiations with Parma were opened, and Marnix vainly endeavored to get religious toleration as one of the conditions of surrender. He was able, however, to conceal from Parma the starving condition of the capital, and the Duke, fearing more fire-ships and the coming of help from beyond sea, made reasonable terms. The treaty looking to the surrender was dated August 17, 1585, and Parma entered Antwerp on the 30th of the same month. The traitorous nobles—deserters from the cause of freedom—basked in the sunlight of their conqueror's countenance and hoped for fresh spoils of office. The Jesuits were at once restored to power, and the intellect of the young handed over to fetters which were not broken for nearly two centuries. The wealth and intelligence of the city had already left it. One-third of the Antwerp merchants, manufacturers, and artisans had gone to swell the prosperity of London, while from that day forth Amsterdam rose steadily to be the chief city of northern Europe.

Parma hung the keys of the city around his neck, and three days of revelry were indulged in by the victors. The great bridge was transformed into a bower of delight, in which the grim soldiers of southern Europe sported like dryads of classic mythology. Then the structure was broken up and the river left unvexed; but Antwerp's prosperity was destined never to come back while the Belgic provinces should remain the private property of Spanish and Austrian families. Its two hands, commerce and manufactures, had been cut off and flung into the flood by the giant of despotism; nor was any Brabo to arise until within our century. The fall of Antwerp was a final blow to the hopes of those who had looked for a union of the seventeen provinces. Henceforth the stream of Netherlandish history was to divide, and the seven northern provinces alone, united as a free republic, were to occupy for a century or more the van in the career of freedom.

Philip de Marnix, Lord of Sainte-Aldegonde, the zealous Protestant, high-souled statesman, and scholar of varied talents and accomplishments, retired into comparative seclusion. No history of the Netherlands would be complete without a sketch of this friend of and co-worker with the Prince of Orange. Descended from a noble Savoyan family, he was born at Brussels in 1538. A student at Geneva, he came under the influence of Calvin, that master-spirit of the Reformation, and the greatest of all the fathers of modern God-fearing and law-loving democracy. With his varied gifts as warrior, poet, prose-writer, translator, and statesman, Philip de Marnix became the right hand of William of Orange and the friend of Netherland's independence. He was a champion of municipal rights, and, hating the inquisition, devoted himself with all his powers to win freedom from Spain. He was the chief author of the famous Compromise of 1566. He served as military commander of Delft, Rotterdam, and Schiedam; but at the seizure of the fort of Maaslandsluis by the Spaniards he was made prisoner and so kept for several years. His military and civil services were crowned by his noble defence during thirteen months of Antwerp, and by his consummate diplomacy in its surrender. Though endowed with a greater variety of talents, he had not the genius and will of Orange, who intrusted him with many important and delicate missions. He never reached, with William the Silent, that height of Christianity which shows itself in toleration of other worshippers of the same God and followers of the same Christ, while he encouraged and restrained the Calvinists and protected the Catholics. In hope of the union of all the Netherlands, he opposed religious persecution. After leaving Antwerp he had to face an adverse public opinion, which regarded him as a traitor because he had praised Parma's moderation and had intrigued against English influence. He went into retirement, solacing himself with philosophic and religious studies; but in 1590 was sent as envoy to the Court of France, and in 1594 to the German states. In 1596 he was intrusted by the States-General with the work of translating the books

of the Hebrew Scriptures into Dutch, but he died at Leyden on the 15th of December, 1598, after having accomplished only a version of the book of Genesis.

William Davison, long resident in Antwerp and Elizabeth's envoy in the republic in 1584 and 1585, had been accompanied by his page, William Brewster. In a land where conscience and the printing-press were free, this lad saw and learned much that helped him afterwards to be a good Puritan, a Separatist, a builder of a church without a bishop, and a state without a king. The future dweller at Scrooby, Leyden, and Plymouth, by command of his master, Davison, wore the chain of gold presented to the Queen's envoy by the States-General, and slept with the keys of the "three cautionary towns" under his pillow. Brewster's visit to Holland in 1584 was one link in the chain of causes which resulted in making a new United States beyond the Atlantic.

CHAPTER II

THE ENGLISH ALLIES

THE meeting of the great English and Dutch fleets at Flushing, December 19, 1585, formed a pageant of extraordinary brilliancy—a theme for painters and poets. The Dutch genius for costume-processions, tremendous banquets, and quaint spectacles, borrowed from mythology or biblical history, garnished with fireworks and Latin oratory, ran its usual course. History, fiction, and art have made the English commander, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, popularly known; but historical science declares that the character of this aspirant for the hand of Elizabeth is a puzzle. Whether his name be linked with that of Amy Robsart or of England's sovereign, with Mary Queen of Scots or with the States-General of the Netherlands, there is little trace of a straightforward, honest man in any of his dealings. Tall, handsome, and having ingratiating manners, but vain, presuming, and without ability corresponding to his ambition, he was the sport of the wits and the target of military critics in his own day, and now is the enigma of history. For success in the Netherlands, Leicester, being himself without military experience, relied upon Count Philip of Hohenlohe, and upon his veteran lord-marshal, William Pelham. He brought to Holland an unseasoned body of brave troops, not a few of whom were wild Irishmen still in a state of semi-civilization, such as Dutchmen of that generation had never seen. Among his captains and officers were Englishmen of the noblest blood and purest character; while mingled with them, like Satan among the sons of God, were detestable traitors and sordid wretches, ready to sell their swords at the first opportunity.

Leicester arrived at the Hague when the headless republic was in great straits for a leader; when, in the words of the Oriental proverb, there was danger of "even a sardine's head becoming an object of worship." Yielding to a majority in the States-General, against the strong protest of Friesland and in the face of his sovereign's express order, Leicester was made governor-general, and installed with great pomp on the 4th of February, 1586. Two Englishmen now had seats in the council of state. In place of Paul Buys, John van Olden-Barneveldt became the advocate of Holland, and was soon the master spirit in the legislature of the chief of the seven confederated states and in the national congress.

When Elizabeth heard of Leicester's assumption she was furious, for she still hoped to make a treaty with Spain by which she could save herself and her kingdom from war, even though the republic should be left in the lurch. A lover-like letter from her favorite to his susceptible sovereign enabled Leicester to retain the governorship; but meanwhile, occupied with negotiations for peace with Spain, she neglected to send reinforcements to her army, and this at a time when the overwhelming of Parma's enfeebled force by the Dutch and English allied army was possible. During this year, 1586, the English dragon, Francis Drake (two of whose ships were named *Mayflower*), was on the distant seas ravaging the King of Spain's treasure-house in America, while Martin Schenck, having deserted Parma, built a tremendous fort on an island in the river Rhine, by means of which he commanded the surrounding country and was able to lay it under tribute. With such a situation—Spain proud and powerful but her army unpaid and unable to move, Leicester showing his incompetency, the English army lacking money and supplies, the Dutch unable to make headway in arms or diplomacy, and Schenck all the while lively and free-handed—the wits had plenty to do. Pen and pencil were busy.

Caricatures, still worthy of study, were made numerously and sold freely, especially after Leicester's premature rejoicings over the relief, in April, 1586, of the city

of Grave, on the Maas, which the Spaniards had invested. After merry and imposing celebrations, in various places, of this triumph, Leicester was humiliated by Parma's capture of Grave on June 7th. The Earl was so enraged that he hanged the young Dutch commandant of the city, Count van Hemert. Meanwhile he pawned his personal property to pay his ragged and starving troops. The English pay-masters outdid even the Spanish keepers of the military chest by pocketing as many as possible of the Queen's pounds, shillings, and pence. The thrifty sovereign had guarded her own interests by taking in pawn from the Dutch, as "cautionary towns," Flushing, Brill, and Rammekens, which were garrisoned by her troops and put under English martial law. One friend of the "common" soldier (who had not yet become the "private" of the later Commonwealth), who was rather too honest to be the Queen's favorite, Sir Philip Sidney, exposed the peculations of pay-masters and made direct complaint to his sovereign.

The prospects were very gloomy, for the Netherlanders distrusted and suspected both the Queen and her favorite, when Sidney, with young Maurice, struck the first blow that shed lustre on the English arms by capturing the important city of Axel, in Zeeland.

Parma having moved eastward towards Cologne, the theatre of operations was transferred to the great river region of eastern Netherlands. Leicester captured Doesburg, the burg or city which has condensed in its name that of the Roman general Drusus, who first joined the waters of the Rhine to those of the Zuyder Zee by enlarging and digging a canal to the Ijssel river, on which is situated the city of Zutphen. This latter place was so important that Parma sent forward provisions for a three months' siege, placing the wagon-train under a convoy of three thousand infantry and cavalry commanded by his best officers. Leicester planned to cut off this train by arranging an ambuscade at Warnsfeld, near the city. With that insular conceit which, from the days of Leicester to those of Braddock and the South African reverses, has so often brought disaster to English arms, he imagined

that one of his men was a good match for two or three Spaniards. His force lying in wait consisted of but five hundred men under Sir John Norris. Early in the morning of October 2, 1586, while a dense fog lay over the meadows, the sound of wheels was heard. Soon the sun rose, revealing to view an overwhelming force of cavalry, followed by musketeers and pikemen—a superb body of the best disciplined soldiers in Europe. Nevertheless the English knights dashed at once upon the Spaniards. For a few moments the valor of these horsemen amazed Parma's veterans. No more, however, than a wave against the rock or the charge of Balaklava did this magnificent but unscientific onset avail. The convoy and train of provisions got safely into the city. Beside many English slain, Sir Philip Sidney was among the wounded. He was put on board a boat and floated down the Ijssel and the Rhine to Arnhem, where he lingered until the 17th of October, when he passed cheerfully away. His elegant Latin has furnished the commonwealth of Massachusetts with her motto, and his name is immortal in literature and in philanthropy.

With stubborn determination the British troops besieged Zutphen, and finally captured the city in a manner quite unique and as surprising to themselves as to their foes. The cannon having breached the wall, Lieutenant Edward Stanley, whose career both in bravery and treachery recalls that of Benedict Arnold, rushed into the breach. Thrust at by a Spanish pikeman, he seized the long pole with both hands and was actually lifted up from the ground. Leaping through the breach, he drew his sword and laid about most vigorously, to the astonishment of the garrison, while his men, climbing on one another's shoulders, leaped to his rescue. The allied troops poured in and captured the city.

Leicester did not win the confidence of the Dutchmen. The reasons for his failure are plain. He appointed to high and responsible offices in the republic three men from the Spanish Netherlands, though the constitution did not permit that privilege to any who had not been in the country ten years. Paul Buys refused to take office

under the obnoxious foreigner, Reingault, who had served successively Granvelle, Alva, and Requesens. When Leicester had Buys imprisoned, because the latter had proposed that the sovereignty be offered to the King of Denmark, the final blow to the prestige of the Earl was dealt. In disappointment he now resolved to return to England, both to checkmate the intrigues of the envoys of the states in London and to secure the decapitation of Mary Stuart of Scotland.

Although his sovereign had warned him not to interfere in religious affairs, Leicester had curried favor with the clergy and politicians of the state church, relying upon them chiefly for support and personal advancement. In his unwarrantable zeal and meddlesomeness he suppressed as far as possible all sects except the Calvinistic, including the Romish, Lutheran, and Anabaptist, and banished some seventy or more persons from Utrecht. Barneveldt was able to foil most of Leicester's schemes and to reduce the influence of the "English party"; but Leicester was allowed to make two appointments dangerous to the republic. Before he embarked, Sir William Stanley was made governor of Deventer and occupied it with his five hundred wild Irishmen. These "help-troops" were eaters of raw flesh and users of bows and arrows. They were as thoroughly at home on their stilts among the Dutch morasses as in the bogs of Ireland. Their vernacular was something which neither Dutch nor English could understand. They were a terror to the polished citizens of this old home of learning and culture.

Rowland Yorke, another brave but utterly unscrupulous military adventurer, to whom all causes were alike, and who, like Stanley, seems to have had no such scruples as trouble honest men when tempted, was put in command of Zutphen. The Dutch statesmen objected strenuously to the appointment of these Roman Catholics to such important positions, especially when they were made independent of Hohenlohe and of Norris, two officers whom Leicester seems to have bitterly hated. Pretty soon the people of Zutphen found themselves treated roughly, while the Spaniards seemed to be winning the favor of

Rowland Yorke. On the morning of January 29, 1587, after a grand dinner given to the city magistrates, Zutphen was basely surrendered to the Spaniards.

All at once there seemed to burst out an epidemic of treason. Yorke handed over the forts at Zutphen. The castle of Wauw, between Rosendaal and Bergen-op-Zoom, then under the command of Le Marchand, a French officer, was traded off to Parma for sixteen thousand florins. The Scotch colonel, Aristotle Patton, in command of Gelderland, who was greedy of money, who loved a certain widow and hated both Martin Schenck and Leicester, was able to gratify at one stroke his greed, his love, and his hate by selling out to the Duke of Parma. For this job he received thirty-six thousand florins. It was the widow of that Seigneur de Bours who had once sold the city of Antwerp whom the Scotsman married—both her husbands thus being traitors. To the Dutch patriots, treason seemed to be wafted from the four winds of heaven.

Leicester's deserted soldiers, now in desperate straits for lack of wages, either lived off the country by robbing the farmers, or became deserters to the Spaniards. Those having consciences begged their way home in rags, and appeared in pitiable plight before the royal palace in London. The Dutch indignation against all the islanders was great, and it was months before an honest Englishman could look a Dutchman in the face. Maurice was made temporary governor-general, and Hohenlohe commander-in-chief, their energies being as much directed against English perfidy as against Spanish gold and steel. Elizabeth, who had been so angry at her neighbors, lowered her tone when she found how terribly the fair name of England had been disgraced by traitors. She sent Sir Thomas Sackville, who at first berated the States-General soundly, but soon saw the real situation though he could not make Elizabeth do so. He was further hampered by his sovereign's order to have Hohenlohe seized and imprisoned, on a charge of treasonable intrigues with Spain. Sackville, however, was too sensible to attempt such unwarrantable intermeddling, especially after Leicester's ridiculous experience with Paul Buys in a similar situa-

tion. On the contrary, Sackville urged Elizabeth to aid the republic with more money, pointing out the danger from Spain if Holland and Zeeland, the two faithful states which had to bear the burden of the war, should be compelled to yield.

Parma had moved eastward, and for some months had been operating in the German Electorate of Cologne against Gebhard Truchsess, whose love for Agnes Mansfeld had driven him to defy the Pope. Parma's appearance early in June, 1587, before Sluis, a town very important for the safety of England as well as the republic, alarmed Elizabeth and the Dutch Council of State. The latter assumed supreme authority in civil affairs and appointed Maurice temporary captain-general, while Elizabeth sent back her favorite Leicester.

The harbor and town of Sluis were held by Elizabeth, who, in her thriftiness and hope of peace with Spain, had neglected to fortify it. Its garrison of a thousand men was commanded by Arnold van Groenevelt, the English auxiliaries being under Sir Roger Williams and Sir Francis Vere. Although unity in council was vital to ultimate success, the republic was cursed by distraction. Already hostile party spirit was giving a partial revelation of what calamities were yet to befall the country because of mutual jealousy and enmity. The nominal head of the ultra-Calvinists, or nationalists, was Leicester. The aristocratic or municipal party was led by Barneveldt. While Parma was pushing his trenches and wheeling his siege-guns nearer the walls of Sluis, where even the women fought side-by-side with the men as defenders, the municipal party, through jealousy of Leicester and the democratic Calvinists, prevented by delay any relief being sent to the city. Even when Leicester again arrived, in July, 1587, with men and money, he was met with indifference. Defended with heroic valor and consummate skill, but unrelieved, Sluis surrendered on the 5th of August.

Parma had burned his powder freely in the hope of making Sluis his point of departure for the invasion of England, but as yet he had no fleet; and the Zeelanders determined he should never get any to transport his vet-

erans beyond sea. While Sir Francis Drake devastated the Spanish waters and ship-yards, giving the Dutch hints and suggestions which they took quickly and soon followed, Elizabeth disgraced her faithful servants, Wilkes, Norris, and Sackville, entered into coquettish diplomacy with Parma, and scolded the States-General. Calculating to avoid war with Philip and compel the republic to make peace whenever it suited her, she hoped also to get Parma to become the Duke of Burgundy by inducing him to play false to his own master. Meanwhile the Spanish Armada was being built. Leicester seconded her crafty policy, and resorted to desperate measures to regain his power in the states, which he blamed for the fall of Sluis.

A key to the complex politics in the Netherlands is to be found in the fact that whereas, on the one hand, Barneveldt and his supporters claimed that in the absence of a prince or sovereign all power remained with the States-General, the ultra-Calvinists and the partisans of Leicester held that sovereignty belonged to the people. The men of precedents, the lawyers and the Dutch statesmen led by Barneveldt, had the best of the constitutional argument; but the people, although they had no recognition on legislative parchment or in legal documents, having few rights which the law-making assemblies were bound to respect, were yet every day gaining power and manifesting it. The day was soon to come when they should declare themselves a nation in a manner as yet unknown to the men of charters and law books—namely, through the church—and when the issues of politics should be settled under the guise of theology.

Leicester, outgeneraled in the field by Parma, foiled in council by Barneveldt, and duped by adventurers who had everything to gain and nothing to lose, left the Netherlands in disgust, at the end of 1587. However, his misrule and incompetency proved a blessing in disguise, both to the united states of the Netherlands and to the cause of republican freedom. The disgusted Dutch abandoned the idea of a national sovereignty lodged in a person, or of placing any mere figure-head above the prow of the ship of state. Only England, by orderly evolution of law, has

DEVENTER BETRAYED TO THE SPANIARDS, 1587
(From an old print)

been able to disguise a republic under the fiction of royalty.

Unfortunately, and perhaps purposely, Leicester left the country without having resigned his authority. His departure was the signal for outbreaks between his partisans and those of Maurice, who was at this time in accord with Barneveldt. It seemed for a while as though the Netherlands, which had already suffered many times from Spanish mutinies, and once from a French attempt to seize Antwerp, might now have a British "fury." The English, Scotch, and Irish soldiers revolted, and the prospects for order seemed for a time black indeed. Meanwhile the commissioners sent by Elizabeth were negotiating with Parma. He received them with promises of peace, and profited by their invitation to send his envoys to Ostend, having his engineers, disguised as servants, examine its fortifications. In fact, Parma turned himself into an ancient Caninifates, or rabbit-catcher, and in person leisurely inspected the defences of the city. Philip directed his general to keep up the negotiations until the armada should appear, and then execute his purpose of replanting the Catholic religion on the shores of England. Philip already in vision beheld upon his own head the crown of England, which Pope Sixtus V. had so generously presented to the Spanish monarch.

It took a good while for the adjustment of these troubles between the English and Dutch leaders. Even after Elizabeth had deposed Leicester, and had commanded both the English and Dutch adherents of the Earl to submit to the States-General, irritation was prolonged by Herbert, the English envoy, who held back the Queen's order for two months, meanwhile leaving Lord Willoughby, the English officer in command, to feed his suspicions that the Dutch were intriguing with Spain. Yet even after the English soldiers had returned to duty, in loyal obedience to their Dutch superiors, the ultra-Calvinists sent envoys to Elizabeth begging her acceptance of sovereignty over the provinces.

Meanwhile, although Philip supposed that Parma and his army were in England awaiting the armada, they were

really shut up in Dunkirk, having no ships and only barges with which to adventure upon the seas. Parma anxiously awaited the approach of the armada, for he expected that with their united forces the Spaniards would make Great Britain and Ireland provinces of Spain. While the English warships were shattering and sinking the clumsy Spanish vessels, the sailors of Holland and Zeeland were doing an equally effective work in blockading the coast, so that Parma was helpless. The Spanish commander had the mortification of seeing his splendid army of thirty thousand men reduced to one-half that number, while probably one-third of the armada was destroyed or captured in battle and another third was lost in the tempests of the North Sea.

Many a gallant ship, bedecked with flags embroidered or painted with saints, apostles, and the Prince of Peace, was dashed to pieces on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, or captured by the Dutch privateers and ships of war. Some of the captured Spanish trophies long adorned the homes and castle halls within the dikes of Holland. In the Leyden Museum one splendid silken pennon, upon which is painted the face of the Crucified, after centuries of faded and vanished color, has yielded up its halo of glory to the photograph. In our time the storms have disturbed the long-buried hulks, and cast out the dead ships upon the shores of the land whose people gray-haired Philip hoped to reduce to mental slavery. Dutch divers and engineers gladly undertook to fish up the treasure-ships lost off the Irish coast. Winning a new wealth out of the seas, they devoted the money to draining their lakes and morasses, thus adding fertile soil to their own domain. To help them in their work, a Dutchman invented "the ship's camel," that forerunner of the drydock—the same contrivance which, in 1813, enabled Oliver Hazard Perry to float his gun-boats, built on the edge of the forest, over the bar and into Lake Erie.

Philip reproached Parma for not breaking the Dutch blockade and going out to meet the armada; but to attempt this would have been madness. Parma was enraged at such a requital by his sovereign of long and faithful ser-

vices. In England, Howard, Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, and Raleigh—names associated with American discovery and exploration—had on sea and land drilled and organized the forces gathered under Leicester, who died in September, 1588. His English militia were brave, but poorly equipped, badly organized, and shamefully neglected by their government. There was as yet no true English army, save that which was being slowly developed in the Dutch republic.

Meanwhile, in the Netherlands, Parma had laid siege to Bergen-op-Zoom, which had a garrison of Dutch and English troops under Maurice and Lord Willoughby. After a brave defence and the loss at one time of a thousand Spaniards, owing to a double treachery, Parma raised the siege, and retired in November, 1588. Maurice now moved his troops to Gertruydenberg, the garrison of which, after remaining in rebellion since Leicester's departure, had sold out to the Spaniards in April, 1589. The commander, Sir John Wingfield, afterwards of Virginia, had been compelled to surrender by his mutinous and unpaid soldiers, who in turn were threatened by Barneveldt. By this fresh act of English treason the Dutch were infuriated; but when the states set a price on Wingfield's head, Queen Elizabeth retaliated, and again division took place in the councils of the republic and the kingdom, when hearty union was most needed. With Philip bankrupt and Parma ill at Spa, the enemy failed to profit by this alienation of friends.

The united provinces, being thus so occupied with home troubles, could not attend to anything beyond their borders. The daring partisan, Martin Schenck, from his big *schans* or fort on the Rhine island, occupied himself by robbing the farmers of the surrounding country and plundering wagon-trains of the Spaniards containing grain and money. He now laid his plans for the capture of Nymegen. Making ready a flotilla of twenty-five boats filled with his partisans, he dropped silently down the river on a dark night, and made the gate of St. Anthony his first point of attack. Having broken through, he rushed with a few picked men to the market-place. By

this time garrison and citizens had armed themselves and a great fight began, with repeated charges and countercharges. Unfortunately for the bold buccaneer, most of his men had been swept down the river beyond the landing-place, and could not make headway back against the current to assist their chief. Obliged to retreat through the streets towards the river, his men leaped pell-mell into the boats, several of which were sunk, and Martin Schenck himself was drowned. His body was fished out and cut up for trophies, his head and four quarters soon adorning the battlements of the city. Thus ended the career of one of the last of the robber barons, of whose exploits his numerous descendants in America still tell. It is only a thin line of division, however, that morally separates Martin Schenck from the other robbers contemporary with him, who sat on thrones or in church chairs, held sceptres or croziers, or wore crowns or mitres.

These events in the south had left the Dutch in the north comparatively free, especially in Friesland, to carry out their deliberately formed design of protecting their country not only from the murderous Spaniards, but also from equally dangerous popular ignorance. To freedom, priestcraft is as inimical as kingcraft. The Dutch safeguarded their liberties by erecting walls of popular education, surmounted by university towers. In 1586 the states of Friesland founded a university at Franeker, a city lying between Leeuwarden and Harlingen, though the determination to do so was made on the very day that allegiance to Spain was forsworn. This was the second of the five universities for which the Dutch Republic was to become famous. Previous to their declaration of independence from Spain, the people of the provinces north of the Maas and Scheldt had to depend on the university of Louvain. As they were slowly educated into nationality and freedom they founded, one after the other, the universities of Leyden, Franeker, Groningen, Harderwijk, Utrecht, and Amsterdam. Franeker had a long and glorious history, being always progressive in tone and democratic in sentiment. In its faculties were men whose

names are illustrious, such as Coccejus, Venema, Vitringa, Schultens, Hemsterhuis, and Valckenaer. From the beginning, Scottish professors and undergraduates were admitted here. The Puritans of England furnished not a few men in the faculties and student body, among whom Dr. William Ames, or Amesius, is best known in Netherland, where his theological writings in various editions are still read and enjoyed.*

Drenthe, in 1595, chose the able and powerful Count William Louis for stadholder; and in this same year the States-General occupied Embden with a garrison that was maintained henceforth for nearly a century and a half. This city in East Friesland, on German soil, is the alma mater of the Reformed Church. It is more Dutch than German, in population as well as in architecture. Here the English refugees during Bloody Mary's reign gathered, and here was lived the pre-natal life of the English Puritan party. Here the Netherlanders driven before Alva found a home, and here, in 1571, "the churches of the Netherlands, sitting under the cross" and scattered throughout Germany and East Friesland, held their synod. The people have ever been more democratic and tolerant than in most German cities. When Edward the Second, the German Count of East Friesland, tried to force Lutheranism upon Embden, the people appealed to the States-General, which at once sent troops to Embden and Leevoord to maintain freedom of religion.†

* He was for forty-five years a professor in Franeker, and was appointed by the States-General a deputy to the great national synod in Dordrecht in 1618. Fourteen years later, while on his way to Massachusetts, he died in Rotterdam, his family and his library going to help in beginning educated America. It was out of this Franeker "High School," as it is called in the vernacular, that the sentiment came forth which, in 1781, prompted the Dutch to recognize the American republic. Franeker University was too full of "free Frisian" sentiments to suit Napoleon, who suppressed it in 1811. Ever lovers of learning as well as of liberty, the Dutch showed that they could protect from license the freedom which they won with their swords.

† The curious conflicts of jurisdiction which arose from the multitude of time-honored anomalies in the Dutch and German political systems are cleverly exposed in Jacob van Lennep's novel translated in English, *The Story of an Abduction in the Seventeenth Century.*

Like a counter-charge in a great battle, and to affront and humiliate the King of Spain for sending the armada into English waters, the allies despatched an expedition against Spain. The whole fleet consisted of one hundred and sixty vessels of all sorts, with fourteen thousand men, of which the Dutch furnished forty ships and fifteen hundred men. The fleet sailed from Plymouth, April 18, 1589. The same dauntless seamen that had repulsed the armada and blockaded Parma were largely in evidence as leaders, and both Dutch and English believed that they were drawing the sword and lighting the torch for the good of Christendom. The Spaniards were taken entirely by surprise when the English fleet anchored off San Sebastian. There was some gallant fighting and much destruction of Spanish property by fire, amounting to over twenty million ducats; but the allies, who remained two weeks at Cadiz, accomplished little in their marching, fighting, and manœuvring. Some money was gained by ransoms and several towns were burned, but little booty was obtained. One-half of the men died by disease, and the survivors came home disappointed. Nevertheless, this blow crippled the resources of Spain and clouded the last years of the tyrant with mortification and shame, while it cheered the islanders and the Dutch patriots as they felt that slowly but surely their oppressor was being weakened.

In France the dagger of a fanatic monk set a Protestant king, Henry the Fourth, upon the throne. Elizabeth made haste to recognize and reward the new sovereign, the States doing the same, making him a handsome gift of gold, and thus the power of Spain to injure the republic was further weakened. While the naval power of Spain had been nearly annihilated, her army was, indeed, drawing rations and eating up millions of dollars' worth of food and supplies, but otherwise was doing nothing.

CHAPTER III

THE MODEL ARMY

THE time had now come in the republic for the formation of a new army on a new model, composed of true patriots. Of this army, John of Barneveldt and Maurice of Nassau were the creators. Barneveldt, who incarnated the spirit of the burghers and the city governments, believed that the first thing necessary for a prolonged war was sound finance. He perceived how the valor of the mercenaries of Philip had been neutralized, and the results of their fighting and splendid discipline had been lost, by non-payment of soldiers' wages. A victory had been often succeeded by a mutiny. For, although fanatical as Turks, superb in physique, matchless in discipline, and fertile in resources, the Spanish soldiers nevertheless became anarchists when unpaid or ill fed. Therefore it was that the arms of Philip could make no steady progress.

On the other hand, the Dutch people, having been for centuries immersed in trade and commerce, were not only averse to war but had no natural qualifications for it, except courage, tenacity, patience, and like virtues, which furnish the raw material out of which good soldiers are made. When hostilities began, because of that murderous church discipline called "The Holy Inquisition," in which organized Christianity seemed to have reverted to the systems of Moloch and Woden, the Dutch were ready to plead and protest, but were not prepared for organized resistance. When Alva marched his invincible infantry into their country and camped upon their soil, these trading and farming folks had no idea that they could withstand the dreaded veterans, who seemed to have almost super-

natural power in the field or at a siege. It seemed to the Dutch government that only mercenaries from warlike countries were worth anything as soldiers. Hence the curious spectacle of hosts of foreigners led by sons of the House of Orange, and of an army which, though organized and paid by native Dutchmen, was, as to rank and file, almost wholly alien. Furthermore, the Dutch knew next to nothing of military science, which had been developed by the wars in the southern countries against the Moors and Turks, and in Germany and France, which were then the great magazines of hireling soldiery. It was not until Maurice had created a new science of war, and Barneveldt had made the statecraft of Holland equal to its necessities, that the Dutch secured a standing army of patriots who were able, without quailing, to look the Spaniard in the face.

The national army consisted chiefly of natives, though it was handsomely reinforced by the British auxiliaries, and at first numbered but twelve thousand men. Under Maurice and his successors, the men who fought beneath the orange, white, and blue flag were superbly drilled and kept in the highest state of discipline. It was a genuine republican army, in which men were not given positions on account of birth. Three years' service on foot with pike or gun were required before a man could become a lieutenant, and four years' service in arms were necessary before he could be made a captain. High discipline was accompanied by high wages. Both the pay and the rewards were unusual for those times, and, what was equally important, the soldier was paid every week. Notwithstanding this tremendous strain upon the treasury, the republican government found it to be very advantageous to pay its troops promptly, for thereby a discipline was secured that surprised the Spaniards. Mutinies were thereafter unknown, as well as that shameful swindling and peculation which so often marked the English and Spanish methods of military administration. Furthermore, the soldiers, instead of being a terror to the people whom they defended, were everywhere welcomed. The presence of a camp meant a thriving market for the peasants

and prosperity to the farming population of the neighborhood.

The cavalrymen were remarkably well equipped, disciplined, and paid. Maurice made his troopers discard the long boots of Cordovan leather, which took a large fraction of an hour to get on and take off. Stout and comfortable foot-gear, as quickly put off and on as a sailor's, was provided. He armed his riders with carbines instead of pistols. In time of siege, as well as in an ordinary campaign, the soldier on horseback did harder work than the other soldiers in any arm of the service.

From this time forth, also, the artillery trains under Maurice were larger and heavier than any known in Europe. The power and accuracy of his siege-guns astonished students, who came from all parts of Europe to study in this university of war. Maurice, whose influence steadily increased as he received new honors, becoming in 1590 the stadholder of Gelderland and Over-Ijssel, as he had been of Zeeland and Holland since 1585, was most diligent in labor and unique in genius. While in the trenches, or actively engaged in sieges, he wore a plain suit of clothes. The only mark of rank was upon his hat, around which, probably in imitation or defiance of the Duke of Alva's jewelled hat given by the Pope, he strung a cord of diamonds. His cousin, Count William Louis, stadholder of Friesland, aided him powerfully in building up a truly national army.

From the first the Dutch had possessed the sea as an ally and friend. They were perfectly at home among the shoals, the narrows, and the intricate water passages of their half-submerged land. They knew the bottom of their coasts, their inland and outer sea with its deeps and its wads, its zands, its gats and vliets, nearly as well as they knew the land's surface. To men living in a country whose farms were alternately above and below the flood, there were no difficulties or peculiarities of the watery element which could appall them or furnish permanent obstacles. They felt at home also when out on the deep sea, and in all their long career the Spaniards could make no headway against them. Gradually a na-

tional navy was formed. Instead of armed fishing smacks and traders' vessels, warships with heavy oaken bulwarks, swiftly sailing, quickly turning, and embodying the best results of naval science, were built and manned, and able officers, graduated from the school of the merchant navigators and the fisheries, were set in command. These fleets, which became the scourge of Spain, suffered no check until the British disputed their power upon the sea and by superior resources carried off the prize.

A series of military triumphs, for which Maurice deserves the credit, was begun in 1590 at Breda. Having selected seventy picked men, the hardiest, healthiest, most valorous and intelligent of his Dutch lads, he loaded a peat-boat with this human freight, stowing it in the hold, while the decks, as usual on a Dutch fuel-boat, were piled high with bricks of dried soil. It was on the night of the 26th of February, 1590, when the canal being full of ice and progress difficult, the Spanish soldiers of the garrison themselves came out of the town and actually assisted to draw the boat inside the walls. The wily captain, who was in the secret, prevented the load of peat from being set on land too fast. By clever tricks he lulled all suspicions, and the job of unloading was left to be finished in the morning. The boat discharged its living cargo about midnight. The citadel was first assailed, and the English and Dutch troops from without being promptly on hand, they marched into Breda playing the national hymn, "William of Nassau," composed by Philip de Marnix Sainte-Aldegonde. In his wrath Parma hanged three of his captains and degraded a fourth, because of the surrender, which, on the other hand, gave joy all over the republic.

With his model army increased to twenty-five thousand men, and having practically the supreme authority, through the all-powerful influence of Barneveldt, Maurice proceeded with the war as if he were playing a game of chess. Indeed, at this time, the Netherlands with their numerous walled cities seemed wonderfully like a chess-board. He gave new and surprising efficiency to his artillery, which, whether in the field or in the trenches, was served by a

special corps of men assisted by nimble sailors. While keeping his cavalry well employed on vidette and scouting duty, he habitually made his defences in the rear so sure from successful attack that he could not be diverted from his purpose by any feints of his enemies. On the other hand, he was so skilful and rapid in his movements that Parma was puzzled and unable to check him. By his making a demonstration on Gertruydenburg and Hertogenbosch, Parma was compelled to march to the relief of Zutphen. This city, however, Maurice was able to capture within a week, having first lured out beyond their walls the Spanish garrison of one of the great forts by a grim joke, which, in some respects, paralleled that which resulted in the capture of Breda.

Some of the cleverest of Vere's Englishmen dressed themselves as farmers and women coming from the country with eggs and chickens to sell, and seemed to the Spanish garrison to be only a party of boers with their wives and daughters. All these, with plenty of short swords and pistols inside their clothes, sat down by the ferry on the river's side opposite the city, and near the forts, waiting to be taken across. While they were talking together Vere sent some cavalry, who appeared as if approaching. Pretending to be terrified, these country-folks, as the Spaniards supposed them to be, ran towards the fort, the gates of which were at once thrown open to receive them; but no sooner were they inside than egg-baskets were dropped and the farmers, fat women, and young girls turned into muscular soldiers armed to the teeth, who in a few minutes were in possession of the fort. A short time afterwards Maurice crossed the river on a bridge of boats, and, putting thirty-two great guns in position, in five days compelled the city to surrender; but his trusted commander, Count Overstein, was killed by a shot from the walls.

That same night of the occupation, without stopping, the young general sent down his siege-guns in boats and began a movement against Deventer, a few miles further down the river. Sir Francis Vere and the Englishmen were especially eager to recapture this city, which had

been betrayed by the infamous Stanley. Eight days were spent in trenching and making approaches. Then, after an all-day cannonade, a breach was made in the brick walls, and late in the afternoon Vere led his English troops to the attack. Unfortunately, the bridge was too short and at first there were heavy losses, but the next day, after another heavy cannonade, the city surrendered.

The council of war, which was a committee of the States-General representing not the states, but the nation, now determined that the northern provinces, Drenthe, Groningen, and Friesland, should be completely liberated from the Spaniards; but, before advancing northward too far, Maurice turned his army suddenly towards the south to Nymegen, and, having entrapped a whole regiment of the enemy's soldiers, drove Parma's army in rapid though skilful retreat across the Waal. Having safely placed his army inside this old city of Charlemagne, Parma, a worn-out warrior, sought again the waters of Spa. Maurice moved quickly to the southwest, captured the town of Hulst, near Antwerp, after five days' siege, and then returned to the fort of Knodsenburg, on the side of the river opposite from Nymegen. At this fort he had left his heavy guns to be mounted, and, going himself enthusiastically to work among his men in the trenches, he soon had sixty-eight cannon belching fire and flame against the picturesque city. This he captured within twenty-four hours from the time when its citizens answered with defiance his first summons to surrender. This city and the magnificent campaign of 1591 gave the patriots control of the splendid region of Gelderland. With his fondness for a grim joke, Maurice, having ordered the five portions of the corpse of Martin Schenck to be taken out of the brine-tub into which they had been put when taken down from the battlements, had the remains buried with great state alongside of the Dukes of Gelderland, in their mausoleum in Nymegen.

When the young Prince Maurice entered The Hague to receive the grateful welcome of the nation, the people were enraptured with his martial bearing and strong resemblance to his father. All felt that the sprout had at

length become the tree. Elizabeth wrote him a long letter, congratulating him on his victories. Hugo de Groot, afterwards known as Grotius, the father of written international law, then a boy eight years old, wrote a Latin poem in praise of the young general.

In the old school of war, it was the prevalent theory that the great pentagon fortresses should be carried by assault. When the assailant was unable to breach the heavy walls of brick and earth, it was usual to assemble the army in mass, quickly bridge the moat or fill it up with rubbish of various sorts. After the pioneers had done this work and fixed scaling ladders against the walls, the pikemen and the swordsmen mounted and cleared the walls, the gunners meanwhile plying their craft as they were able. In case of an assault through the breach, the cavalry were also introduced as quickly as possible, though usually they rode through the open gates, which were opened by the victorious troops. In any event, the storming of a walled city or fortress was a scene of awful confusion.

Maurice of Nassau changed this wasteful system by honoring the spade. In a country made largely by this old implement, and containing hundreds of place-names, which, like Delft, Grave, or those ending in dijk or dam, tell but one story—that of the earth delved, graven, dug or dammed—what could be more appropriate? It was Maurice who made the spade a great weapon of war. He taught the soldier to fortify and intrench, to mine and to countermine. Under his administration the engineer became not merely a map-maker, builder, and director of masons and delvers, but the commander of large bodies of intelligent troops trained to use the spade, the hatchet, and the fuse, as well as the pike and the sword.

Taking advantage of the absence of Parma in France, Maurice transported his great guns to Steenwijk during May, 1592. The soil around this place, as its name implies, is rich in the pebbles brought down by Scandinavian glaciers. The town lies on high ground, surrounded by low meadows, from which heavy artillery could do little harm and make but slight impression on the lofty walls of brick and turf. Seeing this, Maurice at once set his

men to use the shovel. Mines were made under the two great bastions which, on being fired, sent up far into the air great columns of earth, stone, plaster, and timber, and, on the 4th of July, compelled the surrender of the city. The medals struck at this time show how efficient and well-appreciated were the mattock and spade that had done more damage than cannon-balls. The soldiers hailed the engineer as the lightener and sharer of their labors.

From Steenwijk Maurice moved his men and trains eastward to Coevorden, which, like Oxford and Bosphorus, tells the meaning of its name in its spelling. Situated in the southern part of Drenthe, surrounded on all sides by swamps, and built on a ridge of hard land, which, on either side has heath and swamp extending in every direction, this ancient place of the cows' ford is the gateway into Germany. Anciently a Roman fortress, and possibly the city of Cruptoricis, referred to by Tacitus, it was the mediæval capital of the Counts of Drenthe. The sluggish streams that meet and flow together, forming the Kleine Vecht, enabled the city to have excellent fortifications skirted with wide moats. The massive walls of earth and brick were mirrored in deep water not easily bridged. When Maurice had mounted his cannon he sent a trumpeter to summon the commander, his renegade cousin, Count Frederick Van den Berg, to surrender. The answer was, "Tell Prince Maurice first to level my walls to the ditch, and then make five or six assaults. Six months after that I will think about a surrender."

The siege of Coevorden tested handsomely the qualities of this young engineer and soldier. Here he proved that in both tactics and strategy he was a master. Just at a critical moment, when their presence was most needed, Elizabeth ordered away three British regiments to the relief of her ally, the French King. Nevertheless, the Prince went on with his spade-work. Soon Count Philip of Nassau entered his camp, with troops from France equal in number to the English who had marched away. The civilian deputies of the States-General advised Maurice to order out his German cavalry against the re-

inforcements which were marching to assist the garrison. As Lee, by sending Early to menace Washington, failed to draw Grant out of his intrenchments, so the Spaniard Verdugo, though he tried to lure Maurice out of his works, made no impression upon the young general. Maurice refused to risk weakening his army, and a fortunate interception of a letter enabled him to neutralize the magic of the Spaniards' night-shirts. For years it had been their favorite game to wear these white garments over their armor, attack by night, terrify and confuse their enemies, and thus to win many a bloody victory. Coming suddenly in the darkness, driving in the sentinels, and alarming their foes, who woke up suddenly at night to confront what seemed to be a host of white demons or a band of murderous ghosts, they were thus able to demoralize the best troops and put them to flight. The Spaniards could easily distinguish each other, but the attacked knew neither friend nor foe in the darkness. Before Coevorden the Dutchmen were forewarned and forearmed. The white shirts of the on-coming Spaniards only served to make them splendid targets for the Dutch musketeers. Verdugo's men fought bravely, and, since they would not easily give up the struggle, the battle lasted while the darkness continued. Maurice, by his splendid courage, everywhere inspired his men, and the enemy was driven off with heavy loss. After this, the time-honored *camiciata*, or shirt-attack, lost its charm. On the 17th of September, five days after the night-battle, Coevorden surrendered. Fresh laurels were added to the brow of Maurice, and a spade entwined with flowers became the symbol of victory.

The States-General had been much irritated by Elizabeth's withdrawal of her troops from Coevorden at a critical moment, while, at the same time, the rough treatment of Dutch ships and sailors on the ocean by English cruisers, because trade with Spanish ports was still kept up, was a constant source of dissatisfaction. To these difficulties there was a third, which went deeper than the surface. The Dutch rulers were plain burghers, who detested aristocratic airs and pretensions of superiority, be-

cause of birth or of precedence at court. The republicans were blunt and independent, and did not like the dictatorial manners of Englishmen. There was also a difference in the way of looking at things. International law and morality were not as clearly established then as now. In Italy, even the great Michel Angelo fought against the Medici while in their pay as a sculptor. Both Elizabeth and her subjects traded secretly with the Spaniards, and, accordingly, as it suited her whim, she owned or disowned the buccaneers and traders who fought, robbed, and traded in her name. On the contrary, the Dutch openly trafficked with the Spaniards and, growing rich thereby, were enabled to provide the very means with which they kept up the war against their enemies. The English, however, claimed the right of search. Under the plea of seeking Spanish property they burned or plundered Dutch ships, and often brutally treated the captains and crews. The case was somewhat analogous to that of the American revolutionary war, when the Dutchmen at the island of St. Eustatius supplied the American Continental army with cannon, powder, and supplies, most of which had been made in England and directly provided by English merchants. Before the end of the century the King of Spain, perceiving the vastly greater benefit which inured to the Dutchmen through their commerce with his subjects, seized all Dutch ships, forbade further traffic with the enemy, and sent the Dutchmen to the inquisition or drove them out of the country.

The situation took on a new phase when, September 3, 1592, Parma died, amid his preparations for a new campaign. Distrusted by his sovereign, he yet gave his fortune and his life to the service of the monarch and to the great ecclesiastical corporation of which he was so fanatical a servant. Both as a general and a diplomatist, belonging to the school of that day which believed both in massacre and in assassination, he attained the highest rank. He conquered as many cities by his tongue as by his sword and cannon. The failure of the invasion of England was due to no fault of his. Among his compeers

he was a man of moderation. He died while on his way to meet his sovereign, who had recalled him. After a grand funeral in Brussels his body was taken for burial to the Italian city of Parma, and to-day in Piacenza he is remembered in a bronze statue. He was the most celebrated member of the princely house of Farnese, whose members, whether women or men, popes or cardinals, dukes or counts, knew so well how to use the influence and revenue of their positions for the advancement of the family. The male line of the Farnese house became extinct in 1731.

Old Count Mansfeld, now white with the snows of fourscore years upon his head, was made Philip's lieutenant, though Count Fuentes took command of active operations in the field, and reversed by his unscrupulous cruelty the comparatively mild policy of Parma. Maurice began the siege of Gertruydenburg, and, as usual, made his own position safe before attacking the enemy. This city was then well garrisoned, and considered to be impregnable because so easily opened to relief by water. Availing himself of all the resources of the military engineer's art, Maurice began a line of intrenchments twelve miles in length, inside of which farmers tilled their fields and the peasants sold their poultry and eggs, while from many parts of Europe came distinguished visitors to behold the wonderful novelties in war. In vain did old Count Mansfeld attempt to lure young Maurice out of the intrenchments into the open field, though part of the Spanish infantry was attacked and routed by a body of a thousand Frieslanders and six hundred Englishmen under Sir Francis Vere. By the time Maurice had his galleries run under the ramparts in three places and as many governors of the city had been killed, one of them by a stone bullet, the three months' siege terminated June 24, 1593. Frederick Henry, then ten years of age, being heir to the place by his father's will—Gertruydenburg being the family property of the Nassaus—was made honorary governor of the city. To-day the quiet little place is interesting to literary men as containing the only authentic portrait of the immortal author of the *Imitation of Christ*—

Thomas a Kempis. On the corner of the canvas is the famous motto, "In a little nook with a little book."

The English auxiliaries had done so handsomely that the treachery of Stanley and Yorke was forgotten by the Dutch, who were, however, not yet certain that Elizabeth had given up her hopes of alliance with Spain, and so were still anxious lest, through British treachery, Flushing or Ostend might get into Spanish hands. Happily disappointing the Hollanders, Elizabeth changed her attitude. She warned her officers in command at these places, and wavered no more. Colonel Verdugo, still smarting over his defeat in the shirt-attack before Coevorden, now attempted to recapture that place, but the rapid and brilliant movements of his opponent foiled him, and he retreated towards his base of supplies, while Maurice marched northward to Groningen. Sending his heavy artillery forward by water, Maurice was soon able to concentrate a resistless fire from four batteries upon as many different points of the city, while the Englishmen took their places eagerly in the trenches. Scientific engineering went on underground, while the iron shot pounded the walls. After the strong ravelin in front of the Ooster Poort had been blown up, the city surrendered on the 23d of July, 1594, after a siege of sixty-five days, in which it had lost half its garrison. Maurice made a triumphal entrance, with great pomp and display. The Catholics were treated with especial liberality, in order to reconcile them to entrance into the Union. Henceforth Groningen was one arrow in the sheaf, which, in the symbolism beloved of Dutchmen, is ever held in the one fore-paw of the lion, while with the other it wields the sword, its head wearing the hat of liberty.

Deliverance from the Spaniards was also celebrated by preparations to found a university, which, however, were not carried out until 1614. This Dutch habit of commemorating a victory by establishing a new school, or erecting some fresh defence against ignorance, is noteworthy. Not only Leyden and Groningen, but the other universities are monuments of gratitude for deliverence from peril and safeguards against the dangers of ignorance. At

every centennial celebration of these mighty events in the fatherland, the Dutch have shown their true spirit by enlargement of the means of education.

The obedient provinces in the southern or Spanish Netherlands were now, except for the periodical mutinies of the Spanish troops, in comparative peace. The soldiers of Philip when unpaid, as they often were, ravaged the country, while their sovereign was busy in attempting to secure the crown of France for his daughter. His hopes were frustrated and utterly destroyed when Henry the Fourth of Navarre, on the 24th of July, 1593, became a member of the Roman communion. Yet, though a Catholic, Henry was a friend to the Dutch, and the States-General stood ready to aid him with men and money for the invasion of the Spanish Netherlands. These, in January, 1594, received their new governor-general, the Archduke Ernest of Austria, who was welcomed as a harbinger of peace. His genial manners won all hearts, especially as he had come without soldiers. After the usual ceremonies of welcome, which included the extravagance of custom and of rhetoric, the representations of history in procession and of mythology in masquerade, for which the Netherlanders are famous, he addressed himself to the tasks of government. The politicians of noble blood and rank were hungry for the spoils of office, and the mutinous soldiers made his first year one of anxiety. Even the assassins who through their agents were plotting the death of the sons of William of Orange managed to have the odium of their failure loaded upon the Archduke. Besides, being unable to win over the republican patriots to the yoke of the Spaniard, Ernest, who was a man of humane and tender feelings, had the sorrow of seeing the retaliatory laws against Roman Catholics more rigorously enforced in the Protestant republic. Harassed with troubles on every side and with disease, the result of dissipation, the Archduke died in Brussels on the 20th of February, 1595, having spent but thirteen months of the forty-two years of his life in the low countries.

While this nobleman, who was more fond of pleasure than of work, lay dying, the allies were more busy in de-

voting themselves to the pretty women and rosy-cheeked daughters of the Netherlanders than to their enemies. An epidemic of matrimony seemed to have burst out, moving in rapid undulations from the chief commanders to the privates. Both the German Count Hohenlohe and the French Duke of Bouillon, in command of the troops of Henry the Fourth, in Luxemburg, wedded daughters of William the Silent, while Count Solms, who commanded the Zeelanders, led to the altar a daughter of Count Egmont. As for the British auxiliaries, whether English, Scotch, Welsh, or Irish, the marriages and consequent wedding celebrations, festivities, and furloughs were so frequent as to be less epidemic than chronic—a state of affairs which at times seriously interfered with discipline. The Dutch maidens, because of their fair faces, housewifely qualities, and practical abilities, were largely responsible in the matter.

Count Fuentes succeeded as temporary governor-general. This but added fuel to the rage of the Netherland nobles, who were loth to submit to the rule of a foreigner of any rank lower than that of prince. The Duke of Aerschot, angry and disappointed, left his native country and went to Italy, where he died at Venice. Against his own will Fuentes was obliged to express the desire of the obedient provinces for peace with the republic, but Maurice refused to treat unless they declared themselves independent of Spain. Fuentes in the summer of 1595 marched into France.

To old Colonel Mondragon was committed the responsibility of watching Maurice. He exercised it in so clever a manner that the Spanish prestige was raised. Nineteen miles southeast of Zutphen lies Groenlo, near the frontier of Germany, and to this place Mondragon, early in September, marched a force of picked men from Antwerp. Maurice at once arranged to ambush the old colonel, but, although supported by Philip of Nassau and the splendid cavalry commanders, Cutler and Bax, he was outwitted and beaten by the Spaniard. Mondragon having received accurate information from his scouts, learned the exact position of his opponents. He was thus enabled to draw

the fiery and impatient Philip of Nassau into a lane where the Dutch lancers could not use their weapons. As they slowly emerged, a few at a time, into the field, they had to fight at a disadvantage, both as to numbers and because of their inability to make formations, and so fell an easy prey to their enemies. Maurice lost one hundred men and several of his best officers, among whom was Philip of Nassau.

On his death-bed, in the Spanish camp at Rheinberg, Philip was courteously visited by Mondragon and his fellow officers. In their presence he concealed his agony and responded with equal courtesy. When, however, his ignoble and traitorous cousin Van den Berg—the Arnold of the Dutch war of independence — taunted him with serving the cause of the Beggars, the dying man turned away as the expiring lion might from the kicking ass. Philip died at midnight. Thus again the generous blood of the Nassaus enriched the soil of freedom. William and his three brethren, and now the oldest son of John, had given up their lives to the patriot cause. Ten others of the same illustrious house and many of their relations were bearing arms for their adopted country, Holland. Old Mondragon, ninety-two years old, triumphing over the difficulties of age, and in the very teeth of the hostile criticism of his younger officers, had planned this expedition from Antwerp and won the victory over a rival less than one-third his own age. Thus did the field of Groenlo illustrate phases of humanity more interesting even than those of war.

Eleven years afterwards, in this same region, the war of nearly forty years "dribbled out of existence." For some reason best known to himself, Maurice, who, however, could not afford to make a misstep, though having a fresh army in front of Spinola's wearied troops, who were fatigued after forced marches, refused battle. Here, long afterwards, it could be written, "The long struggle for independence had come, almost unperceived, to an end."

The new governor-general, a new tool of Philip, who, after Margaret, Alva, Don John, Matthias, Alexander Farnese, and Archduke Ernest, to say nothing of regents and

temporary governor-generals, had failed to crush Dutch liberty, was the Archduke Cardinal Albert of Austria, Archbishop of Toledo. He came with an army of three thousand men, and had plenty of money with which to pay the mutineers and an enormous amount of personal baggage. Having been a mild governor of Portugal, great hopes were expected of him as a bringer of peace. The throned assassin in Madrid also sent with him a middle-aged gentleman of forty-two, who was none other than the kidnapped son of William the Silent, and who was exactly the kind of person likely to emerge from a long training under Jesuits. After the usual extravagances of Flemish and Walloon rhetoric, costume parades, and torch-light processions, the new soldier and diplomatist began his sapping and mining operations under the fortress of law and freedom by attempting to bribe Count Hohenlohe and the officer who had captured Breda. He failed in this foul work, but he won Calais from the French and then took the town of Hulst.

These victories were more than counterbalanced in the sack of Cadiz by the combined English and Dutch fleets, which sailed from Plymouth January 13, 1596. Of the six thousand soldiers engaged in this foray, a large number consisted of English regiments in the states' service, while of the ships and sailors one-half were Dutch. Sir Walter Raleigh led the attack on the Spanish fleet in Cadiz, and Essex and Louis Gunther of Nassau stormed Puntal. The flags of St. George, of the House of Orange, and of the republic floated on the walls. Cadiz was looted and burned, signal revenge being taken, not particularly on the people but on the edifices of a cult that required the infernal inquisition.

England and France having formed a league against Spain, the united states of the Netherlands joined in, signing the compact on the 31st of October, 1596. One of the results of this action was that the national troops were kept busy on various foreign expeditions. This proved to be not only a source of great expense, requiring the levy of new taxes and the imposition of heavier burdens upon the people, but it necessitated an increase of the

home guard for the defence of the frontier and towns. The States-General seemed, therefore, obliged to raise a small army of at least six thousand men, who were expected to serve anywhere within the country. They were the minute-men of that time, and were called Waartgelders—that is, they were hired for gold in order to keep ward and watch. These were the originals of the famous waartgelders employed by the state-rights party under Barneveldt to maintain the local as against the national cause, or of secession against union. Although foreign war threatened the nation, these burgher guards did not add very much to the power of the cities.

To maintain the burdens of war, taxes were manifold and heavy; but the Dutch paid them cheerfully, finding fault, strange to say, only when the imposts seemed disproportionately directed against luxury in dress and personal ornament, in which they so delighted. One who looks today upon the corporation pictures of the great painters may see how fond the Hollanders were of display in costume. The enormous collars and cuffs of the Dutch Puritans, the ruffs on the necks of both male and female, adults and children, the voluminous petticoats, stomachers, and lace of the women, make one wonder how so small a country could have produced the grain to yield starch sufficient for such snowy costume. Put into one mass, the white pulp made in one generation for the stiffening of linen and lace would have formed a glacier of Alpine proportions. The tax on starch yielded a handsome revenue for carrying on the government and equipping the army and navy.

Introduced from the Netherlands by Mrs. Dinghen van den Plass, the process of clear starching was, at a high price, taught to Queen Elizabeth's ladies as a great secret. The knowledge and fashion spreading from the Court in London to the people, all classes were, within a generation, able to afford the luxury of a texture imported from the Netherlands. Snowy linen stiffened and made glossy became all the rage. In England, however, starch took on a new phase of usefulness. It became the means of expressing one's opinion—a badge of religion and politics

according as it was tinted, white, yellow, and blue. The use or abstinence of this extract of corn became the evidence of moderate or of ultra Puritanism. William Bradford tells us how a godly but blind old dame was highly edified by the presence and conversation of himself and his young companions, until her hands touched their starched collars, whereat she was hurt and offended at their vain conformity to fashion. Their savor to her changed at once from that of holiness to that of worldliness.

In revenge for the assaults upon Cadiz, Philip of Spain, at the end of the same year, sent a fresh armada into the British seas; but it was also destroyed by storms.

Early in the next year, January 24, 1597, the Dutch republicans won a brilliant victory over the Spaniards in their first battle on the open field. The cavalry of Maurice was now splendidly mounted, equipped with carbines, and trained to new and effective evolutions. It was his brilliant subordinate, Marcellus Bax, who suggested the enterprise of moving on Turnhout. Maurice, instead of being attacked, as he expected to be after his long march, by the Archduke's forces under Count Varax, found the enemy moving back into the southwest, apparently retreating to the fortress of Herenthals. The next day he came up with the Spaniards on the heath of Tiel, and having only eight hundred horsemen, but with none of his infantry at hand, he sent Hohenlohe and his Brabanters ahead, while Vere and Bax struck the rear of the enemy. The heavily armed Netherlanders seemed nerved by the remembrance of fifty years of outrage and oppression. They set the Spanish cavalry flying in a panic, and then rode with fire and sword over the demoralized infantry. Over two thousand of the enemy were slain and five hundred were taken prisoners, the republican army losing but a half score of men. The cheer which this first victory in the field inspired in the Dutch armies exceeded that caused by the loss inflicted on the enemy, although the castle of Turnhout surrendered next morning. The whole story seemed like romance. In London the battle was dramatized and represented on the stage. It was purely the

triumph of cavalry, the infantry not taking part because of not arriving in time. Thirty-five battle standards which Maurice had taken at Turnhout were shown to the Polish envoy who had declared that the attempt against Philip was hopeless. After another splendid reception at the Hague, these standards, with others captured from Alva and Parma, were hung up in the old Hall of the Knights in which the congress of the republic held its sessions.

Philip, now nearly bankrupt, and unable to borrow any more money, seized the pledges which he had given for his loans. This created a financial panic in Europe, and compelled the Archduke to sell his personal valuables in order to pay his household expenses. When the merchants and bankers protested against this new sort of "the final argument of kings," and demanded both security and interest for the fresh loans asked for, the repudiator at Madrid upbraided them with checking the progress of the Gospel. No one could talk more piously than this Spanish repudiator.

The great battle of freedom was to be one of finance as well as of valor. While Spain was steadily losing, even though she had America to draw upon, the Dutch united states were steadily organizing victory out of defeat, maintaining their financial credit, and building up a solid defence by their thorough system of taxation and scrupulously honest administration. So respectable a place had the republic won in the eyes of Europe that, during the summer of 1597, when the Turks were threatening Vienna and the Emperor of Germany and the Kings of Denmark and Poland were endeavoring to unite all Europe, they urged the Dutch to make peace with Spain, and proposed that Maurice of Nassau should be general and chief of the combined armies of Christian Europe. They hoped thus, and then to drive the crescent and followers of the prophet back into Asia. The proposal was declined. Maurice now continued his chess-game of war, moving five castles and nine walled cities, including Rheinberg, Enschade, Groenlo, Ootmarsum, Oldenzaal, and Lingen, upon his side of the board. His captures of Spanish soldiers numbered five thousand, but, instead of attempting

to hold and feed them, he liberated them to join their mutinous brethren, who kept the obedient provinces in terror for nearly a year. Having seized the citadel of Antwerp, they invited, and not in vain, the citizens to support them, offering bombardment in case of refusal.

In France the outlook at the close of the century was dark. Henry the Fourth, confronted by distraction within his own realm and poorly aided by England, yielded to Philip's diplomacy, and, on May 2, 1598, signed a treaty which was highly favorable to him, so much so that the peace of Vervins was felt by Philip to be a fearful humiliation, and doubtless hastened his death. The States sent an embassy of remonstrance, headed by Barneveldt and Justine of Nassau; but, accomplishing nothing in France, they went to England, and were there scolded by Queen Elizabeth, who demanded repayment of her loans, holding over them the threat of making peace with Spain. To appease her wrath and to further secure England's aid, the envoys signed a fresh treaty, August 10, 1598, modifying her claims by reducing them nearly one-half, but also relinquishing the annual loan heretofore given. The Dutch stipulated to furnish thirty ships of war and fifty-five hundred soldiers in case of the invasion of England and Spain. As collateral security for payment, the "three cautionary towns," Flushing, Brill, and the fort of Rammekins, remained in English custody, and the English ambassador was given a seat in the Council of State.

Philip the Second died on the 12th of September, 1598. His forty years' reign made for Spain an awful chapter of decay, while the countries under his sceptre sank into degradation or rose in rebellion. This man, four times married, might, as a private citizen, have been a useful and perhaps harmless member of society. As a king, an ignorant bigot, and a crafty politician, he was able to do vast harm in the world, and to entail misery upon thousands of thousands, because of his position in that very artificial form of society wherein despotic monarchs are thought to be necessary. He died after long sufferings, in which perhaps his personal agony was quite equal to that of any one of the thousands whom he had made unnatu-

rally to suffer. He seemed to have no more remorse for the murders which he had committed than that Italian brigand who, having slaughtered over nine hundred human beings during his active lifetime, regretted on his deathbed that he had not made the number exactly one thousand. Like the pagans, whom one sees in Japan rubbing their sores and infirm parts with the relics of saints and the images in the temples, so in the great gridiron palace of the Escorial of Madrid, Philip had his limbs rubbed with the bones of the saints. The white-haired old king, whose memory the Spaniards still revere, though he curbed their spirit and prostrated their country, was in his seventy-second year when he died. Trained from childhood in the system of education and government which he inherited, he was at once its passive victim as well as its active instrument. Like those children of Christian parents who are taken in infancy by the Turks, and trained in the atmosphere of Mahometan fatalism so that they outgrow the Turks in bigotry and cruelty, so Philip the Second was a Mameluke in a system wherein polity and culture were one. He was one of those many so-called vicars of God on earth who, whether in Kioto, Peking, Teheran, Dahomey, Constantinople, or Rome, crush intellect, and make man's mind as well as his body the passive instrument of a united state and church.

CHAPTER IV

NIEUPORT AND OSTEND

The successor of Philip the Second on the throne of Spain hastened to strike a terrible blow at the prosperity of the Netherlands, though by so doing he defeated his own ends and opened to them new gateways of enterprise in the Far East. Suddenly, and without warning, he seized all the Dutch vessels in Spanish ports, and condemned their crews to the inquisition, to the prison, or to the galleys. By this act the Spanish government hoped to paralyze the republic, which had long drawn its supplies from the ports of Spain. An entirely opposite result was produced. Even as persecution first scattered the Christian church over the world, so now necessity drove the Dutch into all the seas of the globe, thus beginning in Holland those enterprises that were to make the Netherlanders, during the whole seventeenth century, leaders in discovery and exploration.

Portugal had been the pioneer, and Africa, with its outlying islands, had really been discovered under the navigator Prince Henry, who created that spirit of which Columbus was only the pupil. Fifty years of adventure had brought the Portuguese to the Cape of Good Hope, whence they had sailed to India, to the Golden Chersonese, to the Spice Islands, China, and Japan. Vasca da Gama had circumnavigated the globe; and in the East and in Brazil the Portuguese had become powerful colonizers. Italy, whose sailors, merchants, and caravans for centuries had maintained trade with Egypt, Arabia, Persia, and the great gold and spice lands beyond, furnished to Portugal, and especially to Spain, most of their great

navigators, geographers, and admirals, including the discoverer of America. These Italians added half the earth to the crown of Spain, but owned not one foot of land in the new world for Italy, and thus their sons were left free to serve as mercenaries in aiding the lord of the Indies to crush the little Protestant republic. The Pope had divided the world between the Spaniards and Portuguese, who owned the charts and maps which were the sailor's keys to the American and Oriental treasure-houses. When, in 1580, the two crowns of Spain and Portugal became one, the two treasure-houses became one also, and the owner was Philip; but with many doors of entrance, it was more difficult to keep out all who sought entrance.

The keys were stolen when Jan Hugo van Linschoten, the Dutchman, after having lived some years in Portugal, travelled in India and the Spice Islands, returned with a marvellous store of maps and charts, withal having obtained profound theoretical and practical geographical knowledge. He reached home at the right time. There were men in Holland already studying the problem of how to reach India by a shorter northern route through Arctic seas, unvexed by human enemies, instead of making the long and expensive journey around Africa in a pathway along which Spanish vessels swarmed. In their carrying and fishing trade the Dutch had educated a host of brave navigators, who were now ready to strike out into new fields and to win the alluring prizes. Linschoten accompanied Barentz, when this explorer began that glorious career of Arctic discovery which has been crowned in our day by Nordenskold and Nansen. Besides discovering and naming Nova Zembla and Spitsbergen, they made a thrilling record of enterprise and endurance, whereon a commentary may now be read in those relics and journals so eloquent and appealing to the imagination which were discovered in 1871 and 1875, and are now in the National Museum at Amsterdam. Linschoten, baffled by ice and storm, returned home to serve as a magistrate in Enkhuizen, where he wrote his famous Itinerary. This book was quickly translated into Latin and the modern languages, and, having been circulated

all over Europe, revolutionized the geography and the navigation of the age.

Furthermore, the world had no school of geographers more brilliant than that made up of his countrymen who seconded Linschoten's efforts. There was the Christian pastor, Domine Plancius, who, in books and discourses, preached the reasonable probability of Dutch discoveries and of finding profitable trade-routes east and west. There was Gerard Kramer, called also Mercator, whose ideas of map-making marked a new era in geographical science. Born at Rupelmonde, in Flanders, March, 1512, but living for a time in Bruges, where he made two superb globes for Charles the Fifth, he spent the prime of his life at Doesburg. He invented the style of projection now called after his name, and emancipated the students of geography from the yoke of Ptolemy.

After the brave but ineffectual attempts of Barentz and Heemskerk to find China and India, through the icy pathway of the north, the brothers Cornelius and Frederik Houtman, of Gouda, who had lived at Lisbon, started from Texel Island, April 2, 1595, with four armed ships and two hundred and fifty men, bound for the Spice Islands at the ends of the earth. They doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and thence sailed to Bantam, Java, and Bali. After fighting Portuguese and Malays, treachery, disease, and storms, they purchased cheap cargoes of pepper, nutmegs, cloves, and mace, and reached Amsterdam with three ships and ninety men, having opened the way for whole fleets to follow. Their return was joyfully celebrated as an event of national importance.

Other adventurers carried the flag of the republic and planted it on the shores of America. This was done with the idea, not only of rifling the king of Spain's treasure-house, but of making the shores of the western continent bases of supplies, whence the resources of war could be obtained for fighting tyranny at home. After the Dutch came the English; but no one studying a modern map of the world would get any proper idea of the great extent of Dutch explorations and discoveries all over the world. Through the East Indies, and even to Formosa and Japan,

the flag of the republic floated over merchants and missionaries, over forts, school-houses, and churches, where the tongue of "Het Nederland" was spoken and the school-master and minister of religion were beloved. The first Protestant foreign missionary enterprise was begun by the Dutch in Formosa, to which place they sent no fewer than twenty-six ordained ministers, who translated the scriptures and introduced Christian civilization. The good work was continued until it was swept away by the ferocious Chino-Japanese pirate, Koxinga. Over all these settlements, on the five continents, the Classis of Amsterdam exercised during three centuries not only ecclesiastical supervision but a practical benevolence, in assisting emigrants and immigrants, the poor, the sick, and the unfortunate that forms one of the brightest pages in Christian history.*

Time was needed, however, for the republic to recover from the blow dealt by the sudden loss, in 1598, of its Spanish trade. Meanwhile, having no help from France or Germany, and with very little aid from England, the States were compelled to stand on the defensive. Maurice, whose little army was reduced to seventy-five hundred men, remained along the line of the rivers so as to be ready to succor Schenck's fort, Nymegen, Doesburg, or any other point that might be attacked. Mendoza, with twenty-five thousand men, crossed the Maas on the 4th of May, 1599, and invaded the Island of Bommelwaart, but the splendid engineering and heavy artillery of Maurice compelled the admiral to retreat. The Spaniard then took revenge by devastating the neutral German territory. He also built the fort of St. Andres. In this most critical hour Elizabeth, fearing a new invasion from Spain, ordered away many more of her best troops from the Low Countries to Ireland, despite the earnest remonstrance of Barneveldt. Nevertheless, the Spaniards lost all the benefit of Mendoza's half-triumph by another mu-

* From personal knowledge of the original minutes of the Classis of Amsterdam, obtained in 1892 from their custodian and translator into modern Dutch.

tiny, while the obedient but oppressed provinces were disgusted by the extravagance of their new rulers. Taking advantage of the disorder in the enemy's camp, Maurice ushered in the new century by capturing two forts, whose ragged and hungry Walloon garrisons he persuaded to join his forces. They were put under the honorary command of Frederick Henry, the future stadholder.

The Dutch, as they looked westward, now became all the more suspicious and watchful, for Elizabeth had reopened diplomatic relations with Spain, and sent an envoy to Madrid. The truth was that the Dutch and English were mutually distrustful, each thinking that the other might make peace with Spain, though, in reality, both these Protestant powers hated tyranny and were determined to fight freedom's battle to the end.

There was a feeling of good cheer and great exultation in the hearts of the Dutch statesmen at the beginning of the seventeenth century, even though they were confronted with an empty treasury and a discouraged people, while in some parts of the country the Catholics absolutely refused to pay any taxes. In addition to the loss of Spanish trade, the resources of the country had been greatly strained in 1599 in fitting out a fleet against the West Indies, which, after burning and pillaging some Spanish settlements, was wasted by disease which swept off hundreds of the men, including the admiral and his successor. Returning to the Netherlands empty and forlorn, the expedition left the admiralty greatly in debt, and afforded the discontented a pretext for pernicious activity.

The Union itself had been threatened by the attempted secession of one of the discontented states. Had this movement been successful, it would have imperilled, not only the federal government, but the very existence of the nation. But while lawyers still talked the language of parchment and law-books, the Dutch common people had seen a nation born and living, and they were determined that the Union must and should be preserved. Groningen had, in 1581, seceded from the rest of the northern provinces, when these had issued their Declaration of Independence from Spain. To reward them, King Philip

had granted certain privileges, to which the majority of the inhabitants, who were Roman Catholics, clung most tenaciously. When, therefore, after the recovery of the province from the Spaniards by Maurice and the union army, the States-General levied its contingent of civil expenses and assessed war taxes, the Groningeners refused to pay the money or send the troops. For three years they were able to withhold their quotas of men, money, and supplies; but in 1600, when its finances were most necessitous, and fearing that such a precedent of nullification and secession might infect other provinces, the national congress resolved on coercion. The States-General sent commissioners, backed by a thousand picked men of the union army, who disarmed the local militia and made collections of the arrears of taxes due, not only from the capital city, but the towns and villages. A citadel was built in Groningen. A body of the leading citizens went to appear before the National Congress at the Hague, where they were forced to contribute to the treasury of the republic four hundred thousand guilders as a fine before they could obtain an audience, and thus the province was restored to the Union. After six years of wise reconstructive measures, and when magistrates loyal to the Union had been chosen to fill the local offices, the citadel was dismantled. In this manner, the federation of Dutch states passed its first great internal danger, and also made a mighty precedent for national unity against the extreme form of the doctrine of state-sovereignty, which, later, was presented in the threatened secession of Holland, the most powerful state in the confederacy, incarnated in Barneveldt, and backed by the armed force of his Leyden "teeth" and the Utrecht waartgelders.

We have now reached that period in Dutch history where the friendship between the wise civilian statesman and the brilliant young military captain began to weaken. The disagreement of stadholder and legislator led first to suspicion, then to personal dislike, and finally to the slow embodiment, on the one side, of the centripetal forces of union and nationality and of conservatism and piety and,

on the other side, of the centrifugal forces of state-right in its most extreme form, of aristocracy, municipal power, agnosticism, and severe state-churchism under the guise of freedom of religion.

Barneveldt, seeing the dangers within the Union, believed that the situation could be improved by offensive warfare, and especially by invading the disobedient provinces and cleaning out the nest of pirates at Dunkirk. The Spanish mercenaries being in mutiny, it was thought by Barneveldt to be a golden opportunity for the conquest of Flanders. The gradual but sure recovery of the rest of the southern Netherlands he imagined would follow, and then would be consummated a union of the whole seventeen provinces, making one great commercial nation, rich in civic privileges and governed by burghers able to dictate to the world. A noble dream.

The States-General constituted but one chamber, and had both legislative and executive functions. They had usurped, or at least assumed, the sovereignty which in the absence of a feudal lord really belonged to the whole people. Nevertheless, by means of the Council of State, which represented not the various states but the nation at large, the Dutch people had what was practically a bicameral government. The Council of State had executive functions corresponding somewhat to those of the later American Senate, which, in confirming nominations and making treaties, shares executive power with the President. This permanent committee or council was composed of eighteen or twenty eminent men chosen from the various states of the republic, who represented not their particular states, but the whole country. Indeed, they were obliged to forswear allegiance to their states in order to be true to the whole commonwealth. This body represented the principle of nationality, as against that of state-sovereignty embodied in the States-General. This council, or committee on the conduct of the war, had high executive powers, especially in military matters. They in reality were the true commander-in-chief of the nation's army and navy, for neither William of Orange nor Maurice—each of whom was "the first servant of the

States-General"—ever held any commission from this national legislature. As agent of the Union, Maurice must obey the order to march into Flanders even though it was against his judgment.

The military men were all against the plan, which seemed to them rash almost to madness. Slowly and painfully the united states had built up a fine army and a scientific military system. An invasion of the Belgic Netherlands seemed like risking all on a single venture. But Barneveldt was then the virtual sovereign of the republic. He controlled not only the states of Holland, which contributed half the national taxes, but the States-General also, and he insisted on this scheme. So after what the Dutch call "woordenwisseling," and the English "a few words," young Maurice yielded. Gathering together the whole regular army, which consisted of twelve thousand infantry, sixteen hundred cavalry, and ten pieces of artillery, he divided these forces into three divisions. Sir Francis Vere led the van, Count Everhard the centre, and Count Ernest of Nassau the rear, while Count Louis Gunther of Nassau was general of cavalry. The troops embarked on board a mighty fleet from Flushing, their objective point being the well-fortified city of Nieuport. The wind was not favorable, and the troops had to be landed forty miles distant from the place of disembarkation as planned. Only after a thirteen days' march was the republican army able to begin the investment of water-girdled Nieuport, July 1, 1600. Much to his surprise and utterly against the calculations of Barneveldt, Maurice heard that the mutinous Spanish soldiers had responded to the appeals of the Archduke and the Infanta, and under skilful leaders were marching against the invaders, capturing the forts and murdering the garrisons on the way. Maurice had to arrange for his own defence and prepare for a desperate battle within twenty-four hours. His army was divided, part having been left in garrison and the larger half of the remainder being still beyond the haven. Whatever could be done must be done quickly.

The Spaniards were coming along the road that passes

through Leffingen. Maurice sent his cousin, Ernest Casimir, to hold the bridge, until all the troops could be brought from the other side of the haven to rejoin the main body of his army. Ernest moved gallantly towards the bridge, but found it already within the enemies' hands. With his two thousand men he faced the twelve thousand advancing veterans, not expecting to do more than hold the enemy in check. But when the Spaniards made a terrific charge his troops became panic stricken, and, breaking ranks, fled, only to be pursued and slaughtered.

Had the Archduke immediately moved forward and struck Maurice's force while it was divided, the republic might have been crushed then and there. Most fortunately for the little republican army shut up in the dunes, with a certainty that a reverse would be little less than annihilation, the Archduke moved slowly and with long halts, although he was leading ten thousand exultant infantry, with sixteen hundred horsemen and six guns. Sending word to his wife that he had won a victory and would soon capture Maurice, he still proceeded leisurely along the hardened portion of the sea shore between the soft dry sand and the edge of the waves. It was high tide, and there was barely a space of thirty yards between the sea and the steep sand-hills. The Spanish infantry marched into the dunes, while the cavalry crossed over to the Greenway, a road lying inland between the dunes and the cultivated fields. Maurice's effective force, after his losses at the bridge, numbered but seven thousand five hundred men. The heaviest part of the battle was to be borne by the vanguard, of about four thousand five hundred men, under Sir Francis Vere. The artillery, which very wisely had been put in charge of the Zeeland sailors, was planted on top of the sand-hills. Maurice had ordered planks to be laid under the wheel-tires, so that the guns could be fired rapidly and accurately, and yet would not be driven by the concussion into the sand so as to become stalled and immovable.

The Spanish Archduke had taken off his helmet so as to be easily recognized. Mounted on a snow-white stallion, he rode along the lines near the front and cheered

his troops. Maurice, wearing a bright orange scarf across his breast, and having his helmet decked with orange-tinted feathers, rode through his lines, sword in hand, calling on his troops to fight for the fatherland and make their choice between death and victory. Then, at the urgent request of his officers, he retired to one of the two prominent sand-hills, whence he could see the battle and be ready to take advantage of any emergencies or mistakes of the enemy.

On that Sunday afternoon of the 2d of July, 1600, began the pitched battle between the troops of the republic and the mercenaries of despotism, in a place and on a footing where scientific evolutions were impossible. The battle opened with a rather premature fire from the Dutch artillery on the Spanish cavalry. The soldiers were soon knee-deep in the hot sand, charging, counter-charging, and fighting hand to hand. At last, Vere's division of British and Frisians, though stubbornly contesting its ground, was driven back towards the battery on the sands. Then Count Lewis Gunther's fresh horsemen, supported by three hundred foot-men, charged, and for a moment stemmed the tide of defeat, only to find themselves unable to break the front of the enemy's horsemen or to withstand the fire of his infantry. After faltering, they broke and fled in disorder. Seeing this, the Archduke ordered forward all his reserves against Vere's Frisians and Englishmen. Having carried the East Hill, the Spaniards formed in the valley beyond, and the Frisian musketmen were driven from the south ridge, while the Archduke's arquebusiers advanced along the Greenway. This was the crisis of the battle. For a few moments it looked as if the whole republican army would be overwhelmed.

Maurice, sitting unmoved upon his horse on the West Hill, took in the whole scene. His commanders had been beaten back and his troops were in panic. Nevertheless, he had kept in reserve three squadrons of cavalry, and the Spaniards were showing signs of weariness. The Archduke, thinking he saw victory at hand, had paused amid the awful heat. That moment revealed the key of the situation, and instantly Maurice made decision. First

checking the flight of the infantry, and entreating them to rally to his support, for love of him and to show that they were men of honor, he ordered his horsemen to charge on the tired and halting Spaniards near the battery. The cavalry, wasting no breath or time, made every pound of weight in horse, man, and sword tell. The Frisian pikemen, fresh and eager for the fray, also rallied to the support of the cavalry, while the Zeeland artillerymen opened with wonderful vigor and effectiveness. This concentrated attack by cavalry, infantry, and artillery rolled back the tide of battle and decided it for victory. The Spaniards broke in every direction, and the victors began a pursuit in which even those who had retreated joined. The Admiral of Aragon was captured and the Archduke barely escaped.

This was the first pitched battle in which the whole of the republican army had been engaged. The Spanish loss was three thousand men, all their artillery, thirty flags, and six hundred prisoners. The patriots lost two thousand. Maurice knelt upon the sand and thanked God for the great victory. In this battle, English blood had flowed liberally in freedom's cause. Sir Francis Vere received four wounds. The Spaniards had fought as far as possible according to their old system of tercios, or large battalions; and the Archduke had sent his whole force into the fight. On the contrary, Maurice, fully developing to his system of small battalions, had kept back his reserves, knowing well the limits of human endurance, and had communicated his own indomitable spirit to his troops. Indeed, he had ordered off his ships so as to compel his army to fight well. Maurice's tactics resulted in victory, because the noble English brothers, Sir Francis and Horace Vere, with their British and Frisian troops, and Louis Gunther and Count Ernest of Nassau had fought so bravely.

Nevertheless, not only had the battle been gained at an awful risk, but Nieuport still remained in the hands of the enemy, while Barneveldt's self-conceit and complacency were dangerously strengthened by the letters of Queen Elizabeth, who gave the credit of the victory to

the civilians and the States-General. Furthermore, the pirates of Dunkirk continued to prey upon the Dutch fishing-vessels, which were manned, for the most part, by those peaceable people, formerly nicknamed Anabaptists, but now called Mennonites, after the name of their saintly teacher, Menno Simons. The cruelties of these Dunkirkers were so frequent and savage that when several of their craft had been captured the States-General, in retaliation, ordered the men on board to be hanged. A daring crew of Hollanders in the Black Galley of Dort made a bold venture into the Scheldt, and, under the walls of Antwerp, captured a man-of-war and other prizes, towing them out of the harbor, while the trumpeters played the Dutch national hymn, "William of Nassau."

To offset the triumph of the republic at Nieuport, the Archduke now laid siege to Ostend, the last of the possessions held by the republic in the provinces which had become obedient to Philip. The states of Flanders had prayed to the Archduke Albert to take Ostend, offering to do their share in conducting the siege. The town was powerfully fortified with walls and moats, and had strong outworks. An army of twenty thousand men began operations, July 5, 1601. The garrison consisted of seven or eight thousand troops under command of Sir Francis Vere. Meanwhile Maurice was busy in capturing Rheinberg and Meurs, on the Rhine, besides investing Hertogenbosch, or Bois-le-Duc.

The Archduke placed fifty siege guns in position, and the roar of artillery began, which lasted all summer and winter. Easily provisioned by Dutch vessels running by two water-ways into Ostend, the garrison kept up good spirits, not only repairing the breaches but building new defences within, repelling the storming parties and making sorties. At night great fires were kindled, so that the shotmen could enjoy good target practice at the besiegers, and in case of assault the pikemen could do battle at an advantage. Often detachments of Spaniards were swept away by the floods from the open sluices. Nevertheless, they persevered and got steadily nearer. In

March, 1602, a new garrison was thrown into the town, and Vere exchanged the trenches for the open field, where Maurice was so active that the Archduke was obliged to send off a large force to keep watch of the boy-general, and at the same time his army was weakened by a fresh mutiny of unpaid troops. Nevertheless, the siege continued, and all resources of the art of attack and defence known to that age were employed.

While the brave English and Dutch comrades in liberty's cause were defending Ostend, the lion-hearted Queen Elizabeth died. This caused great grief to the Netherlanders, who honored her despite her vacillating policy and parsimonious spirit. She seems to have utterly failed to understand the character of William of Orange, whose toleration and self-sacrifice were unintelligible to her, whose idea of morals and religion seemed to be simply that of self-interest and national utility. She had neither sympathy with nor appreciation of zeal like that of Philip of Spain, nor with pure conscientiousness like that of the Silent. She was a great sovereign because of her courage and her determination to make England great. She died, it may be, of overwork for her country.

Meanwhile the time and tide of war waited for none, royal or plebeian. The siege of Ostend went on. The Dutch provision-ships dashed past the Spanish batteries, and the garrison kept fat and hearty. Fire-ships were employed against the wooden dikes. Mining and countermining were resorted to. Sentinels stood knee-deep in the icy salt-water watching for an attack that might be made at any time except at high-tide. In a fierce night assault, 13th of April, 1603, the Spaniards threw rope-ladders, hooked at the ends, upon the walls. Then, with their swords in their teeth, they swarmed over the outworks, which, though repeatedly assaulted, could not be recaptured by the garrison.

At length the Italian, Frederik Spinola, appeared upon the scene. He had fitted out some galleys at Sluis, on which the Dutch sailors and traders seized in Spain had been compelled to work as slaves. Enlarging his fleet,

he became bold enough to encounter a squadron under the Dutch Vice-Admiral Cant, in October, 1602, and lost six of his galleys, which were sunk by the Dutchmen. Nevertheless, Spinola was undaunted, and equipped eight more new galleys, each with two hundred and fifty prisoners chained to the oars. With a force of thirteen hundred marines on board he attacked four Dutch ships under Admiral Joost de Moor. Again the winds of Heaven and the skill of the Zeeland sailors won victory. The Spanish galleys, having lost hundreds of men, were compelled to make their way back to Sluis, their commander being among the slain. Spinola's elder brother, the Marquis Ambrose, now came forward. The Marquis was a thorough student of military affairs, but as yet had no experience. He had enriched himself by commerce with the spice-lands. For the honor of the appointment given him he aided the Spanish cause with gifts which greatly replenished Philip's war chest.

Though without previous military training, Ambrose Spinola was destined to become a great warrior. He was given command of the siege operations before Ostend, in October, 1603, and at once began to make use of newer and more scientific methods, at the same time encouraging his men by the example of his personal skill and bravery. His underground galleries were run first under the outworks, and then under the very bulwarks of the town, so that the besieged themselves had to blow up many parts of the fortifications which had not already yielded to mining and assault. It is no wonder that to contemporary writers the investment of Ostend seemed another and greater siege of Troy, for, one after another, four governors of the town were killed, or desperately wounded. Yet Ostend kept the orange, white, and blue flag flying defiantly. Though provisioned from without, even the very material of fortification failed. Scarcely a house was left, and the bricks, stone, and timber had been used to fill up breaches or make new works. Even the products of graveyards above-soil, and the bodies of the freshly slain, as well as earth, stone, and timber brought in on ships, were utilized. On the other hand, the cannonade

of Spinola seemed to grow more furious, the total number of shots running into hundreds of thousands.

To divert the Spanish army, Maurice, by order of the war committee of the Union, invaded Flanders with the idea of raising the siege of Sluis. Though the Archduke was able to rally his mutinous troops by granting full pardon and arranging for the payment of their wages, so that they could be sent against the stadholder, the latter was, however, able to beat them off. The wretched inhabitants of Sluis having suffered the horrors of famine, surrendered on August 18, 1604. The war committee now ordered the union commanders to raise the siege of Ostend, notwithstanding its lessened importance, but after making cautious preparations to advance, and having been greatly hindered by the bad condition of the roads, which the autumn rains had turned into quagmires, Maurice learned of the surrender of Ostend September 20, 1604, after a siege of eleven hundred and seventy-three days. "The Sand Hill," the key of the whole position, had fallen into the hands of the Spaniard September 13. When the Archduke received his prize, he found only a mass of smouldering ruins. Four million dollars and a hundred thousand lives had been devoted to the capture of this wretched little sand-bank, which to-day is a smiling watering-place where thousands enjoy themselves with summer mirth. For over three years Ostend had occupied the entire Spanish army in the Netherlands, exhausting utterly the resources of Spain, while leaving the Dutch free to increase their wealth and power by trade and commerce, and to concentrate their military forces in one place. It had paid to defend Ostend. The humiliation of Spain was now assured, and the recognition of the Dutch republic became simply a question of time.

CHAPTER V

LOOKING TO THE GREAT TRUCE

Dutch diplomacy and commerce had not been idle during the long siege of this Belgian Troy. Barneveldt and Prince Frederick Henry went promptly to England on the accession of James the First to enlist royal sympathy in aid of the republic, but the prospect was not very promising. This conceited monarch, whose temperament was doubtless moulded by pre-natal influences—his beautiful mother, Mary Queen of Scots, having in her own palace seen her favorite Rizzio murdered and left in his own blood—was excessively timid. He was also narrow-minded, vulgar in manners, and a lover of peace without honor. Being a hearty hater of republicanism, he turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of the Dutch envoys, though he was afterwards to be outwitted and humiliated by the diplomatic talents of Barneveldt, who knew his man to perfection. The Dutchmen thereupon made overtures to the Marquis of Rosny, afterwards Duke of Sully, who was the French ambassador then in England. They pictured the poverty of their fellow countrymen, their great distress through loss of life, their galling taxes, and their general sufferings. Nor is it likely that these leaders of an almost forlorn hope were, as the French ambassador imagined, exaggerating the actual condition of their fellow-countrymen. As matter of fact, the disunion sentiment was very strong, many of the people were tired of the war, and their needs were undeniably great, so that the foreign diplomatists at the Hague were surprised because the republic had, when apparently bankrupt, held out so long. It was the policy of Henry the Fourth of France to keep Eng-

land and Spain at variance, so that the united provinces would not be sacrificed. Barneveldt urged that a French army should be sent to save Ostend, and De Rosny, after liberal promises and gifts to the English nobility, prevailed upon King James to make an alliance with France, which was dated June 25, 1603; but wherein, however, James kept the way open for peace with Spain, promising only indirect aid to the Dutch. Contemptible as such conditional help was, it enabled the pedantic King to interfere in Dutch politics and religion, to meddle even with their universities and professors, to pose as the guardian of religion, and, generally, to cause his name to be everywhere spoken of in the Netherlands with contempt and disgust.

In urging their cause, the Dutch envoys used arguments which then seemed to the authorities in London as but iridescent bubbles or empty dreams. They told of their oriental commerce, which had already begun and which in time was to bring them untold wealth. Already the ships of the republic, which had sailed in 1598 by way of the straits of Magellan and Peru, had reached Japan. Dutch captains had also informed the natives of the Chinese world and the Malay archipelago that Portuguese and Spaniards were not the only white men in Europe, and that they themselves were not pirates, as their rivals in politics and religion had represented them to be to the yellow and brown men at the ends of the earth.

Early in 1602 the Dutch Captain Wolfert Hermann, with five little armed vessels, beat off the fleet of the Portuguese Admiral Mendoza, consisting of twenty-five ships, and opened trade with the King of Bantam. Jacob Heemskerk, with two small ships, captured a great carack on its way to Lisbon, loaded with spices and jewels, and carrying seventeen guns and seventeen hundred men. The King of Atcheen, one of the several petty sovereigns with whom the Dutch had made treaties, sent to Europe two envoys, who were received with great ceremony by Maurice of Nassau, in his camp before the city of Grave. Returning home, the Malay ambassador gave glowing accounts of the rich cities of Holland, the splendid army, and the

great naval power of the republic. Soon the various Dutch trading companies were merged into the general East India Company, which, on the 20th of March, 1602, received a charter conferring a monopoly of oriental trade for twenty-one years. With a capital of over three million dollars, this great corporation was empowered to make treaties, raise armies, build forts, and exercise immense power, subordinate only to the government of the Dutch United States, which it was destined vastly to enrich.

What Barneveldt had foreseen came to pass on the 18th of August, 1604, one month before the surrender of Ostend. King James of England made a treaty with Spain, in which it was stipulated that neither party should assist the other's rebels or enemies, and that Englishmen should have nothing to do with the trade which the Dutch carried on with Spaniards or the Belgic Netherlands. Fearing that James would now develop into an active enemy, the Dutch statesmen plead for help from France, but in vain. The real object of the King of Great Britain was to become a more despotic monarch and to get rid of his parliament. This was a dark hour for the republic. While Spinola seemed to be constantly gaining in skill, Maurice had apparently lost for a time his cunning. Nevertheless, as the tide of fortune ebbed at home, Dutch wealth and power grew in Asia. In 1605 the East India Company captured the island of Amboyna from the Portuguese, gained new allies among the Malay Rajahs, and secured control of the Moluccas, the centre of the spice world, thereby also kindling English jealousy.

In 1605 there was indecisive fighting at Bergen-op-Zoom and Sluis. Spinola, expecting to enter Holland through Utrecht, was foiled by Maurice, who guarded the approaches and prevented his proud enemy from proceeding further than Groenlo and Lochem, in eastern Gelderland. Spinola, however, compelled the surrender of Rheinberg, after a siege of six weeks. Again the patriot cause looked so dark that prominent men openly proposed an accommodation with the Archduke, and once again Barneveldt and Aerssens used all their power to obtain aid from France. Henry the Fourth did not dare to enter

into war with either England or Spain by directly assisting the States. The Dutch people seemed to be at the midnight of hope, but they would not listen to the suggestion of offering the sovereignty to the French King, although they had once begged his predecessor to accept it. Despite their poverty and internal dissensions, they were more sternly republican than ever, and were determined to be their own masters. Fortunately, since the strength of the growing republic consisted largely in the weakness of its enemies, the situation was greatly relieved when another tremendous mutiny among Philip's mercenaries broke out.

Maurice began the siege of Groenlo, but Spinola compelled him to abandon it. The year ended with the young stadholder's military reputation eclipsed by that of the brilliant Italian. But neither party was able to resume hostile operations, and on the slippery heath, at the eastern end of Gelderland, the war of half a century was ended because of mutual exhaustion.

While on land military events had been indecisive, the Dutch were strengthening their power on the sea, and this not only in the Indian Ocean among the Portuguese possessions, but also on the Atlantic. The Dutch men-of-war began to search for the Spanish plate fleets coming from America, and, nearer home, to intercept war supplies for the obedient provinces. On one occasion, Reynier Claaszoon, the Zeelander, sent out to overhaul a Portuguese fleet on its return from the East, met the eight great galleons of the enemy off Cape Vincent. He was deserted by his chief, with the other ships of the republic, who feared to give battle against overwhelming odds; but he began the fight. Admiral Hautain with five vessels came to his aid, but soon afterwards drew off again under cover of the night. Claaszoon, after his ship had been dismasted, nailed his colors to the stump, and for two days and nights kept up a fight with the eighteen vessels of the enemy, refusing all offers of surrender or mercy. As the hulk was sinking he knelt with his sixty fellow survivors in prayer to God, and then fired the powder magazine. Two mangled sailors, fished up out of the

sea by the Spaniards, told the story, and defied their foes until death made them silent.

The next year, on the 25th of April, 1607, the war was carried into Africa. When, in 805 A.D., Tarik the Saracen crossed from the Dark Continent to plant the crescent flag in Europe, he named that great rock, which in the ancient world of thought formed one of the pillars of Hercules, after himself, Gib-al-Tarik, or Gibraltar, and here the orange, white, and blue flag was destined to win fresh glory. Jacob Heemskerk, the Arctic explorer, with his fleet of twenty-six vessels, encountered the much heavier force of Juan d'Avila, consisting of twenty-one ships, sheltered under the fortresses on the frowning cliff. But so splendid was the seamanship of the Dutch, and so terrific was their cannonade, that all the Spanish galleons were soon burned or sunk, except the flag-ship St. Augustine, which was captured. A Dutch trumpeter climbed up the rigging, and having hauled down the admiral's pennon set the hulk adrift. The Dutchmen mercilessly slaughtered their enemies whether on deck or in the water. Rage became fury when they discovered their countrymen chained on board the Spanish vessels and also found among the Spanish Admiral's papers from Madrid, one signed "I, the King," which commanded the infliction of all possible cruelties upon captives. In this battle the gallant Heemskerk was slain. His funeral at Amsterdam was made a gorgeous pageant at the expense of the state—a unique honor.

Michael de Ruyter, the boy in whom Dutch sea-power was to find its supreme incarnation, was born March 24, 1607, one month before this battle of Gibraltar. In a cradle at Flushing was being rocked a new treasure for the nation, while there rose at Amsterdam the Oude Kerk, a gorgeous monument to the memory of that brave sailor who, having twice borne the republic's flag through icy seas as pathfinder to the Orient, at last annihilated the sea-power of the owner of the Indies. This naval victory made Philip and the Spanish cabinet quite ready to open negotiations for peace with the "men of butter," who fed their cows on the ocean's bottom, lived on top of forests

planted downward, who had turned a mudhole into a garden, and who had proved themselves men of iron.

Active war operations had now continued nearly forty years, and both sides desired peace. With an empty treasury Spain could no longer continue the fight; and neither France nor England would help in strangling the republic. On the other hand, among the Dutch it was uncertain how long the Catholic provinces would pay their war taxes, while there was also a steadily growing alienation between Maurice and Barneveldt and the tendencies which each represented. Barneveldt impersonated the municipal spirit, with its jealousy of centralized power. He and his supporters were aristocratic in their tastes and feelings, and cared comparatively little, personally or politically, for the common people. They magnified state and local pride, loved trade with its accompanying wealth and luxury, and disliked war with its great expense and risk. This party feared that the Dutch people, led by Maurice, would be dazzled by military success and more and more would yearn for glory in arms. This would not only jeopard federal government, but might, in case of defeat, make the republic a mere dependency of France.

On the other hand, the Dutch common people had imbibed the idea that they were something more than mere groups of human beings associated as municipal and state units. They felt that they were no longer Hollanders, Frisians, Zeelanders, and Groningeners, but that they were Dutchmen. They believed in absolute independence and wanted nothing more to do with kings or emperors, unless these accepted office as a sacred trust and became not merely the rulers but also the servants of the Dutch people. They believed in a strong war policy, because they thought that nothing else would give them nationality and freedom. They supported every measure calculated to injure Spain, and hence were heartily in favor of naval prowess, of colonization, of exploration and discovery. It was not only the office-holders and the sailors and soldiers, but also the East India Company, that made up the war party, which was powerfully reinforced and

kept alive by the pastors of that stronghold of democracy, the Reformed Church.

Calvinism is always democratic, always in favor of popular education and popular rights. It teaches that every true Christian is a prophet, priest, and king unto God; that the poorest and humblest soul is a man, by nature a sinner before God, but by divine grace a son; and a king is nothing more. Logically and as a matter-of-course, the Dutch Calvinists, both clerical and lay, were hearty adherents of the war policy. They wanted peace, but only with honor and liberty, and they were ready to sacrifice their last stiver to win. Maurice was at the head of this powerful party, not merely because he was ambitious and his abilities and tastes were those of a soldier, but also because he was a Calvinist and in sympathy with the hopes and ambitions of the people—especially when these coincided with his own.

The weak King of Spain, Philip the Third, absorbed in the delights of spectacular worship and the effeminate pleasures of the court, was only too ready to listen to the appeals for peace of his poorly supported general, Spinola. Early in April, 1607, envoys from the two countries agreed to suspend hostilities for eight months, beginning with the 4th of May. Both the British and the French ministers at the Hague assisted in the peace negotiations, which, however, were hardly made before fresh intrigues for and against their continuation were begun in the republic; on the one hand by Barneveldt, who wished for a long truce; and on the other by Maurice, who hoped for a speedy renewal of hostilities. The breach widened between the old statesman, who was freely accused of selling out to Spain, and the young general, who was charged with aspiring to the sovereignty.

Barneveldt's superior craft in controlling the town and city governments won the day. The peace negotiations were renewed. On the last day of January, 1608, when the canals of Holland were frozen over, so that men were compelled to travel on sledges, the Spanish envoys, among whom was the brilliant Spinola, arrived in the Hague, led by Richardot. Maurice, William Louis, and other Dutch

dignitaries went out to meet them. Spinola and Maurice, like brothers, rode in a coach together. As soon as the peace-congress was opened inside the legislative chambers overlooking the Binnenhof and the Vijver, a war of pamphlets, placards, and caricatures began between the partisans of the war-lord and the civilian. Barneveldt was called a tool of Spain, and charged with having received bribes from Spinola. In his indignation, Barneveldt resigned, but was prevailed upon to resume office again. Their naval victories and a fresh alliance which they succeeded in making with England emboldened the Dutch, but the Spanish envoys stubbornly refused to yield the freedom of the seas and of trade with the Indies, or to recognize the rights of the Dutch government to regulate the public exercise of the Roman form of Christianity within the united provinces.

The negotiations were broken off by the Dutch, August 20, 1608, when they discovered that the King of Spain, in order to alienate France from the republic, had offered the Crown Prince of Spain in marriage to King Henry's oldest daughter. In the marriage market of Europe, princes and princesses were simply the pawns which crowned politicians used in playing the game of statecraft. War again seemed imminent.

The English and French ambassadors now made proposals of a truce for several years, but Zeeland, Amsterdam, and Delft so strongly opposed the proposition that threats were even made of secession from the Union, but the skilful envoys carried the day. The religious question was settled in favor of the Dutch, who reserved the right to regulate the public processions and demonstrations of the Roman Catholics, while in the treaty documents they modified the title of the States-General from Noble and Mighty Lords to that of High Mightinesses. Actually the Dutch won all for which they contended—the regulation of popular religious demonstrations, trade in the eastern seas, and national independence. After the Chinese fashion of "saving the face" of a thing, Spanish pride was humored by having no direct mention made in the treaty of several of the most important points

gained. The guarantors of the truce were England and France.

Thus after twenty-eight months of tedious negotiation and the consumption of an enormous amount of ink, paper, parchment, and wax, the great truce was signed. The stadholder had been won over by the brilliant diplomatist Jeannin, the accomplished envoy of Henry the Fourth. The States-General agreed to reward Maurice for his past services and for his loss of command in war, by paying him the princely salary of one hundred and fifty thousand guilders a year, while all the illustrious members of the House of Orange were richly pensioned or rewarded. The envoy Jeannin was acting for his master, who hoped to control the republic through the House of Orange. Barneveldt, who was thought by his enemies to have looked with jealousy upon this action of the States-General, opposed with all his might a further proposal of Jeannin to have a council of state created in which the British and French ambassadors should sit as members. Barneveldt, who was first of all opposed to any increase of the stadholder's power, and was withal the determined foe of foreign influence in the national councils, defeated the project.

A little over one year after the signing of the truce the dagger of Ravaillac had removed from earth the noble soul of King Henry the Fourth of France. During the truce neither Spinola nor Maurice attacked each other, though there were hostilities in the German territory in 1610 and 1614, in which both Spinola and Maurice seized a number of cities.

CHAPTER VI

CALVINIST AND ARMINIAN

PHILIP THE THIRD OF SPAIN had been led to grant the truce, because his spiritual advisers assured him that no sooner would the Dutch heretics be freed from the presence of Spanish armies than they would tear each other to pieces in their controversies. All too soon, the Spanish papists were able to gloat over the fierce dissensions which they saw breaking out in the Protestant Netherlands.

In the obedient provinces, religious bigotry and oppression were to continue. Foreign dominion paralyzed the national spirit, but progress in industry and increase in agricultural wealth made ordinary life comfortable. Though there was scarcely a Belgian ship upon the sea, the natural fertility of the soil and the genius of the people for patient toil and their love of the picturesque asserted itself. A brilliant line of painters and architects made the southern Low Countries the home of art and literature. The land of Rubens became the delight of tourists and travellers.

In the Dutch United States the great and ever vital principles of harmony between the centrifugal and centripetal principles of government, between state rights and national supremacy, between secession and federal union, were to be discussed and come to issue without costly civil war or much bloodshed, though not without some victims to popular frenzy. The problems and dangers of federal government are not those of monarchies; but whereas, in the same case of the American republic in 1861 the pretext for secession was African slavery, in the Dutch union of states it was theology, though the real questions at issue in both were the right of secession from

the Union which had made a nation, and whether there should be a real federal republic, or only the shadow of one with a stadholder as autocrat.

On the one side were the men of law, of parchment, of precedents, who claimed to have the constitutional argument all on their own side. These demanded a literal and close construction of the Union of Utrecht and vindication of local rights, of the cities and the provinces, as guaranteed by charter and interpreted not by new light or fresh experiences, but by old precedents. These men, the lawyers, burghers, and city magistrates, formed the aristocratic party, caring little either for the peasantry, the sailors, or the common people generally. In the eyes of the men who held to state sovereignty—the Barneveldians—the common people had few rights which the magistrates and burghers were bound to respect. They believed in peace, commerce, and the right of each particular province to control religion. In a word, to the unprejudiced student their opinions present a curious compound of ultra-conservatism and liberalism. Their idea of government seemed to be little better than that of a monarchy comminuted and distributed—a multitude of petty sovereigns ruling by their wealth and aristocratic power the mass of the people.

On the other hand were the people at large and their religious and military teachers, powerfully reinforced by other educated men whose minds were ruled less by precedent than by the teachings of experience. They believed that in the absence of the land's lord, or master, of old feudal days, sovereignty belonged to the people of the land, and that authority resided in the people who had become a nation by standing shoulder to shoulder against the inquisition, the Pope, and the armies of the King of Spain. The Dutch people believed that revolution had been forced on them from without. New life gave new power, and so they fiercely opposed the idea that a local body of magistrates, or a provincial government, should regulate conscience or religion. They had not yet reached that point of view from which it may be seen that, in the divorce of statecraft and priestcraft, of ecclesiasticism and

politics, there is ever the best guarantee of pure religion, sound progress, and good government. Nor had they yet clearly discriminated between the form and the spirit of true religion — between the life which is more than the meat and the body which is more than the raiment. To them, religion was the Reformed body of doctrine and order, and the Reformed religion was Calvinism, and only that.

All churches, except those of the Independents and Anabaptists — spiritual ancestors of the majority of English-speaking Christians — were then national, and the majority of the Dutch people believed that the religion of a nation should be decided in national council with national authority. The old formula of mediæval Europe, *ejus regio cujus religio*, was still observed, but in the Calvinist's eye the sovereign was now the people—the nation; while the men in the state-right party held that each state, representing the cities, was sovereign, and not the people. The Dutch people believed, further, that freedom, both political and religious, could be obtained only by victory over Spain and complete defiance of her power. Hence, though they had no special liking for war and found its burdens almost intolerable, they were in favor of renewing the struggle when the truce was over. They looked towards Maurice, the stadholder, as the incarnation of the idea of nationality, of religion, and of democracy.

In studying the history of the Netherlands, religion and politics, or rather ecclesiasticism and state-craft, cannot be separated. So, having considered the political formation of the country, let us now glance at the religion of the Dutchmen and the origin and formation of religious parties, and discover how was begun that sectarian strife which, joined with politics, so powerfully influenced public opinion in favor of a renewal of the war.

Christianity when entering the Netherlands did not obliterate, but, while modifying, only intensified the race-traits of the Teutonic portions of the people. Their sturdy independence and their intellectual freedom were but slightly restrained. The native of the morass and heath, of town and city, never yielded the right of private judg-

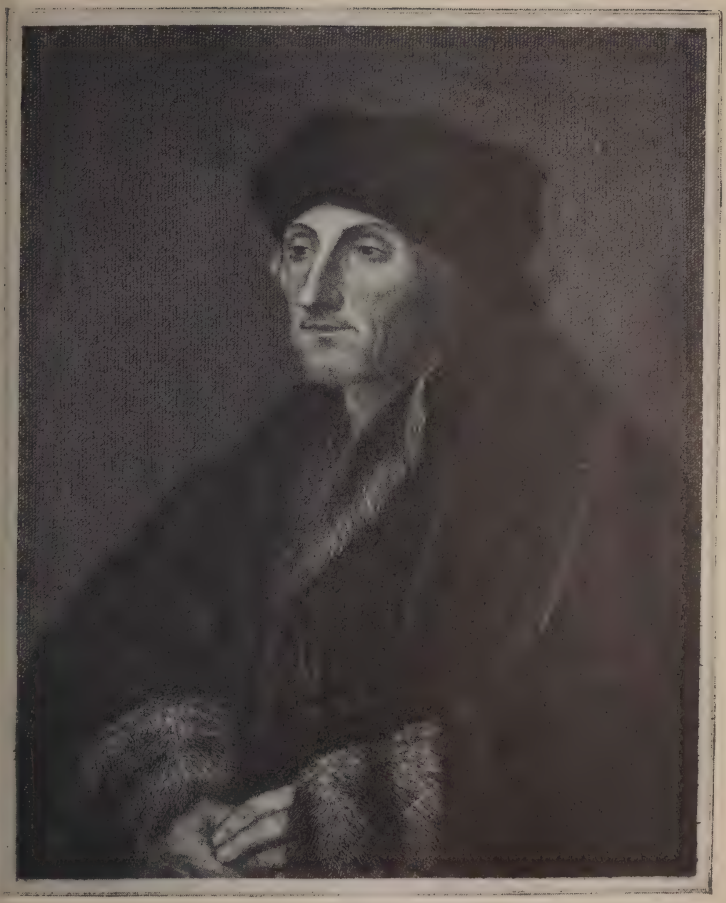
ment, except partially or temporarily. The missionaries who brought the knowledge of Christ did not come directly from Rome, but from Britain and Ireland. When, later, the British bishop Winfrid or Boniface became one of the political and ecclesiastical partisans of the Bishop of Rome, and returning to Friesland attempted to bring the Christian churches into thorough-going obedience to the Latin prelate, there were prompt reaction and determined resistance. Historians who believe that the church founded by Him whose kingdom is not of this world ought to be a great political corporation, with graded offices and a despotic head like an Oriental potentate, have been only too ready to characterize this reaction as "pagan." In reality, the uprising in which Boniface was slain at Dokkum, in Friesland, was a patriotic or national movement, which asserted native rights against foreign priestcraft. All through the Middle Ages there was intense and active protest against the continuing usurpations of the bishop, who had his seat by the banks of the Tiber, and of his servants. The northern Netherlanders in being Christianized refused to become hopelessly Romanized.

The southern Netherlanders, having more of Celtic blood and Celtic traits of character, were earlier Christianized, and also earlier Romanized. There was a Frankish church in Utrecht, in A.D. 720, though Christian worship had been celebrated there before that time. Utrecht became what it may still be called, the ecclesiastical capital of the Northern Netherlands. Yet, down to the time of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second, there was but one bishopric north of the Scheldt, while there were three in the Southern Netherlands. It was in the north on the banks of the Ijssel river, in the town of Deventer, where, under Gerhard Groote, began that fraternity of the Brothers of the Common Life, from which proceeded the impulse to popular education and the free instruction of the poor. Their work and influence resulted in the establishment of schools throughout the Low Countries and in the formation of that public opinion which in the towns called for and created public schools sustained by taxation. These public schools were free to the little ones of those

unable to pay, and open for nominal tuition fees to the children and youth of the burghers.* Out of these schools came those harbingers of the Reformation, Thomas à Kempis, whose world-influencing book, *The Imitation of Christ*, tends to the cultivation of the soul without priest, or altar, or hierarchy; Zerbolt who labored to have the Bible and devotional books expressed in the common people's Dutch speech; Wessel Gansvort, forerunner in thought of Zwingli and Luther, who believed with the Church but not in her; Erasmus, the father of modern biblical criticism and the pioneer of Bible societies; and a host of lesser stars. The Netherlands, soon becoming the printing-office of Europe, began to supply the demand already created by the intellectual movements abroad, while also leading all other countries in the number of editions of the New Testament and of the Holy Bible printed in the language of the people. When, therefore, those sacred writings, having ceased to be merely a national literature in possession of the Rabbins, or the mystery in a dead language of a mediæval learned caste, got into the hands of the people, they became a tremendous engine for the overthrow of privilege, monopoly, and hereditary power, both ecclesiastical and critical. The old face of society must needs be changed.

Earlier than the Zwinglian, Lutheran, or Calvinistic movements was that of the Bible-readers or Brethren, nicknamed Anabaptists. These not only protested against pope and king, but against all monopoly of power in the hands of a few. The democratic movement coming into contact with the churches having political force, whether of Rome or of the Reformation, overflowed Switzerland, and flowed through Germany into the Netherlands. The seed sown found a most congenial soil in Frisia and other provinces. The first wave of the Dutch Reformation was wrought by putting the Bible into the hands of the people. It was these plain peasants, mechanics, traders, and common folks, upon whom knights and soldiers and

* *Verhandeling over de Broederschap von G. Groote en over den Infloed der Fraterhuizen.* E. H. M. Delprat, Arnhem, 1856.



ERASMUS

the rich merchants looked with profound contempt, that first made the Netherlands Protestant. On the foundations laid by them, the Lutherans and Calvinists were able to build. The idea that religion should be a thing between the individual man and God, and need not be associated with a great corporation that included thrones and governments, with their sources of wealth and channels of power through the sword and the treasury, seemed to the men of privilege to be sheer insanity. It is not difficult to see why the Anabaptists, or Mennonites, as they were called in the Netherlands when organized by Menno Simons—without the mention of whose name and influence no true history of the Dutch Republic can be written—were hated by all average men of the sixteenth century, but were beloved and honored by great souls like William of Orange. Menno Simons's fundamental teaching was based on a holy life, as taught in primitive Christianity, before the church had any union with secular powers, or had built great edifices of dogma. The Mennonites' spiritual reformation was mistaken for anarchy.

Historic science shows that, first of all, the Dutch people were converted to the Reformed faith through the so-called Anabaptists.* It was these despised congregations of believers who furnished the first martyr in the Netherlands, Willem Dirks; and of those slain in the seventeen provinces for conscience' sake the majority were of these churches of Christ in which Menno is the shining name.†

The second movement in the Dutch Reformation came through the gate of Augsburg. The Lutheran writings and doctrines were read and studied by monks and priests,

* *Geschiedenis der Kerkhervorming in Nederland van haar ontstaan tot* 1531, door Dr. J. G. de Hoop Scheffer, Amsterdam, 1873.

† The ground-thought from which Menno proceeded was not, as with Luther, justification by faith; or, as with the Swiss reformers, the absolute dependence of the sinner upon God in the work of salvation. The holy Christian life, in opposition to worldliness, was the point whence Menno proceeded, and to which he always returned. In the Romish church we see the ruling spirit of Peter; in the Reformed Evangelical, of Paul; in Menno we see rise again that of James the Just, the brother of the Lord.

by merchants and the well-to-do classes; and a strong party, not numerically great but very influential, made the Netherlands Protestant in Luther's way.

Third, and greatest of all, was the reformatory wave which came in through the Geneva gate. The men trained under Calvin entered into the southern provinces, while those taught by À'Lasco came in from the north-east. Especially in the south, singing Marot's psalms as they met in the open fields by the thousands, and listening to the fiery and uplifting sermons of men who knew their Bible, the Calvinists found in the system of truth presented by their preachers, and as elaborated by Calvin and Beza, a message from God that seemed to satisfy the deepest yearnings of their nature, while it made them fear no mortal man. It was as though one born with all longings for the enjoyment of the richest music were suddenly ushered into a great cathedral filled with the harmonies of organs touched by master-hands.

Calvinism means reality in religion. Whatever it may be now, mummied in cases of words, that hold death instead of life; whatever it may be now, lacking the genius, fervor, and power of men unable to make verbal statements that shall fit science, which now is more deterministic and has more of the spirit and method of the great realist and investigator than even the church dogmas; whatever it may be in the hands of despots and self-seekers, whether in church or state, Calvinism so-called was a world-moving system of thought.

Whether in the hands of Paul, of Augustine, or of Calvin, the theologian, republican, and popular educator in Geneva, a system which supremely honors God and at once exalts and abases the humblest man is sure to turn upsidedown any world built by priest and king. This is true democracy, that in its ken kings, popes, bishops, and men of all classes are but sinful creatures on an equal level, while the peasant and the boer may be the very elect of God, and priests and kings unto Him—all mankind in sin, God alone sovereign and merciful. Of necessity, such a system requires and compels intelligence, thought, self-sacrifice, courage, tenacity, and perseverance,

and therefore becomes the mother of popular rights and education, of schools and colleges, of beautiful family and civic life. Militant Calvinism creates brave warriors and superb armies.

The Dutch are very different in temperament, tastes, and character from the Germans, and never in all their history did they show these differences more than in rejecting Lutheranism and accepting Calvinism.

But, like all other engines of power, Calvinism may become the means of oppression, bigotry, and iniquity. Paulinism, when carried to an extreme and expressed in forms of human authority, without regard to other truths and opinions, bred heresy-hunters, inquisitors, and bigots. Augustinism, when continuing and exaggerating Paulinism, nursed the usurpation of the Bishop of Rome, and formed the great ecclesiastical machine with its inquisition, producing such servants as the mediæval popes and cardinals, Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second. In Protestant countries, Calvinism—which is Paulinism and Augustinism put into a new engine—shows that, like some other good and great things in the world, it is not proof against perversion. Its professors have at times demanded that human sacrifices be offered on the Moloch of their private and corporate opinions. From the burning of Anabaptists by the thousands, Romish monks and nuns by the score, and the Socinian individual at Geneva, down to our anachronistic heresy-trials and condemnations, Calvinism has upon it, despite its otherwise noble and clear record, stains of cruelty and intolerance which, not greatly different in kind from those of Islam or Anglicanism, arise from human passions cloaking themselves under the plea of service to God. On the other hand, among all races and on all continents, arbitrary force in religion is followed by various protestantisms.

What actually happened in the Dutch republic during the Great Truce had been clearly foreseen by the theologians of the Roman church. They sincerely hoped that the æon-old controversies over dogma and church-government would break out in fresh forms and tear the Protestant republic to pieces, so that Philip and the Pope

could step in and rule again. And this great rent in the Reformed faith, as many a Spaniard delighted to notice, began in the University of Leyden, of which William the Silent, the arch-heretic and rebel, was the father.

Jacob Harmensen, whose name in Latin is Arminius, and who was born at Oudewater in 1560, became a declared enemy of the Aristotelian philosophy while he was yet a student. After studying in Geneva under Beza, he returned to his native country less a Calvinist than a Christian. He saw the danger of perverting vital truths into stiff dogmatism and partisan tendencies. Appointed preacher in Amsterdam, where D. V. Coornheert, the man of letters, had attacked the doctrine of predestination, Harmensen was invited to refute the writings of this layman. Urged on by Lydius of Franeker, he took up the task even while the controversy was raging between the supra-lapsarians and infra-lapsarians. While pondering the questions he became convinced that the Calvinistic doctrines of predestination and grace, as then taught, were the extreme statements of one form of truth, and not the expression of reality. Nevertheless, he was appointed Professor of Theology in the University of Leyden. Soon he and those who thought with him were called Remonstrants, because they remonstrated against the extreme Calvinistic view, while those who maintained the extreme Calvinistic views were called Contra-Remonstrants.

In one sense this was the breaking-out afresh of the conflict between the opinions held by Calvin himself and those maintained by Zwingli, whose views have developed into what are thought to be more liberal forms. It was but the Dutch phase of that problem of the ages in the discussion of which the Pelagians and Jansenists in the Roman Catholic church, the strict Lutherans, and the followers of Melancthon in Germany, have demonstrated the limits of the human intellect. By the year 1603, when Harmensen was made professor in Leyden, the Dutch Protestants were mostly Calvinists, as that word was then generally used, though different shades of opinion prevailed among them. By this time, also, many of the Lutherans,

Anabaptists, and followers of Zwingli had entered the national Reformed church. Their belief was formulated in the mild, sweet, and scriptural, but, in the eyes of extremists, rather vague Heidelberg Catechism, which, unlike some of the other and even later Protestant creeds, was based upon proof-texts drawn, for the most part, from the New Testament instead of from the Old.

On the other hand, Francis Gomaer, who Latinized his name as Gomarus, born at Bruges in 1563, and made Professor of Divinity in Leyden in 1594, was the leader of the severe Calvinistic party. He opposed the Remonstrants with virulence and intolerance. His followers found their expression of divine truth in the acute, but rigid and intense, Belgic Confession, which had been written by Guido de Bres, whom the Spaniards beheaded after the siege of Valenciennes. In 1604 Gomarus and Arminius fell into disagreement, and, the controversy having taken on large proportions, a general synod was talked of as early as 1606; but no form of public disputation was held until 1608. On the 19th of October, 1609, six months after the signing of the Great Truce, Arminius died. His was a meek Christian spirit, and Grotius, who thought with him, says of Arminius, "Condemned by others, he condemned none."

The decease of a man is not the death of his thought. Arminius had been simply the exponent of a school representing the opposite extreme of equally good truth held by those who were unable to see, as Augustine and John Calvin saw, into those questions which perhaps will never be settled on earth; for the problem of the divine sovereignty and the freedom of the human will, if not insoluble, has certainly yet shown no solution in human thought.

Yet, as certainly as Calvin's system of dogma underwent modifications and internal development, so Arminianism, when discussed by the nation at large, experienced changes and growth. Instead of being a mere philosophic discussion, it became an assertion in the realm of theology of universal grace and conditional election. Then began a great liberalizing of religion and of

morals, and the shaping of new political forces. The Anabaptists had been so reorganized by Menno Simons that the pietistic, peaceable, and unworldly features of their discipline had almost excluded all liberalizing phases and reforming tendencies, which, however, under the influence of the new system called Arminianism reasserted themselves.

The movement begun in Leyden soon extended far beyond the learned classes, and took powerful hold of the people, and when, in 1610, the followers of Arminius presented their "Remonstrance" to the legislatures of Holland and West Friesland, the term "Remonstrants" came into common use. Their Remonstrance contained the Five Articles which, afterwards controverted, offset, and condemned at the National Synod in Dordrecht by five responsive canons—stated in a form so extreme that it is not at all certain that Calvin himself would have approved of them—became the celebrated "Five Points of Calvinism." When the Gomarists presented their Contra-Remonstrance, in which the expressions were very much less moderate, the controversy already began to disclose elements of bitterness. The new party-name, "Contra-Remonstrants," was soon current. When, as was soon noticed and as was almost inevitable in the hastily forced and not yet matured constitution of the Republic, these two sets of theological disputants were also becoming two political parties, and were looking in final appeal to the might of the law, or even perchance to the sword, the enemies of republican government all over Europe exulted. Those who had long hoped for the triumph of self-government grieved.

As the controversy deepened and began to take on proportions that showed that not only the province of Holland but the whole Republic would be involved, it was evident that the question which touched man on all sides of his nature was not only a theological and political one, but was also a social one as well. The burghers, the rich merchants, the magistrates, and the noble families forming the aristocratic republican party were for the most part Arminians. They formed the majority of the middle

class, and had almost wholly the monopoly of wealth and civil office. For the most part they were men of commerce and of affairs, having knowledge of the world in general. They did not want a king who might be a despot; neither did they want the people to rule. They loved power, wealth, and splendor, and what seemed to them liberality of thought and freedom of opinion. They believed in government by aristocracy—that is, by the best—and they wanted an aristocratic republic in which the people should be ruled by the best families, and where questions of Church should be settled by the State and by the magistrates.

On the other hand, the soldiers and sailors, the peasantry and people of handicraft and small trade, and the clergy of the Reformed church forming the stadholderal and democratic party, were almost wholly Contra-Remonstrants or Calvinists. Theologically, they were intensely in earnest, believing that the *Institutes* of Calvin were the best expression of Divine truth. Their dogmatics were a composite of Greek philosophy, Roman logic and forms of order, cemented by scripture phraseology, with great emphasis laid on the Old Testament as a rule of conduct—all infused with not a little of the general spirit of the old church out of which they had come. Their belief in the divine sovereignty and in unconditional predestination was quick and powerful. Religion and politics in their eyes were one and indistinguishable. They believed that as Christian men were elect of God from all eternity, being kings and priests unto Him, and therefore all alike in His sight, the government should be that of the people—a majority of the nation. They argued that the Dutch people were not merely certain groups of political units, but that their calling of God and their experience had made them a nation, who should have but one religion, and that religion founded, as they believed, on the word of God—the Bible; and that the visible expression of this religion should be in the form of a church which, while allowing toleration to other Christians and forms of belief, should give or permit no state aid to any other church or denomination. These Contra-Remon-

strants believed that their country was the child of the Reformation and their government the product of the Reformed church, and, therefore, that politics should be subordinate to religion, the State to the Church. To the Calvinists, the idea of matters of faith being ordered by the State instead of by the Church seemed to be but the restoration of Cæsarism or the papacy in the Fatherland, which, by God's help, and through faith, courage, and their own good swords, they had won from the Spaniards.

CHAPTER VII

MAURICE AND BARNEVELDT

In the great conflict of opinion during the Great Truce, each of the opposing parties was led by a man who was the very incarnation of those tendencies of the age which he represented.

On the one hand was Joan van Olden Barneveldt, who was born at Amersfoort, September 14, 1547, and had been educated in the best schools of the Southern Netherlands as well as in those of Germany and Italy. His training in political life had been obtained in the various offices of municipal magistrate, pensionary of Rotterdam, advocate of Holland, and member of the states of Holland, of the States-General, and of the Union War Committee. He was a life-long opponent of Spain, and as an envoy had been repeatedly sent to foreign lands in behalf of the Republic. He was indeed a true patriot, and as a statesman he had no peer among his contemporaries in Europe. He understood manifold human nature, whether it were of the variety found on thrones and inside of lace and velvet, or of the kind that toils in the bogs, the furrows, and the workshops. He had no particular love or regard for the common people, but rather held in contempt the plain folks who constituted the majority of the nation, yet he never fawned on royalty, and he made use of monarchs only to advance the interests of his state and country. He was a man of amazing industry, penetration, and power. He concerned himself with every kind of public business. He was the embodiment of the traditions and ideas of the burgher. He believed in an aristocratic republic made great and strong by industry and commerce,

with a rich and varied life made beautiful by mutual toleration. He was already alarmed at tendencies which seemed likely to result in monarchy. Despite the charges of his enemies, Barneveldt's political life, like his private career, appears to have been spotless.

Barneveldt probably held no religious opinions that could be formulated into a system. His creed was but another form of agnosticism. His motto, which can as surely be and has been made the engine of despotism and oppression as the stiffest dogmatism can become, was *Nil scire tutissima fides* (Not to know anything is the safest faith). Like the great William and his son Maurice, he counselled and demanded toleration even for the Anabaptists. Up to a certain point, also, he seems not to have been willing to give his personal religious opinions, or rather lack of them, a political form. On the contrary, perhaps, we may say, his long experience as a statesman trained him to look at the political side of a question as being the supreme one, and this prevented him from seeing in the disputes then raging among the Gomarists and Arminians any other than political issues. It seems certain that he did not at first encourage the Arminians or take any side with them ; but when the disputants came before the states of Holland he counselled peace and patience, and then secured an order forbidding all discussions. When, however, the Gomarists in Holland seemed to set themselves in opposition to the government, Barneveldt began steadily to exert his influence, which was tremendous, in favor of the Remonstrant party, who thereupon were delighted because they were so powerfully reinforced.

On the other hand was Maurice, the stadholder, who incarnated the idea of union and nationality. A consummate soldier, he was no theologian, nor was he versed in the mysteries of statecraft. His admirers believe that he was devout, and that his faith was real. His patriotism was beyond cavil. He inherited from his mother, Anna of Saxony, certain sinister physical propensities which he indulged freely. He was not a man of shining morals, and his example of impurity outraged the laws of God

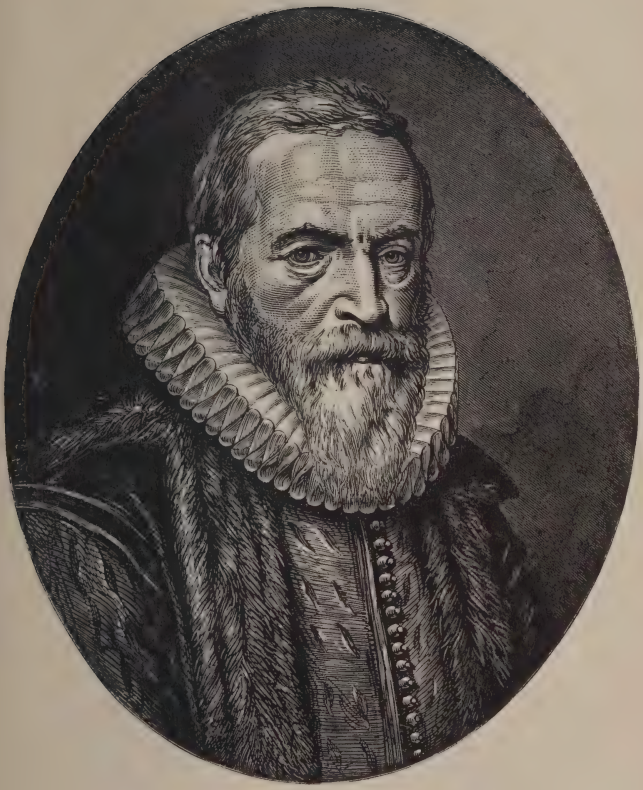
and man. His mental organization was sluggish in its movement and he made up his mind to action very slowly. Outside of the theatre of war, it was only after having carefully weighed the reasons for and against, and having surveyed the whole situation, that he could be induced to advance. In the earlier part of his career, when the friendship between the statesman and the warrior was close and warm, he was almost wholly dependent upon Barneveldt for political advice and direction. From the time, however, when Barneveldt, influencing the States of Holland and the national War Committee, had ordered Maurice, against his judgment as a soldier, to advance into Flanders, there had begun to grow up an alienation between the two, which had greatly increased by the time the negotiations looking to the Great Truce had begun. When the theological controversy broke out, the questions involved were too subtle to be mastered by this young soldier, who was more at home on horseback and in the trenches than among texts and manuscripts. His friend and pastor, Domine Uytenbogaert, was an Arminian scholar and preacher.

As soon as the controversy assumed a political phase, Maurice saw the real issues at stake more clearly. His sympathies, however, were not with states or sections, but with the people at large. He was a nationalist of the first order. He believed that the Dutch had become a nation, and that they wanted the question of independence settled once and forever by again fighting Spain at home and by assaulting her power on the sea, by planting colonies in America and elsewhere, and by doing whatever else would humble their giant enemy and make the nation glorious. When he found that he must, probably against his will or desire, take action even to the drawing of his sword, his closest political adviser was his cousin, William Louis, the stadholder of Friesland, of whom he took frequent counsel.

The union of interests between Great Britain and the Republic being so close, and the question disturbing the Dutch being precisely one that appealed to the conceited and pedantic nature of the Scottish King in London, this

royal intermeddler now began to make his power felt. He did this in such a way that, while it disgusted the Hollanders, it gave Barneveldt the opportunity which he coveted and of which he was not slow as a patriot to make use. The Holland burgher soon had King James made the laughing-stock of Europe, first, by drawing forth from him those famous letters which seemed to give the royal approval of the Remonstrant dogma and policy, and, secondly, by outwitting him in a sharp bargain. Sharing the fear of his countrymen that the English King would sell out to Spain, and deliver up the three cautionary towns, Flushing, Brill, and Rammekens, held as security for loans made by Queen Elizabeth — since James was trying to arrange a marriage between his oldest son and the Infanta — Barneveldt determined to take advantage of the situation. Now that Cecil was dead, and James Stuart was trying to get along without the nation's parliament, and therefore wanted money, Barneveldt cajoled him into a bargain, over which all Europe laughed.

By this treaty of 1615 the Dutch regained, June 11, 1616, their three towns held in pawn, got the King's ambassador put out of their Council of State, greatly curtailed British influence, consolidated the power of the Republic, and cancelled the whole debt of nearly four millions of dollars, or ten million gilders, by paying only one-third of this sum. Nevertheless, this act of a great patriot, as viewed by his enemies at the time, seemed to be a proof that Barneveldt was being bribed by Spain, or at least made a tool of; while at the same time against himself and the Republic King James became angry and bitter, especially as he had ceased to be of prime importance to the Dutchmen, who, as they now had little need of him, feared him less and less. The angry monarch recalled Winwood, his ambassador, and in 1616 appointed in his place Sir Dudley Carleton, who, like Winwood, by his master's orders, at once espoused the cause of the Contra-Remonstrants and became a bitter opponent of Barneveldt. Further, the royal intermeddler had Professor Conrad Vorstius, who in 1611 had been appointed the successor of Arminius in the University of Leyden,



BARNEVELDT

condemned as a heretic and expelled. Professors Simon Bischop (or Episcopius) and John Polyander succeeded to the chairs of Arminius and Gomarus.

Meanwhile the excitement over the questions at issue continued to increase. Maurice, under the exhortations of his cousin, William Louis, the stadholder of Friesland, of his brother-in-law, the Duke of Bouillon, and of Francis Aerssens, became openly the head of the Contra-Remonstrants. The popular cry, "Spanje—Oranje" (Orange or Spain), was being everywhere raised. Daily the currents of politics and theology flowed more closely and indistinguishably together. The popular party had the tremendous advantage of a great battle-cry. Soon Maurice gave indications of his future course by writing, "There are two factions in the land, that of Orange and that of Spain, and the two chiefs of the Spanish faction are those political and priestly Arminians, Uytenbogaert and Oldenbarneveldt." The Contra-Remonstrants had been treated roughly by the Remonstrants, and in some of the towns were obliged to hold services outside of the churches controlled by them. Now, instead of meeting in barns and private houses, the Calvinists clamored for their rights and demanded churches. At the capital, the Contra-Remonstrants worshipped in the house of Enoch Much, and afterwards in the Gasthuis church. The young and strong among the Hague people, in order to hear sound doctrine preached, had to walk out to Rijswijk, and so they were called "Mud Beggars."

Maurice determined that they should have a church edifice. The stadholder had all along worshipped at the Great Church, which had now become too small to contain the collegiate pastors, Rosaeus and Uytenbogaert, of whom the first, being a Calvinist, advocated a national synod, and the other, being an Arminian, opposed it, to the offence of Maurice. The Cloister Church, which had formerly been an ancient convent, and, later, a cannon foundry, was, with the approval of Maurice, requested for worship in March, 1617. It was the duty of the magistrates to put in order and furnish the interior, for at this time a building or room fitted up and free of rent

was everywhere in the Republic allowed to any congregation of the Reformed religion requesting one for such a purpose. Everywhere the privilege was availed of except in Leyden, where the English Separatists would accept no political favors nor favor any union of religion with the state.

Delays, which the Contra-Remonstrants believed were intentional, hindered the fitting-up of the Cloister Church, and it was well into July before any real work had been done towards getting it in order. Tired of what they believed to be a course of insult and provocation, the Calvinists suddenly gathered together and took possession of the building on the evening of Sunday, July 9, 1617. Hastily putting up a pulpit, the zealous preacher Rosaeus delivered a sermon that was received with tremendous enthusiasm, and three children baptized received the names of Princes of Orange, William, Maurice, and Henry. The next day a great crowd assisted skilled artisans in emptying out the débris of the cannon foundry and turning it into a house of worship. Two Sundays later, on July 23d, Maurice, accompanied by his cousin and adviser, the stadholder of Friesland, and all his household officers and military staff, rode out from the Binnenhof, under the trees of the great avenue, followed by an immense crowd of people. Instead of going to worship, as formerly, in the Great Church, the parade moved past Barneveldt's house to the Cloister Church, which held four thousand people, and a vastly larger number were unable to gain admittance. This manner of attending public worship was as truly a political demonstration as would be the massing of an army on the frontier of a jealous state or the evolutions of a fleet before a strategic seaport. Henceforward this church was called the Prince's Church. This demonstration of July 23d foreshadowed the national synod with the double condemnation, immediately of Arminianism and mediately of state sovereignty. In a word, there was evidently vastly more of politics than of religion in the display and course of Prince Maurice on the critical day of July 23, 1617. By the Remonstrants this demonstration was stig-

matized as a mutiny against the authority of the state of Holland.

The action of Maurice in thus proceeding to the Cloister Church, as if he were leading an army, must be further interpreted in the light of an event which had happened in the early part of the same year. When, in presence of the leading men of Holland, who were discussing the crisis, Maurice was called upon to give his opinion, he asked to have read the oath which he had taken as stadholder, and which he had exchanged with the States. This bound them mutually to defend the Reformed religion even to the last drop of their blood. After a moment of intense waiting and of painful silence, Maurice slowly answered: "That oath I mean to keep as long as I live." Again he said, knowing that the Calvinists had raised his father to power: "For this religion my father lost his life, and this religion will I defend."

Barneveldt picked up the gauntlet thus thrown at his door and accepted the gage of battle. First of all, as four Dutch historians say (though Mr. Motley denies it, and calls the report "gibberish"), he determined to have the four ringleaders of the "mutiny," Enoch Much and three other Remonstrants, seized, beheaded, and their corpses exposed, as an example of danger to those who could revolt against civil authority. By a majority of one his attempt was defeated at the vote taken in the chief court. Nevertheless, he determined on instant retaliation. He believed he had the constitutional argument entirely on his side. The civilian expected that the soldier would use force, and he determined not only to be ready for this, but to forearm and meet it both by law and force. Barneveldt evidently believed that the sovereign rights of the one state of Holland were legally equal to the collective sovereign rights of all the other states of the Union. It is more than probable, also, that he believed that materially, intellectually, and morally Holland was superior to any or to all of the other provinces. Being himself the soul of the States of Holland, he proposed to them and procured the passage of the famous Sharp Resolve, on the 4th of August, 1617, which

was nothing else than the baldest assertion of state sovereignty as against the Union. It was the poising of the lance in rest before a charge against the knight who had sent forth a challenge by the blast of the trumpet and the casting down of the glove.

At this time the majority in Utrecht and Holland were in favor of the Remonstrants or Arminians, who now represented not merely a religious tenet, but had become a political party; and, as events showed, they were even ready to arm and fight. In Holland, however, the cities of Amsterdam, Dordrecht, Enkhuizen, Edam, and Purmerend were opposed to Barneveldt and the Arminians, and held with the Prince.

This Sharp Resolve declared that after what had happened in the Hague, the legislature had at last resolved to refuse the national synod, because it would conflict with the sovereignty and laws of Holland; and in order to carry out and enforce Holland's sovereignty the regents of the cities were authorized to enroll soldiers for their security and to prevent violence. If any one had complaints to make of this enrolment of militia or concerning the acts done by local authorities, they were to appeal only to the local states of Holland, for anything attempted or done by other tribunals would be null and void.

It seemed more like a grim joke than serious statesmanship to add a further resolve to send a deputation to the stadholder, Maurice, and to the widow and youngest son of William the Silent, asking their aid in carrying out this resolution, which was aimed directly at them.

Forthwith began the open struggle between the tendencies towards union and towards secession, tendencies which soon hardened into a cause. Each cause had its armed men to back it. On the one side was the national army that had fought against Spain, not for the liberties of one province, but of all. In that national army were men from all parts of the common country, who formed one host with one heart, and who were led by Maurice, the first soldier of Europe and the son of the Father of his Country. Besides patriotism, the followers of Mau-

rice were animated by stern convictions and religious zeal.

On the other side were the waartgelders or state militia, mercenary or burgher guards, raised and maintained for the purpose of defending the cities against violence from within and invasion from without. As a home guard, there was nothing new about the men or their organization. Some years before, when Maurice, reluctantly obeying the orders of civilians led by Barneveldt, had invaded the Spanish Netherlands, waartgelders had been raised to the number of six thousand or more. Even before the Sharp Resolve of August 4, 1617, Haarlem, Rotterdam, and Schoonhoven had raised local militia, or waartgelders, to maintain order; but now, for the first time, state and municipal troops in the Republic were arrayed against the national army. In vain Amsterdam and four other cities of Holland protested against this suicidal measure of the States of Holland.

The waartgelders were enrolled and occupied the chief inland towns of Holland. Maurice, with the better instinct of a soldier, quartered the national troops at the seaports. When the States of Holland sent to the Brill magistrates proposing a new oath of allegiance, Maurice, before the States-General, or Congress of the Union, called for the repeal of the Sharp Resolve and asked that no new oaths be required of the national soldiers. When Barneveldt replied that the States of Holland were independent of the States-General or the National Congress, Maurice insisted that the Reformed religion which he had taken oath to maintain was represented by the Calvinists or Contra-Remonstrants. While the Arminians were occupying Leyden, Gouda, Rotterdam, Schoonhoven, Hoorn, and other cities, especially in Utrecht and Holland, Maurice, on the night of the 29th of September, went quietly down the Maas and introduced two companies of national troops into Brill. Barneveldt, not yet ready to act, went to Utrecht. The troubles which he felt so deeply at threescore and ten years of age were preying upon his health. Deputies of the States-General went also to Utrecht. The High Council decided by a majority vote

that the Sharp Resolve was unconstitutional, ought to be rescinded, and was of no avail; whereupon Hoogerbeets, of the High Council, resigned his seat on the bench, declining to sit with men who disputed the sovereignty of the States of Holland. He then resumed his post as chief magistrate of Leyden. The five Holland cities, led by Amsterdam, seconded the vote of the High Council by remaining inactive and enrolling no militia.

The whole number of waartgelders raised in the provinces, before the supremacy of the Union was demonstrated, was probably less than three thousand, of which eighteen hundred were in Holland and six hundred in Utrecht. Leyden, Oudewater, Heusden, and Hoorn had each a garrison of two or three hundred. Maurice, knowing that he had a majority of the nation at his back, even though the argument from precedent and vested right, according to such great constitutional lawyers as Barneveldt, Hoogerbeets, and Grotius, was against him, and believing in the sovereignty of the nation over a single state, and being, moreover, slow in action, made no haste to quell what he considered to be the rebellion of a few politicians against the national will and power. Of Barneveldt's movements, Sir Dudley Carleton wrote that "the head was at Leyden and the chief streams at Utrecht."

Certainly any one at that time visiting Leyden, where the Pilgrim Fathers, founders of Massachusetts, were then dwelling, would have seen, as they saw, sufficient proof that Carleton was correct. The "Royal Pope of Great Britain" had harried out of his realm this company of English Calvinists. Gathering their wives and their little ones, with their portable household effects and other personal property, this band of a hundred or two had fled towards the land where they knew that there was freedom of conscience for all men. After undergoing seizure, search, robbery, imprisonment, and fines in their native land, they took ship to cross the sea. Half starved, with hardly more than the clothes on their backs, after storm at sea, stranding and penury at Kampen and Naarden, arrest on malicious and false information at Middelburg, the various squads reached Amsterdam. There they re-

formed their congregation. When controversies broke out among their fellow-believers in the English churches of that great city over questions of women's dress, sleeves, and shoes, over whalebones and starch, then their high-souled leader made application for residence in Leyden, which was cheerfully granted. He believed that soul-liberty was too precious to be lost in a mass of impertinent details and in questions that had nothing to do with pure religion. No diamond of imperial proportions that ever came for polishing to the lapidaries on the Amstel was purer than the Pilgrim's ideal. Crystallizing out of a mother-liquid of persecution, exile, poverty, controversy, and homesickness, the gem expelled all base elements to become the first brilliant in freedom's diadem.

Coming by canal from Amsterdam and settling for the most part in the newer quarter of the fifth section of the city, as enlarged after the siege, these English folks in a few years had amassed enough money to buy an ample lot in the very heart of Leyden. It lay directly across from St. Peter's Church, in Bell Alley, adjoining the edifice wherein worshipped the other English, or rather the Scotch Presbyterian, church, which was composed of the families of British folk then numerous in Leyden. Besides English-speaking mechanics, laborers, and military men speaking English, there were scores of students, the advance-guard of that army of five thousand who, within three centuries, were to call Leyden University their alma mater.* The vital difference, however, between the two churches was that one received state aid and got its meeting-house rent free, being thus an almoner upon political bounty; while the future founders of distinctive America would accept no favors from the state or municipality, and paid their own rent. On the lot which they bought they erected twenty-three little dwellings for their families. The house of their pastor, John Robinson, had a large room in which they were enabled to worship. At the nearest end of the alley, across the canal from the

* *Index to English-speaking Students who have Graduated at Leyden University*, by Edward Peacock. London, 1883.

university, and a few feet from Robinson's house, were the military headquarters, the commandery of Leyden, to which, no doubt, Miles Standish often came on business.

These Englishmen were Calvinists of the strongest and also the sweetest sort. Believing that light, truth, and progress were on the side of the Contra-Remonstrants, and that Arminianism was the expression of aristocracy and the easiest way back to Rome and that thraldom from which they had escaped, their sympathies were with the Calvinistic Nationalists. They had come to the Republic in the first year of the Great Truce, having arrived but a few days after it had been signed. By 1618 many of the adults had learned the Dutch language, while all their children—the older, who had come from England and were now in their teens, as well as those born in the Netherlands—were able to speak it. The whole company had become thoroughly familiar with at least the popular phases of the great controversy between union and disunion, between state and national sovereignty, between the claims of Calvinism and Arminianism. At least three men in the company — Bradford, Allerton, and Priest—had, by payment of extra taxes, become citizens of Leyden, thereby enjoying certain municipal privileges, while three or four of the educated men — Robinson, Brewster, Brewer, and Bastwick—were already members of the university, and several more were property-owners. Among them were several printers, of whom Brewer and Brewster were busily engaged in publishing not only works acceptable to all lovers of learning and literature, but in issuing controversial pamphlets in the interest of soul-freedom, as they saw it. The publications of this Pilgrim Press in Choir Alley, Leyden, between October, 1616, and June, 1619, were as red-pepper in the eyes of King James, whose wrath was so roused by two anonymous pamphlets that he would have had the whole nest of Separatists exterminated had it been possible. As a matter of fact, he did try to lay his hands upon Elder Brewster, to seize whom Sir Dudley Carleton set in motion the whole force and machinery of English influence in the Netherlands, though he succeeded only in getting the

Puritan elder's types. Carleton, after much trouble, was able to send to England Brewer, the wrong man, but over him, however, the ægis of the Leyden University law was thrown, so that he came back in triumph; while, to the disgust of the King, the hunted Brewster reached America, where he lived long and honorably.

King James bore a double grudge against Barneveldt, who, with statesman's cunning, and well knowing the pride and pedantry of this the wisest fool in Christendom, had, as we have seen, made use of his rival's conceit to humble him. The Dutch Calvinists, whose doctrines King James so heartily indorsed, were Puritans of the Puritans. Nevertheless, they did not talk through their noses, wear a sectarian form of dress, eschew luxury, or observe any ancient Jewish sort of Sabbath. Hence it was necessary in Sir Dudley Carleton to show that, though in England under King James's rule Puritans might be hanged, imprisoned, or hunted down like wolves, yet in Holland, where they had authority, wealth, culture, and power, the case was entirely different. Though Carleton succeeded with King James, his arguments with Barneveldt were considered by that statesman to be very vapory. Indeed, while James was killing off the Puritans in his own country, he was approving them in Holland, and was even endeavoring to have Vorstius removed from his professorship in Leyden as a heretic, because he was an Arminian. So King James was not happy over Holland and these Dutchmen, who had made him ridiculous in the eyes of the world. Yet, unable to vent his wrath against the powerful Republic, he showed his spite against the little English colony of Separatists in Leyden. Barneveldt and the States of Holland, not daring to utterly alienate their only friend and the sole Protestant power in Europe which was able or willing to help them, humored James by restraining somewhat their own toleration and freedom of printing—things in which Holland was generations ahead of England. Carleton was allowed to swoop upon the Pilgrim Press, and to begin what proved a very humiliating and unsuccessful hunt after William Brewster, who was keeping quiet, probably in

England. The "liberty of unlicensed printing," for which Milton was soon to plead, and in defence of which he was to pen one of the noblest discourses in English literature, had long existed in the Republic. Manuscripts written in the Clink and other English prisons by martyrs for conscience' sake during the previous century — possibly even the Martin Mar-prelate tracts—had been carried to Middelburg. There, with other "Brownist" tracts, they were printed, and then reimported to England. The Pilgrim Press in Choir Alley, Leyden, was the successor of that in the Fish Market of Middelburg.

Meanwhile, in Leyden, the future founders of New England had an object-lesson before their eyes. On the Breede Straat, or Broadway, the ancient Roman road leading down to the sea, stood the beautiful Town-hall, up the steps of which so many English couples, ancestors of Americans, had climbed with beating hearts and blushing faces to declare their intentions of matrimony, and afterwards, according to "the laudable custom of the Low Countries" — as William Bradford, founder of American historical literature, wrote—to be married by civic authority. In 1618 they saw erected in front of and encircling this Stad Huis a wooden fort, occupying the whole width of the street front. It was made by driving into the ground solid oak planks, which were bolted together and strengthened by bars of iron, with barbed prongs—popularly called "Barneveldt's teeth." Besides port-holes for the gunners there were mounted cannon. Within it and inside the Town-hall, on guard and ready to march forth, stood the waartgelders in armor and having snaphances, or snap-cock guns, to uphold states' right against national supremacy. This fort was Barneveldt's challenge to Maurice. Nor was the powder left entirely unburned, for, besides blood drawn and blows exchanged, lives both of citizens and soldiers were lost.

Leyden, like the other Dutch cities, was flooded with caricatures and pictures, setting forth the chief men, the varying phases, and the moving incidents in the great struggle which seemed likely to break into a storm of civil war and plunge the nation into the great "blood

bath" about which so many talked. There were no newspapers in those days, but printing in Holland was cheap and free. Over ten thousand pamphlets, and probably as many prints, from the sixteenth century alone, survive in Dutch libraries. Placards and caricatures were abundant, and were plastered or fastened on walls, posts, curbs, and bridges. The future Americans, many of whose sons and brothers were in the national Dutch army, fighting for freedom and union under the orange, white, and blue flag, took their first lessons in the municipal, state, and national politics of the federal republic while in Leyden. It is more than probable that some of these saw what took place but a few yards from their own headquarters — the military occupation of Leyden by the stadholder's bodyguard and picked troops on October 22, 1618, the dismission the next day of the forty officers in the city magistracy, and the reorganization of a new board favorable to Maurice and the Union. Most of the Leydeners were Calvinists, and the people made merry with many a boisterous jest over the victory of arms over arms. They first, in derision, hung wreaths of straw over the timbers of the empty fort and then broke it up. They dragged the timbers and iron into the public square, and sold "Barneveldt's teeth" at auction. They finished their fun by plucking the feathers off some fowls, and then chased the naked creatures around the town, yelling "arme haenen" (poor hens) — a pun on the word Arminians and the favorite joke of this period.

When the States-General assembled on the 11th of November, 1617, there were no absent members. The matter between the Remonstrants and Contra-Remonstrants had been for years in suspense. Now the sword of Maurice, having been thrown in the scale, had already practically decided the questions, which were, whether a national synod could be held, and whether one state or the confederacy should rule. The pretext, however, was that of theology. It was voted in full assembly that the National Synod should be convened next year. In the Dutch Congress each state had one vote, and there were four in favor and three against the measure. The four states

were Zeeland, Friesland, Groningen, and Gelderland, while Holland, Utrecht, and Overyssel protested against the vote as an invasion of the states' rights and an act of tyranny and usurpation. Nevertheless, though Holland voted against the synod, the cities of Amsterdam, Dordrecht, Enkhuizen, Edam, and Purmerend approved this expression of the national will, and made protest against the three provinces who seemed to resist it. This was one of many votes in the Dutch National Congress which illustrated the defects of the constitution. Uytenbogaert urged Barneveldt to accept the result. Barneveldt's answer was that he was not willing to give away the rights of the land. Carleton now came before the States-General, not for the first time, to lecture the members upon the necessity of the National Synod and upon the theological points in dispute.

About this time the Dutch wits sent out an anonymous pamphlet entitled "The Balance," in which both the English King and his minister were held up to ridicule. King James, on seeing the satire, was goaded almost to frenzy. With his own hand he wrote in complaint to the States-General, which, urged by Carleton, voted a reward of a thousand florins for the discovery of the author of the pamphlet and six hundred for that of its printer. Carleton suspected Grotius, whom he called "a young petulant brain"; but Dutch historians believe that Gillis van Ledenberg produced this clever screed.

The epoch of the Great Truce, including more especially the years 1618 and 1619, was prolific above all others in the multiplication of pamphlets, placards, caricatures, and other matters of print and illustration. In these the Arminians were loaded with execration and Barneveldt was made the butt of scorn and outrageous calumny. Late in November Maurice made a tour through the provinces, and succeeded in winning over many who had been leaning towards the other side. To the outrageous attacks upon his motives and character Barneveldt answered with dignity and frankness, making denial of the suspicions and charges against him, and setting forth his course of life as a patriot. While the war of the pam-

phlets and printers went on, the vilest epithets were freely bandied to and fro, Barneveldt figuring in the popular mind as the great traitor, partisan of Spain, and enemy of God and the church; while, on the other hand, Maurice was held up as an aspirer to sovereignty who would soon overturn the freedom of the States and make himself king.

Events now moved rapidly, and the question between national and state sovereignty became more clearly defined. The States-General had sent commissioners to Utrecht demanding the disbanding of the waartgelders, but the Hollanders persuaded the city magistrates to maintain them. The States of Holland passed resolutions explaining their course in raising local militia to maintain the laws against turbulence. They offered to disband the waartgelders if the stadholder would remove the garrisons of foreign mercenaries and supply native troops in their place. The civilian statesman and the field-marshal had another interview. On the 25th of July Grotius, Hoogerbeets, and two colleagues from the States of Holland arrived in Utrecht. A few days later came the deputies of the States-General to this city of the compact of Union in 1579, which was called by the Dutch "the old cradle of liberty." It being the time of the Kermiss, or annual fair, Utrecht was crowded with visitors from outside, who, in addition to the ordinary attractions of the old games and sports, confections and refreshments, dances, songs, and night revels, had a novel entertainment. They amused themselves in looking at the shop-windows filled with pictures, caricatures, and lampoons, all showing the approaching collapse of the Arminian party, and the triumph of the stadholder. The placards of the national congress, or States-General, were also numerously posted up, while alongside of these were often the counter-placards of the States of Utrecht. Most of these pasquinades intimated that Barneveldt was being bribed by Spanish and papal gold, while the Arminians were hastening to enter the old church so long associated in the minds of those who had left it with slavery, torture, foreign oppression, and the inquisition. In a word, the common

people believed that the whole Arminian movement, instead of being what most of the modern encyclopædias and books of reference make it—a movement in the interest of charity, humanity, and a more spiritual interpretation of Christianity—was, in reality, one in the interests of tyrants for mental and political degradation, a reaction in the wrong direction.

Barneveldt had the year before suggested that double guards should be set at the gates of Utrecht, both above and below the city, to prevent the national troops from being introduced secretly into the city; but Sir John Ogle, recognizing the stadholder and States-General as his superiors, refused to take any measures of the sort. Maurice, ordering up a thousand men of the Union army from Arnhem and Vianen, with detachments from the regular Utrecht garrison, had bade them assemble noiselessly at 3.30 A.M. in the market-place, and plant their cannon so as to command the thoroughfares leading into the great open square. Without blast of trumpet or beat of drum the order was executed. At daylight the stadholder rode into the square on horseback, surrounded by his staff. Then, advancing towards a company of the waartgelders stationed near by, he ordered them to lay down their arms. They obeyed at once. Before the majority of the Utrecht people were out of their beds the waartgelders had been disbanded and the supremacy of the nation maintained. The "blood bath," so long talked of, failed to appear. The deputies from Holland and those of Utrecht made themselves invisible, except six of the latter who thanked the prince for his action. Maurice changed the city magistracy so as to secure power to the Unionists, and the Calvinists were once more given possession of the Great Church.

Barneveldt, though warned of his danger, maintained his post, and with dignity awaited the issue. On the 29th of August the lieutenant of the stadholder's bodyguard made the old pensionary prisoner, and soon afterwards Grotius and Hoogerbeets were also arrested, according to an order of the States-General denouncing these three men as being responsible for the troubles which

afflicted the church, and which had nearly plunged the country into civil war.

When it came to the question of trial, the States of Holland insisted that Barneveldt should be tried before all the provinces and the ambassadors of France and England; but the States-General insisted that full authority to try Barneveldt was vested in them, and that foreigners should have no seat upon the tribunal. In order to overcome the opposition of the protesting city magistrates, Maurice, although only after extreme pressure put upon him by the Calvinist clergy and magistrates, purged the city councils in Holland, as he already had done in other provinces. This was done in the same general manner as we have noted in Leyden. This he was able to accomplish with comparative ease. Under the plea of necessity, he made the triumph of the Union complete. When the new members from the town governments which he had reconstructed had given the Union cause a majority, even in the States of Holland, Maurice declared he had done everything for the public good, and asked that his declaration be recorded.

The public worship of the Remonstrants was now prohibited, and the state churches occupied by them were vacated, though inside their own private houses they could, like the Catholics, hold their meetings. No one now opposed the National Synod except certain nobles; and the power of these was relatively reduced by the addition to their body of two new members. These were Francis Aerssens, the discredited envoy of the Republic to France and the bitter enemy of Barneveldt, and Daniel de Hartaing, neither of whom were natives of Holland.

CHAPTER VIII

STATE RIGHT AND NATIONAL SOVEREIGNTY

The great synod opened at Dordrecht on the 13th of November, 1618. It stands in history as the only Protestant ecumenical council ever held. It was composed of thirty-nine ministers, eighteen ruling elders, five professors, and commissioners from all the states of the Republic, besides several from the Southern Netherlands, together with twenty-four foreign deputies, representing the Reformed churches of England, Germany, France, and Switzerland. It was one of the most dignified bodies of men that ever assembled on the European continent. The place of meeting was in the two-storied edifice of the Kloveniers Doelen, the armory of the artillerists or burgher guards. At the end of the great hall was a stately ornamental fireplace of generous proportions, occupying nearly one-third of the space and projecting several feet into the room. At the other end, the whole breadth for several feet was given up to the numerous auditors and spectators who attended continuously, among whom, probably, was John Robinson, the Pilgrim pastor of Leyden, who afterwards eloquently defended the verdict of the synod against Episcopius, of Leyden University. The president, assessors, and scribes sat at the table some distance in front of the fireplace ; beyond which, in the centre of the hall, was a long table and chairs provided for the Remonstrant professors and ministers who had been cited to appear before the synod. The political deputies and their secretary occupied another table nearer the door. At long tables ranged along the walls, which were pierced on either side with three high and wide windows, sat the German, Swiss,

and Walloon representatives, and the various delegations from each of the seven states of the Republic. France was not represented, although the French National Synod had elected four delegates, Louis the Thirteenth having forbidden any of his subjects to attend. The English deputies, among the first to arrive, sat at three small tables to the left of the fireplace. Under the centre of the high ceiling hung a huge pear-shaped cluster of lamps. Each member was provided with writing materials.*

In all there were eighty-four members and eighteen secular commissioners, of whom fifty-eight were Dutch, all "orthodox." Three Remonstrant delegates from Utrecht were not allowed seats, their places being taken by Contra-Remonstrants. Thus the conclusions of the synod were already foregone before it opened. Thus was given an object-lesson in predestination and election, of the common human sort, of power without justice.

Prayer and worship were first enjoyed in the Great Church. Then the Dutch delegates proceeded to the lodgings of the foreign deputies to conduct them in procession to the Doelen Hall, where, after addresses of welcome in the name of the States-General and by the mayor of Dordrecht, they were ushered to their assigned places on the second floor. After greetings on behalf of the separate states, the synod was organized. The scholarly John Bogerman, minister at Leeuwarden, a man of commanding personal presence and having a full, rich voice, was chosen president, probably through the influence of Count William Louis of Nassau, stadholder of Friesland, who had all along been the political adviser of Maurice. Bogerman was a supra-lapsarian in theology. There was general unanimity in doctrinal views, with abundant freedom of discussion, which continued through many months. The Remonstrants, in the persons of Episcopius and thirteen others, were present during the first fifty-seven ses-

* The best account in English of the origin and work of this synod is contained in Rev. Dr. M. G. Hansen's scholarly volume, *The Reformed Church in the Netherlands*, from A.D. 1340 to A.D. 1840. See also Schaff's *Creeds of Christendom*, Vol. I., pp. 508–524.

sions. Then, after offering a written statement subscribed by each of them, to the effect that their consciences would not permit them to yield their position, they were angrily dismissed, and thereafter attended no more sessions, but were judged by their written and printed publications. The States-General reproved the Remonstrants, and a solemn sentence of condemnation was uttered by the National Synod against the Arminian tenets. On the 6th of May the judgment of the synod was published in the Great Church at Dordrecht, before an expectant multitude which overflowed the edifice. The canons of the Synod of Dort, under five heads of doctrine in answer to the five contentions of the Arminians, were read, and also the sentence passed against the Remonstrants. Though long ago nullified in the National Church of the Fatherland, these canons are still the doctrinal basis of the Christian Reformed Church in the Netherlands and of the Reformed Church in America and in South Africa. Two months later, the finding of the synod was confirmed by the States-General. By its enforcement two hundred Arminian ministers were deposed, but their salaries were paid, and the Republic undertook to provide for their support whether at home or abroad. Seventy of them signed the act of deposition, and eighty, who declined to do so, were escorted beyond the frontier. Meetings of the Remonstrants in any but private houses were forbidden.

Having concluded the chief task assigned them, the members of the synod sat down to a splendid banquet given by the city of Dordrecht in honor of the foreign deputies, each of whom received from the National Congress a gold medal and a gold chain worth two hundred florins. On the medal were the figure of Mount Zion, with a temple on its summit assailed by the four winds of heaven, and a Latin legend reading "Erunt sicut mons Zion." They were then dismissed with thanks. Before leaving the country, the foreign delegates were invited to visit the Hague, where some of them beheld the awful tragedy, soon to be described, which shows the logical results of the intermeddling of ecclesiasticism with politics.

This national and international Synod of Dort is world-

famous in the annals of ecclesiology for its contribution to theological science, and to that kind of government which, in an imperfect stage of evolution, conjoins the pastor's staff with the magistrate's axe and staves. The synod and its work are variously judged according to men's inherited opinions, prejudices, and traditions, being caricatured by the followers of Arminius and glorified by those of Calvin. Its decisions, though at first accepted in England and Germany, were afterwards rejected or annulled throughout all Europe, where they are to-day but relics of the past and the synod is a vanished landmark of history. The canons of the Synod of Dort are still held with tenacity in South Africa and in the United States of America, and are made the test of orthodoxy.

More interesting to the student and more permanently potent in the Republic were the *post-acta*, or after-acts, of the synod, looking to the improvement of religion, the order and peace of the church, the increase of education and intelligence, and to the general moral prosperity of the nation. Among other things ordered was the translation of the Bible, in which Bogerman took an honorable part. This "States-General version," in accuracy, scholarship, and intellectual honesty, is the peer of any in Europe, while in literal rendering of the original Hebrew text and Greek it probably excels all.

To those who can view the whole twenty years' intellectual movement from all sides, without being prejudiced by their religious feelings or opinions, the Synod of Dort was not merely an expression of the faith and feelings of the overwhelming majority of the Dutch people, but it also voiced their intense, deep-seated, and passionate determination to oppose themselves as a nation against the inquisition and against any tendency, whether political or ecclesiastical, calculated to rend asunder their unity of purpose, their resolve to be a nation.

Seen through colorless lenses, this synod was in its creation a political affair—the work of the States-General. By it—not by the Church—the calls to the great council were issued and the business to be transacted regulated. To it—not to the church—the credentials of the foreign delegates

were directed. The government ordered that the sessions should be held at Dordrecht, at the Artillery Armory, and at the government expense, by which also the hall was fitted up and all expenses of the delegates paid; and this hall remained the property of the government, and not of the Church. When the members of the synod arrived in the Doelen, they were received in a room up-stairs by a committee of the States-General—not of the Church—two ministers introducing them by name to this purely political committee. This ceremony over, the members were conducted into the hall of meeting, where in the name of their High Mightinesses—not of the Church—they were welcomed by Martinus Gregorius and Hugo Muis. In a word, this synod was the work of the government. The building was afterwards used as a dance-hall and prison.

Meanwhile the three prisoners—who because Grotius was incarcerated in the fortress of Loevenstein gave rise to the name "the Loevenstein party," ever afterwards so common in heated politics—were first subjected to a preliminary examination by thirteen commissioners appointed by the National Congress. Then an extraordinary tribunal of twenty-four judges from the other states of the Republic and twelve from Holland was created for the trial. The wife of Barneveldt complained that three of the judges were the advocate's bitter personal enemies. Certainly the court was not one that would be reckoned legal in the nineteenth century; but then this was the seventeenth century, when law itself was struggling for existence. The tribunal was composed of worthy men, several of whom were of noble birth, others of eminent respectability and talents, and most of whom were members of the States-General.

Many of the papers which have come to light since the decease of Mr. Motley—from whom and the Dutch and foreign sympathizers with Barneveldt the popular encyclopædias and books of reference have copied—put an entirely different face upon the affair, and show that this trial was something totally different from that indicated by the caricatures of the ultra-Arminians and of Dutch pamphleteers, artists, and lampoonists opposed to the

House of Orange. It was a time of intensest excitement, of heated feeling, of religious fanaticism, and, above all, of awful danger to the people of a little republic, with less than one million people living on a bank of sand and clay not one-half as large as South Carolina. With the Spanish sword and the curse of the Pope over their heads, the Dutch were awaiting the shock of the reinforced Spanish legions that in a few months were to charge upon them. At such a time an extraordinary tribunal like this would naturally have more regard to the tendencies and consequences of the acts of Barneveldt and his politico-religious adherents than to the question of their lawfulness. In the eyes of a majority of the Dutch republicans it was not only their church that was in danger, but their very existence as a nation. Unity in state and church was the absolute requirement. Probably Maurice saw much the same problem in 1617 which Abraham Lincoln saw in 1861—the necessity of preserving the Union at all hazards.

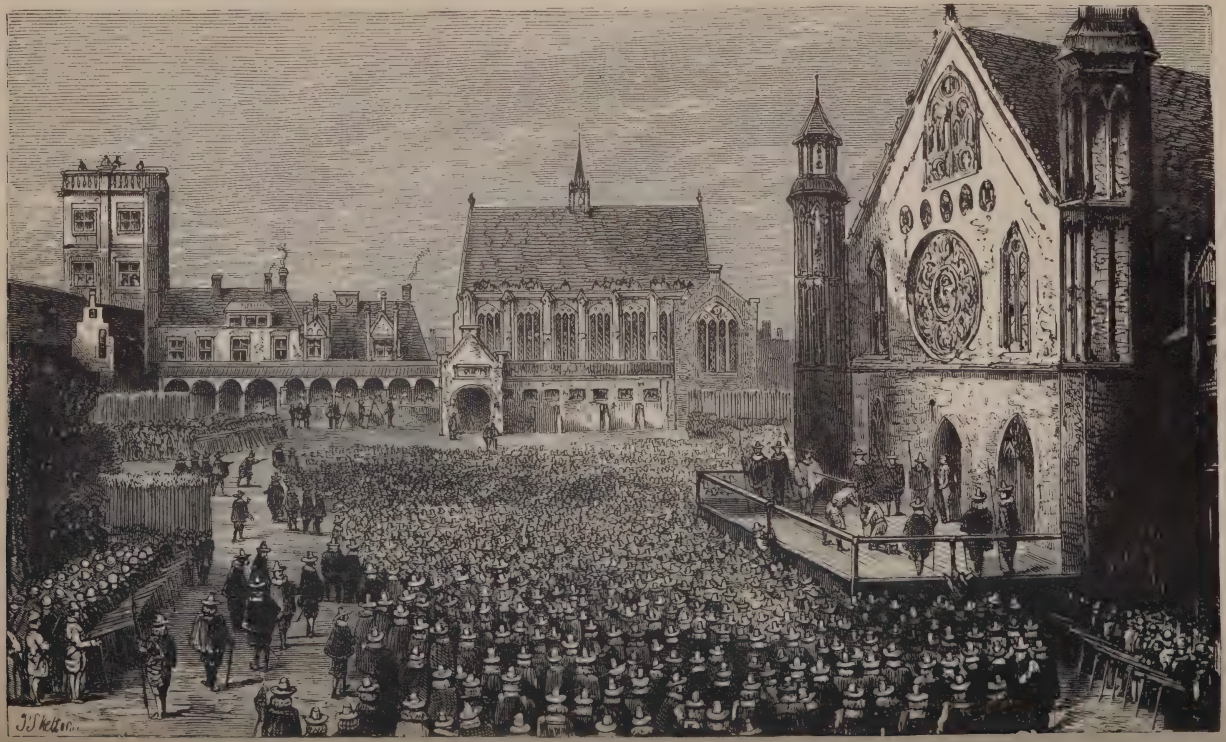
Barneveldt's answers irritated the people even more than they did the judges who tried him. In their eyes this aristocratic statesman did not seem to know that there was a Dutch *people*. He appeared only to understand that there were kings and nobles, stadholders and states, magistrates and burghers, with parchments, charters, seals, and various legal merchandise, but not any people. His courage seemed impudence and his boldness treason. He appeared throughout to be making indictment of the common people who controlled the state, and who were made to appear as if they were enemies of law and order. Throughout his trial, with immovable honesty, he made no denial of his acts, his purpose, or his politics. These, summed up in a few words, were unshaken, almost holy faith in federal government and also in state sovereignty, in religion and also in agnosticism, in state-churchism, and the right of the State to control the Church and of the politician to regulate religion.

The Intendit,* or summary of charges, against Barne-

* *Intendit tegen Mr. Johan van Oldenbarneveldt.* Hague, 1875.

veldt, contained two hundred and fifteen counts. The sessions of the court lasted several months. On most of the charges the accused was found guilty, though that of treason with Spain was dropped. He was charged with having made King James father Arminian opinions upon the States-General, with influencing the King of France against the National Synod, with rejecting the offer of an important alliance without knowledge of the National Congress, and of being bribed by foreign potentates. In the delivery of this judgment, one can detect the malice of Aerssens, the personal enemy of Barneveldt; the implacable hostility of the West India Company against their powerful and unsleeping opponent; and the bitter hatred of the English politicians, urged on by King James of England. There are those who still believe, and on good grounds, that Barneveldt was the victim of a judicial murder; that he was condemned to death by an illegal tribunal, the members of which were forced to serve and were bound to bring in a verdict of guilty, and that on flimsy and false charges; and that the great statesman, who, like the immortal William the Silent, stands unique in Dutch history, died a martyr and not a traitor.

The question of punishment now came before the government. Maurice was inclined to mercy, and even the stadholder of Friesland made appeal that the old and faithful servant of the nation should be left with his life. On the other hand, the popular clamor was for the head of Barneveldt, and that his blood should be poured out as that of a traitor. While the matter was in dispute, a trifling incident occurred which, we may almost say, turned the scale against Barneveldt. The advocate's family had set up, in front of his house on the Voorhout in the Hague, according to ancient usage, the Meiboom or maypole on the first day of the flowery month, and had adorned the house and walls with blossoms. They were celebrating the day, in the expectation that the father and husband would be pardoned, or at least have his life. This act of premature joy seemed to the stadholder highly improper, considering the gravity of the charges against him. Nevertheless, if Barneveldt's



THE EXECUTION OF BARNEVELDT

family had asked pardon for him, his life would doubtless have been spared; but this they would not do, because such a request would appear to be an admission of the advocate's guilt, since already Barneveldt's defence was popularly regarded as a confession of crime. Even when the Princess Coligny, widow of the Silent, urged Barneveldt's wife to make the appeal, she would not consent. In vain also did the French ambassador, Du Maurier, make request to the States-General for the prisoner's life. Sir Dudley Carleton, the English ambassador, showed the temper of his master by refusing to join in the French envoy's request. Meanwhile, insurrections of the Arminians at Hoorn, Alkmaar, and Leyden, and suspicions of a plot against Maurice's life, completely turned the scale. Believing that an example was needed, the judges became unanimous in their vote to inflict the death penalty, which was read to the prisoner when he was brought before the tribunal on the morning of May 13, 1619.

On that same day, in the great court of Binnenhof, thousands of Dutch people gathered to witness the execution of one whom many believed to be the second founder of the Republic. A platform was built in front of the old Hall of the Knights, in which the National Congress of the little republic met, and whose embowed roof-timbers were hung with the captured battle-flags of the Spaniards, of Alva, of Requesens, and of Parma. Fronting the death-stage were the body-guard of the stadholder of the republic and two English companies of auxiliaries, making a military force of twelve hundred men. The aged statesman, with uncovered head and wearing that long robe of yellowish brown damask fringed at the edges which had figured so prominently in the caricatures of his zealous enemies, walked with dignity to the scaffold to die amid the scenes of his former almost sovereign power. He who had in reality for years ruled the republic knelt on the hard plank, while the chaplain prayed long. Then rising and facing those within hearing, he said, "Men, do not believe that I am a traitor to the country. I have ever acted uprightly and loyally as a good patriot, and as such I shall die." Taking a cap

from his body-servant, John Franken, he drew it over his eyes and knelt with his face towards his own house. Then, with a prayer to God, he bade the executioner be quick.

In all Dutch history and tradition there has been an instinctive horror of scaffold-shed or judicially poured-out blood falling upon dry earth or timber. In the cases of pagans caught ravishing the shrines, of Norsemen, pirates, or criminals, the custom had been to go to the seashore or put wet sand where the blood was to fall. Barneveldt knelt upon the bed of sand laid upon the scaffold. The swordsman's stroke, heavy and clever, took off the head at one blow, and the spent blade cut even the fingers clasped in prayer.* The scaffold was left standing, and other effective means were taken to prevent the execution from seeming to be that of a martyr rather than of a traitor.

So perished, with invincible spirit, in the fulness of his mental abilities, and but a short time after the culmination of his power in the history of the Republic, the greatest statesman in all the history of the Netherlands, a man of marvellous and varied gifts, of amazing industry, and of unsullied private character, who was the victim of a false political theory and the fanaticism of an excited people. In his knowledge of men and of affairs, Barneveldt had no superior in any of the countries of Europe. His unwearied exertions were undoubtedly in the interests of pure patriotism. He loved his country and labored for her welfare, but his adherence to theories which, both in politics and religion, were essentially false and dangerous showed that he is not to be held up as a model either for the believer in pure Christianity or the patriot who

* Among the voluminous Barneveldia brought to light by the tremendous stimulus to research, compelled by Mr. Motley's *John of Barneveld*, is *The Tragedy of Sir John Van Olden-Barneveldt*, printed (500 copies) at the Hague in 1884, with an introduction by Prof. R. Fruin. This English play, probably by Massinger and his associates, or by one or more of them, was at first prohibited by King James, but later played in London, where it had many spectators and received applause. In the finale of his play, the inspector-lord on the scaffold answers the executioner's question, "Is it well done, mine Heeres"? with the words, "Somewhat too much ; you have strooke his fingers, too."

can trust the people to govern themselves. Between the agnosticism of those who think that "to know nothing is the safest faith" and the fanaticism of state-churchmen, whether Calvinists, Arminians, Anglicans, Turks, Teutons, Chinese, or Koreans, there is sure ground. The man who seeks an open vision of God will continue to believe in that religion and in that kingdom not of this world, which neither seeks nor will permit the intermeddling of politicians. Between the admirers of despotism, whether of the monarchical, aristocratic, commercial, or democratic type, the believer in the harmony of state and national rights, as shown in the American republic, will walk the even tenor of his way.

Barneveldt, as an individual, doubtless believed in freedom of conscience, and would have no oppression in religion, and, like William the Silent, he demanded mutual toleration and respect. But it is evident that, as a politician, he did not consistently carry out this noble view, and in the popular mind his theories meant Cæsarism and papacy.

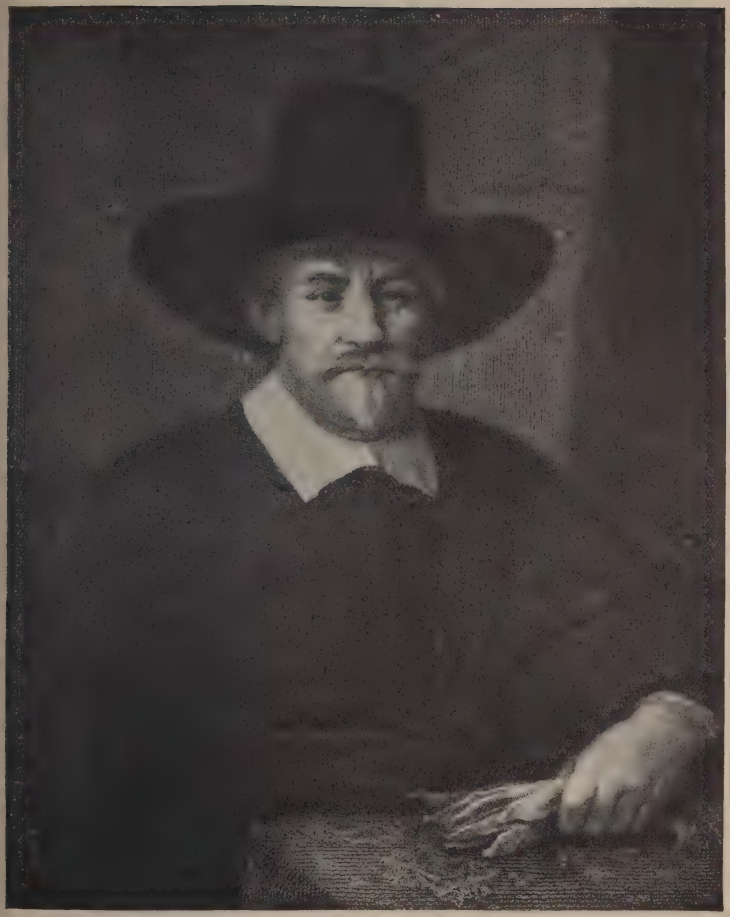
It seems certain that the condemnation to death of so noble a statesman, so sincere a patriot, and so faithful a servant was an outrageous error, a cruel mistake, and that one of the best things the Dutch people could do would be to erect a commanding and impressive monument to the second founder of their Republic. The advocate of Holland needs neither the transfiguration of Motley nor does he deserve the shameful defamation of the heated partisans of John Calvin and of the House of Orange. To the one set of the unjust he is a martyr; to the other, a traitor. Historical science gives its calm verdict that Barneveldt was a victim to the faults and circumstances of the times in which he lived. There yet remains to be written the biography of Barneveldt which shall do justice to himself as well as to his judges. It behooves critical scholarship to utilize aright the historic material brought to light since the pen of Motley was laid aside.

The caricatures, prints, and records of the time show how intensely venomous was the spirit which raged against

the associates of Barneveldt. Even to-day, since all leaders of forces in Dutch politics and religion look back to the days of Maurice and Barneveldt as their time of formation and also of divergence, it is amazing to the unprejudiced critic to note what fierce and bitter feelings continue even after nearly three centuries.

To this day, Barneveldt has no monument of honor in all the realm, excepting on a little inconspicuous blue marble tablet on the north wall of the Binnenhof. The question, "Martyr or traitor?" is still fiercely discussed. As if in counterbalance, no grand memorial has yet been reared to Maurice, who, though illustrious as a soldier, is not honored as a man.

Secretary Gilles van Ledenberg committed suicide, but the coffin containing his remains was hung in chains on a gibbet. After a year's imprisonment in the castle of Loevenstein, Grotius, the future father of international law, made his escape through a clever stratagem of his wife, who put him in a chest used to convey Arminian books for his reading. He reached Antwerp safely, and then went to Paris, where his wife was allowed to join him. He spent nine years in France writing that book concerning the laws of war and peace which has had such a world-wide influence in softening the rigors of war, in promoting harmony among the nations, and in introducing Christianity into international law. He also wrote a defence of the Christian religion, which has been many times translated and reprinted in various countries. He is the author of the governmental theory of the atonement, which lies at the basis of that New England theology which has sustained so noble a part in the amelioration of dogmatism and in introducing those new forms of truth which destroy not, but fulfil the old spirit. Grotius visited his native country without harm, but was not allowed to reside in it. He died at the age of sixty-two, at Rostock, Germany, August 28, 1645. A simple monument was erected to his memory in the New Church in his native city of Delft. On the three hundredth anniversary of his birth, the Dutch honored themselves and their greatest political philosopher by holding a celebra-



GROTIUS

tion April 10, 1883, which, three years later, resulted in the erection of the bronze statue by Strackée, before which, in letters of enduring stone, set in the pavement, one reads, "Elck wandel in Godts" (Let each walk in God's ways). Hoogerbeets remained in the Loevenstein prison until 1625, when he was released by the stadholder, Frederick Henry, only to die five weeks afterwards, on the 7th of September.

During the time of the Great Truce, which was to expire in 1621, the mercantile part of the Dutch community had been agitating the subject of colonization. They had attempted, as early as 1594, in the Arctic seas to find a northern and shorter road to Japan and the Indies. Turned back by ice, the Dutch navigators tried successfully the southern and longer path. Still, the nation and government longed to open the northeastern and shorter route. The States-General made a standing offer of twenty-five thousand guilders to the discoverer who should go through the northern seas to the spice-lands and return to give an account of his voyage. Henry Hudson, an Englishman in Dutch employ, attempted, in 1609, to win this prize. On the little ship *Half-Moon*, having reached Spitsbergen and been forced back by ice, he turned his prow westward and discovered the Hudson River. Although he failed to reach China by this waterway, as he had hoped, he continued until he got in sight of the Mohawk River and the Adirondacks, and then returned to Europe, stopping at Plymouth; he was detained by the British government, but his ship and men proceeded to Amsterdam. The new country was called New Netherland almost on the same day that New England received its name.

Forthwith schemes of trade were planned. The red men of New Netherland, instead of wanting gold and silver in exchange for their rich furs, were content with beads, toys, hardware, and fire-water. While the Dutch merchants thought of commerce, the French Protestants or Walloon refugees, who had found a home in the republic, where religion was free, began to dream of colonization. Already, in 1615, Jesse DeForest, of Leyden, talked

of planting a colony on Manhattan Island where Dutch traders had already built huts; but during the time of the Great Truce, when it would have been a violation of faith with Spain to send emigrants to occupy part of a continent which that Power still claimed, nothing could be done by the Dutch government; nor was there any great trading corporation yet organized. Nevertheless the matter was already entering into politics.

Barneveldt, believing that the project of a West India Company meant more naval and military expansion, and was but another method of war against Spain, which would tend to divide the forces of the republic, implacably opposed the formation of the corporation, even as he and his partisans opposed colonization. On the contrary, Maurice and his adherents, believing that a West India Company would be a powerful weapon with which to injure the King of Spain and increase the resources of the republic, warmly favored the ideas of the colonizers. And so it came to pass that the Arminians would have nothing to do with the settlement of America, which was an enterprise strenuously urged and ultimately carried out entirely by Calvinists or Unionists. Not until June, 1621, when Barneveldt was out of the way, was the West India Company formed, but even then there was no absolute pledge required of this corporation to colonize any foreign lands.*

The English Separatist Church at Leyden numbered about three hundred persons. Seeing that war was soon to break out again, the leaders looked to this New Netherland as a possible new home. Longing for opportunity to propagate their ideas of church government and of Christianity, knowing also that they were likely to lose their English speech and name, since the local schools were Dutch and their children quite numerously intermarried with the natives and their sons enlisted in the Union army and navy, desiring withal to keep the Sabbath with more strictness than those around them, they began

* See *William Usselinx, Founder of the Dutch and Swedish West India Companies*, by J. Franklin Jamieson. New York, 1887.

as early as 1617 to agitate the question of crossing the sea. They considered Venezuela, Virginia, and New Netherland. Robinson and his company made application to the directors of the New Netherland Company at Amsterdam for permission to settle in the region of the Hudson river. The company was pleased at the idea, and offered them free passage and the gift of cattle. On the 20th of February, 1620, the directors petitioned the stadholder Maurice, and through him the States-General, for two men-of war to convoy the colony and guard it against danger from the Spaniards.

From the purely mercantile or philanthropic point of view in Amsterdam, this seemed all right and perfectly reasonable. When, however, the matter came up before the States-General it had to be looked at by diplomatists and statesmen. Then, what had seemed so feasible in Amsterdam was seen to be impossible in the legislative chambers at the Hague. With the truce soon to expire and war to be renewed, every ship and cannon, pike and gun, man and guilder, would be required, and no armed ships could be spared. Still more serious was the danger of irritating King James, and appearing to insult him directly and purposely. The little radical Protestant Republic had but one friend in Europe, and that was Great Britain, the only first-class Protestant power. To patronize a nest of English heretics, who were printing books that angered King James beyond all measure, and whom he would gladly have exterminated root and branch ; to transport such a company, convoyed by Dutch war-vessels into a territory beyond sea which England herself claimed as part of Virginia, would have looked like a slap in the royal face, a studied insult to the British government. Of necessity the petition was rejected.

The English Separatists, however, had, even before official rejection of the petition, and while their Elder Brewster was hiding in England from the wrath of the King and the search of Sir Dudley Carleton, arranged with English merchant adventurers, though on very hard terms. Having chartered the *Speedwell*, which was anchored in the Maas river, just below Rotterdam, the company, con-

sisting of the young and strong in the church who had come by canal from Leyden, bade farewell to their friends at Delfshaven. The scene of their embarkation has been glorified in later art, and a contemporaneous Dutch artist, in all probability an eye-witness and one of the Cuyps, father or son, has painted in realistic simplicity the picture of their departure.* Contemporary auditors and witnesses have left their record of Robinson's parting words, which stand as a beacon-light of pure faith and sound progress in religion. Both Bradford and Winslow have given us the written narratives.

That company of English fathers, mothers, and children left with regret the brave little republic which had given them an asylum for eleven years, and which, though young, had already experienced its trials of union and secession, of social and religious conflicts, but without civil war and with very little bloodshed.

Other portions of this Congregational Church, which had its abiding place in three countries and on the ocean, followed in later ships; but by 1655 all trace of the Separatists in Leyden had faded out. Theirs was but one of the twenty-six churches of English-speaking people, organized in the Netherlands, many of whose people remained among the natives, and, intermarrying and speaking the vernacular, were finally merged into the Dutch nation. Typical of the Dutch republic, of the composite English people, and of the American nation, each made up of many nationalities, the Pilgrim Company had in itself the blood of the four nations in the British isles as well as of France and the Netherlands.

The West India Company, to which was given a monopoly of trade for twenty-four years, was organized and began its long and honorable career June 3, 1621. It had five chambers and twenty-four directors. Amsterdam had four-ninths, Zeeland two-ninths, and Rotterdam, North Holland, Friesland, and Groningen, each one-ninth

* See *The Earliest Puritan Voyage*, by George H. Boughton, discoverer of the painting, in *Harper's Weekly* of March 9, 1895, with reproduction of this illustrative document.

share in the capital and profits. It sent a great fleet to Brazil in 1624, and took Bahia and then Pernambuco. It founded and cared for New Amsterdam and the settlements on the Hudson, Mohawk, and Delaware rivers. It secured a foothold in Guiana and the West Indies. For half a century its fleets ravaged the shores of Portuguese and Spanish America, winning vast treasures and spoils. In 1674 the company was dissolved, but it was reformed in 1675 and was finally dissolved in 1791. Only a few fragments of its many conquests now remain under the Dutch flag.

CHAPTER IX

THE BLOOM OF THE REPUBLIC

When war broke out in 1621 there was a new king on the throne of Spain, for Philip the Third was dead. Philip the Fourth, aged seventeen, inherited the abominable policy of his father and grandfather. The Archduke Albert, who had ruled the obedient provinces for twenty-five years and who had, in March, 1621, vainly sent the chancellor of Brabant to urge the submission of the Dutch provinces, died July 13, of the same year. Since the year 1600 the States-General of the Spanish Netherlands had not assembled. The governors of the country and the advisers of the Archduke were monks and priests, who busied themselves with rooting out religion founded on the private interpretation of the Bible, while the Archduke generously tried, by developing the resources of the country, to do his duty. Under such a vicious system of government, however, no matter how pure the motives or character of the governor, neither substantial progress nor national happiness was possible. Besides the loss of their local liberties and of their representation in the States-General, the Southern Netherlands saw Brussels occupied by a Spanish army under Spinola in 1619. On the death of the Archduke Albert, in July, 1621, the provinces came under the direct rule of the King of Spain. In the history of the Spanish Netherlands Albert holds an honored place. The widow of the Archduke, Isabella, became simply the royal deputy, controlled in all her acts by her female favorites. She died November 30, 1633, at the age of sixty-two.

This period, from 1596 to 1621, was that of the splendid

Flemish school of art and learning. The University of Louvain, re-endowed and enriched, was adorned with such eminent names in the world of letters as Justus, Valerius, Andreas, and Vernuloeus in its faculties. In painting, there were Rubens, Teniers, Crayer, Vandyke, Jordaens, and a galaxy of intellect and skill, whose works are as unfading stars in the heaven of art.

The Truce over, the Republic drew sword and stood unaided, for the long struggle in diplomacy and war of England with Spain was ended, and an alliance had been made between these nations. James had beheaded Sir Walter Raleigh to please his Spanish friends, and France was angered by the execution of Barneveldt. In Germany the devastating Thirty Years' war—not on account of real religion, but because of political theories associated with religion — had broken out. The Republic had aided Frederick, the elector-palatine, with money, but he was defeated by Spinola at Gulick in 1622, and took refuge in Holland. He had married the daughter of King James, and both the Dutch and English had fought in his aid.

In the Republic, death also was changing the leaders and bringing new men to the front. The political adviser of Maurice, his cousin Count William Louis, stadholder of Friesland, died, and Ernest Casimir succeeded him. Adrian Duyck, a man of only ordinary abilities, took the place of Barneveldt as Advocate of Holland. Maurice, instead of winning new laurels, as he had expected at the opening of the war, failed in his attempt to seize Antwerp. He won a slight victory, however, in raising the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom, from which he compelled Spinola to retreat. He then entered the city in triumph.

The stadholder who had overcome the civilian now fell on evil days, and the sons of Barneveldt plotted against his life. The States of Holland, yielding to popular pressure, had not only confiscated the estate of the Advocate of Holland, but had also deprived the oldest son, Reinier, Lord of Groeneveld, of his office of Forester and Dike-inspector, and the second son, Stoutenberg, of the government of Bergen-op-Zoom. Maurice, who doubtless would have been glad to protect the sons of the man who

had always provided men and money with which to fight the battles of the Republic, yielded to popular clamor. In revenge, the younger son determined to have Maurice put to death, and for this purpose hired two Catholics and several Arminians under the lead of a deposed Arminian preacher, Henry Slatius. To secure the necessary funds, the dissipated and impecunious younger brother applied to the older, who, under threat, furnished it; but some of the sailors in the pay of Slatius showed their gold to the stadholder, and Maurice had the meeting-place of the conspirators searched. Though Stoutenberg escaped, Slatius and three others principally concerned in the plot were imprisoned. Slatius broke jail and entered the service of Spain. Groeneveld was seized on the seashore while preparing to leave the country. Then the widow and mother, who had refused to ask for her husband's life and thus incriminate him, now pleaded for her offspring. She answered the inquiry of the stadholder by saying, "because my son is guilty and my husband was not." Groeneveldt and certain other conspirators, fifteen in all, were decapitated May 29th.

The discovery and exposure of this plot tremendously increased the prestige of the victorious Calvinists and shed fresh odium upon the Arminians. The most awful and bitter caricatures flooded the land. Thousands of the Remonstrant party joined the Contra-Remonstrants; and from this time forth, Arminianism ceased to be a political factor, and became, as it had been at first before Barneveldt gave it his powerful support, only a tendency in theology, a philosophy, a noble attempt to solve a great mystery. In England, Arminianism rose to be the dominant school of thought in the state church and a power in ecclesiastical intrigues. Revolutionized in its form and with the emphasis laid upon divine grace, the system of Arminianism thus transformed became, outside of the Establishment, a mighty power in the hands of the Wesleys and their successors in Methodism for the building up of that popular form of Christianity which has done so much in the moulding of modern society and of the nineteenth century world of thought.

During the first years after the expiration of the Truce, the military operations were neither very brilliant nor satisfactory on either side. The Republic won more glory at sea through her navy and the Dutch adventurers and discoverers than by means of her army. In August, 1624, Spinola invested Breda which was part of the estate of the princes of Orange, and Maurice was unable to relieve the city. In foreign politics the Dutch made some progress by obtaining a loan of French money, the idea of Cardinal Richelieu, then virtual ruler of France, in approving of this being to checkmate the power of Austria; but when the Republic sent its fleet to be used against the Huguenots of Rochelle, the act was so severely condemned by the Calvinistic clergy that the fleet was recalled. This angered Richelieu, and he was somewhat slow to fulfil his promises of aid to the Republic. King James, who had lowered his own dignity and that of the nation by seeking a marriage between his son and the daughter of the King of Spain, offered to supply six thousand men to aid the Dutch, but they had no means of guaranteeing payment of the expense, for Barneveldt, the master-mind of the Republic, was no more. He had been for thirty years the wise provider of the sinews of war, and his loss was now keenly felt, while Maurice's popularity waned.

In the midst of these uncertainties concerning the nation's future, the great general fell ill. Worn out by anxiety and disappointment he saw that his end was at hand. Having never married, Maurice left his property and paternal inheritance to his brother Frederick Henry, who, early in April, 1625, wedded the beautiful and accomplished Amalia van Solms, who was destined to exert a powerful and beneficent influence upon her husband for the good of the Republic. Between the brothers there had been some coldness, for Frederick Henry had not approved of the severe measures against the Arminians, but had inclined more to his great father's toleration and cooperation with all devout men.

Maurice of Nassau died at the age of fifty-eight on the 23d of April, 1625. He was undoubtedly the greatest soldier of the age. Though he always had only a small

army, he invariably handled it with consummate skill. One serious mistake might have resulted in the loss of his force and perhaps in the destruction of his country. Maurice was not only a great fighter in the field, but also an engineer without an equal. Most of his triumphs were due to his original and daring use of the spade, the gabion, and the heavy siege gun; but, when it seemed necessary, he hesitated not to dash out boldly and take risks. In his personal character Maurice had not his father's power to make up his mind quickly, but was very slow in coming to a decision. In civic matters he was extremely deliberate in determining upon his course. He depended, perhaps too much, upon statesmen like Count Louis of Friesland and for many years upon Barneveldt, until he became suspicious of and alienated from that great statesman by his course in dictating military as well as civil affairs. The historical evidence does not demonstrate that Maurice had any ambition to grasp sovereignty and make himself a king, though his desire for military activity and glory was almost overpowering. As far as he had any religious convictions, he was a determined Calvinist. His ruling motive, as an intense patriot and a theoretical Christian according to his light, was a desire to serve his country, to make her entirely independent of Spain, and to battle for the truth as God gave him to see the truth. In private morals there is little to imitate in this man, who lived mostly in camps, had no wife or home, and who inherited tendencies, though not from his father, which promised little and wrought less for purity of life. There is, however, much to admire in his devotion to duty. If he made mistakes, it is probably because he mistrusted himself, and believed that the truest expression of the will of the nation came from those who desired the perpetuity of the Union instead of state-sovereignty, and who saw in Calvinism the entire substance of the Reformed religion.

In the same year that the nation lost Maurice, Paul Potter, the painter of one of the four great world's pictures, was born at Enkhuizen and Cornelius DeWitt at Dordrecht.

Frederick Henry, the youngest and last son of William of Orange, was at once made commander-in-chief of the land and naval forces of the Republic and elected stadholder of five provinces, Friesland and Groningen being under the government of Ernest Casimir. The new ruler of the Dutch had at Nieuport refused to board ship, but had donned his armor and had fought in the battle. He had been to England as envoy of the Republic. He had nearly lost his life when alone on the field of Roer, in Limburg, having been deserted by the panic-struck cavalry. He had also remained under Uytenbogaert's Arminian preaching, when Maurice left for the Cloister Church in the Hague. Now in his forty-second year, brave, pacific, and resourceful, he had both the will and the abilities for civil and military leadership which the country needed. He united all parties in resistance to Spain, and calmed those rancors which had risen less from religion than the lack of it. Under him the golden age of Dutch literature and art was ushered in.

He at once attempted the relief of Breda, to accomplish which Maurice had collected an army of forty thousand men, but he was unsuccessful; and the enemy occupied this important city after a ten-months' siege, though soon afterwards the Spanish cabinet neutralized the effects of the victory when they recalled Spinola in disgrace. This general's fault was that he had exposed the weaknesses of the politicians at Madrid. The Spanish troops were put under control of that traitor, Count Henry van den Berg. Frederick Henry captured Groenlo in 1627, by which time he had persuaded Charles the First, the new King of England, to furnish aid and comfort to his country, notwithstanding that at Amboyna Island, in the Maluccas, the Dutch and English had come to blows, which resulted in bloodshed.

To add to the rising hopes of the Dutch, their treasury was now handsomely filled by a gallant exploit at sea. Every Dutch boy sings the praise of Piet Heyn: "Zijn naam is klein"; for, though little of name, this gallant commander has made a long, bright mark in Dutch history. Born in 1578 at Delfshaven, he began his career as a cabin-

boy and rose to be a merchant navigator. He crossed the ocean and captured several Spanish vessels, and on account of his victories in South-American waters was made an admiral. Put in command of twenty-four ships, he sailed out on the Atlantic to capture the Spanish plate fleet. Every year this long line of treasure galleons, loaded with ingots of refined silver dug by Indian slaves out of the mines of Peru and Mexico, crossed the Atlantic. This wealth, obtained through the blood and misery of thousands of natives of America, was to be used in the interests of bigotry to crush the little Protestant Republic. Piet Heyn chased the fleet into Matanzas harbor, fifty-two miles east of Havana, where the Spaniards thought they would be safe under the guns of the forts, but they got aground, and the Dutchmen saw their plight. Piet Heyn, having ordered the boats to be manned, attacked the Spaniards, captured the ships, and secured the treasure. He brought the whole fleet, excepting two ships, safely home. The cargo of 138,600 pounds weight of pure silver, with gold and pearls and other booty, was worth twelve millions of florins, or, in the value of to-day, near five millons of dollars. Publicly thanked in the States-General, he was made lieutenant-admiral, in place of William of Nassau, who had been killed at Groenlo, and was awarded a many-linked gold chain, with a medal. He bought a house in Delft, where he expected to spend his last years quietly, but, while the Dunkirk pirates kept defying the civilized world, Piet Heyn showed that his love of country was greater than his love of ease, and he resolved to attempt that in which no one as yet had succeeded.

Dunkirk, or the church in the dunes, so named because Saint Eloi, in the seventh century, had built a church amid the sandy wastes of Flanders, had become, under Parma's invitation, a sea-robbers' cave, whence fast-sailing vessels daily issued, making the commerce of all nations their prey. The desperadoes nailed the captured sailors to the decks or spars, chained them to the rigging, or tossed them overboard, as suited their whim, but they held the officers for ransom. To escape the gallows, when

likely to be captured, the Dunkirkers habitually blew up their ships. For sixty years these men were the terror of the seas. In 1625 they appeared off the island of Texel and destroyed over one hundred herring smacks belonging to Enkhuizen. This was too much for Piet Heyn. He sailed in May with a squadron to clean out the foul nest. Finding the port empty of the corsairs, he left a blockading force, and in person went in chase of three privateers. Running between two of them, he opened the battle. Struck by a ball in the shoulder, he died the hero's death, June 20, 1629. His men, in their fury, gladly obeyed the standing orders of the Congress and left none of the enemy alive. Piet Heyn's monument at Delfshaven and a tomb near that of Den Zwijger (the Silent), in the church at Delft, keep fresh in glorious memory this typical Dutch sailor, who was honest, simple, and brave.

With the war chest refilled, the stadholder Frederick Henry began the siege of Hertogenbosch, or Bois-le-Duc, which, after four months, surrendered despite all attempts of Van den Berg to relieve the city. When Wesel in Cleves, the main depot of Spanish supplies, had been also captured, there was intense alarm throughout the Spanish Netherlands, lest the army of the Republic should again invade them. By the opening of the sluices at Muyden, which laid the country from the Zuyder Zee to Utrecht under water, Van den Berg was driven out of Utrecht, which he had invaded.

When the obedient provinces, stung to nobler effort by the example of the triumphant Republic, appealed to the King of Spain for the assembling together of their States-General and for their ancient rights and local freedom, Philip the Fourth permitted them also to send commissioners to the Hague to propose a truce of twenty-four years. The Dutch were in no mood for such a motion, and, making a convention with France in 1630, they rejected the proposals for a truce, and agreed to make no peace with Spain without the advice of the King of France. The painter, Rubens, who always "had one foot in the stirrup," was sent by the Spanish cabinet to Eng-

land, and persuaded Charles the First to give a secret promise of alliance with Spain against the Dutch. In this same year the Remonstrants built a church in Amsterdam and began a divinity school, in which Episcopius, formerly of Leyden, became the chief professor.

The War of Independence, which continued until 1646, has henceforth little interest for the general reader. The stadholder Frederick Henry proved himself an able general. By direction of the War Committee, he marched, in 1631, into Flanders to besiege Dunkirk and to finish what was left of the pirates ; but when Spinola's successor approached with a small but choice army of twelve thousand men, the wet-houders or law-holders in the camp ordered a retreat. The stadholder returned with his pride humbled, as Maurice's had formerly been by the interference of civilians with military plans. Stoutenberg, the son of Barneveldt, having given valuable information to the Spaniards, the latter sent a fleet to cut off communication between Holland and Zeeland, but near Tholen it was captured, and five thousand men were made prisoners.

Thereupon, the States-General went so far in their expression of gratitude to the stadholder, then in the height of his popularity, as to settle the right of succession upon his infant son William, who was born in 1626. Frederick Henry marched into Gelderland, at the invitation of Belgian nobles, with the idea of exciting the obedient provinces to revolt. He laid siege to Maastricht, which, after three desperate attempts of the enemy to relieve it, was captured. One of these attempts to relieve Maastricht was made by imperial troops under Count Papenheim, and in the defence of the city Aubrey De Vere, the Earl of Oxford, and his brother Colonel Vere were killed, while of the Nassau family, Count Ernest Casimir, stadholder of Friesland, was slain before Roermond.

These successes of the republican army compelled Isabella to convoke the States-General of the Belgian provinces. When, however, negotiations of peace were opened with the Republic, the deputies of Brussels could not rise to the idea of tolerating their fellow-Christians or of

wholly renouncing Spanish authority. Furthermore, Amsterdam, having grown mightily at the expense of Antwerp and the Dutch having by this time won the carrying trade on the seas of nearly all Europe, demanded the closing of the Scheldt. And so it came to pass that, through the liberal use of Spanish gold and promises on the one hand, and because of jealousy and fear of the Dutch on the other, this last attempt to unite the seventeen provinces in either alliance or union failed. When, furthermore, the Archduchess Elizabeth died in November, 1633, even the hope of peace passed. While the Republic was left to enter upon a brilliant and triumphant career in the arts of war and peace, in literature, fine arts, discovery, exploration, and colonization, the Belgic provinces sunk to be a mere annex and house of slavery of Spain, governed entirely by two juntas composed of Spaniards or wholly directed by them, and finally became the battle-ground of many nations—the cock-pit of Europe. Already the country was so poor that the Court of Brussels dared not vote to pay for those funeral honors which the Duchess had requested before her death.

In the Republic there was no perfect unanimity in carrying on the war. The stadholder besieged Rheinberg, which surrendered in June, 1633. In addition to having the provincial jealousy of Holland to contend against, he also had a determined antagonist in Adrian Pauw, the grand pensionary of Holland, who believed in making peace with the obedient provinces. The West India Company, now invincible on the seas and in home politics, had eight hundred ships afloat, manned by a force of sixty-seven thousand men, and were powerful in the West Indies and in Brazil, of which John Maurice was governor from 1636 to 1640. In order to neutralize the influence of Pauw, he was practically kept out of the country by being sent on various foreign missions, while his post was filled by Jacob Cats, whose poems, proverbs, and stories are known by heart by thousands of the Dutch people. From 1634, a new treaty of mutual hostility to Spain having been made between the Republic and France, the Dutch were left once more without restriction, though

they no longer received the two or three million guilders a year for not making peace or a truce without consultation with their ally. The treaty was designed to weaken the truce party in Holland, and it was the work of the stadholder and of Aerssens, that old enemy of Barneveldt. When the Spanish government heard of this alliance, it at once dissolved the States-General of the Spanish Netherlands. The next move was the treaty of Paris, signed February 5, 1635, which provided for the invasion of the obedient provinces by an allied French and Dutch army of forty thousand men. The new governor sent by Philip the Fourth had arrived at Brussels November 4, 1634, fresh from his victory over the Swedes at Nordlingen, but on the 20th of May next year his army was defeated at Areine by the French, who were supported by the Dutch fleet.

The campaign which thus opened favorably for the allies ended disastrously for them. Again the Southern Netherlands were horribly devastated, the allies behaving almost as barbarously as the Spaniards had done. Tirlamont was stormed, but Louvain was bravely defended. While the allies suffered from divided counsels, the Spaniards were united and superb in discipline, and won continuous victory, invading both the Republic and France. Disease made the allied camp seem like a pest-house. One-half of the French troops never lived to see their homes. In addition to the humiliation of returning without having accomplished anything, the stadholder was obliged to use the power of the central government in order to compel the state of Friesland to pay its war taxes, so that the general government might be carried on.

The feeling in the Republic in regard to resuming hostilities against the Spanish Netherlands was now so languid that Cardinal Richelieu, besides other stimulating arguments, addressed the stadholder, Frederick Henry, with the title of Highness, instead of Excellency, an innovation from republican simplicity which the States-General followed, but this only caused the Dutch people to regard France with increased distrust. However, the stadholder persevered in military operations, and after a four months'

siege retook Breda, October 7, 1637. He now thought himself strong enough to attempt the recapture of Antwerp, not merely to increase the prestige of the nation, but so that this city might be used to decrease the influence of Amsterdam, which was the centre of the provincial and municipal jealousy which continually hampered the operations of the central government. Such jealousy and opposition were but a natural and justifiable counterpoise to the steadily growing power of the stadholder, whose patronage of office enabled him to control the deputies in the States-General. In modern language, Frederick Henry was a powerful boss, who presided over a permanent caucus and literally distributed spoils in order to forward his policy. His attempt on Antwerp, however, failed ignominiously.

As if to drown their cares of war and diplomacy, the Dutch rushed into the frenzy of flowers and financial speculation, intoxicating themselves with tulips. In 1559 Conrad Gesner had brought this oriental flower from Turkey to Augsburg. Within a few years the congenial soil of Haarlem was ablaze with the colors of this transplanted exotic. In 1637 the desire of Dutch people to possess tulips suddenly became a mania. At Alkmaar, six score tulips sold for the benefit of the orphan asylum brought ninety thousand guilders. At Enkhuizen, one bulb was sold for over four and another for over five thousand guilders. Like stocks and bonds, the tulip bulbs were negotiated at the Exchange in hopes of a rise in prices, and in Amsterdam the actual transactions of the purchase and sale of bulbs during the craze amounted to over ten millions of guilders. By the time this mild attack of insanity was over many families were financially ruined. The "Tulipomania" has left its mark in Dutch history. In fiction Dumas has pictured the scenes of the epoch in "The Black Tulip."

At sea the Spaniards, who had been for years trying to regain their power, had built a new armada of sixty-seven ships, and putting it under command of Admiral Don Antonio d'Oquendo, sent it into the English channel with seventeen hundred cannon and twenty-four thousand

men. Of these ships, thirty-seven were three-decked galleons having bulwarks four feet thick, and carrying heavy guns. They were strong but clumsy, and were no match for the quickly moving Dutch ships. Reinforcements of men and provisions were obtained at Dunkirk. The Dutch Admiral, Marten Tromp—to whose name English writers unwarrantably add the prefix "Van"—with thirteen ships met a portion of the armada in the Straits of Dover, consisting of twenty-four of the Spanish vessels, capturing two of them September 18, 1639. After several damaging blows, he drove the Spanish ships to the English coast, where eighteen British vessels were waiting to receive and help them. Tromp, with thirty vessels, kept the whole armada blockaded. Meanwhile, all Holland was roused. Within a fortnight, reinforcements increasing Tromp's force to ninety-five war vessels and eleven "branders," or fire-ships, arrived off the Downs. Oquendo tried to avoid a fight, claiming that he lacked masts, spars, and powder, whereupon Tromp sent him masts and spars from Dover, and put many thousands of pounds of powder at his disposal. The great naval battle of the Downs was fought October 21, 1639, the English not interfering except to effect the escape of the Spanish soldiers. Thirteen war-ships of the armada were captured by Tromp, and of the remainder, most were sunk, or driven off the coasts of the Spanish Netherlands, and only eighteen in all returned to Spain.*

This affair created much irritation at the British court, of which Charles Stuart was now at the head, and matters between England and the Republic became very much mixed and their relations strained. Disputes about the fisheries and possessions in the Far East, commercial jealousies, and Dutch assistance secretly rendered the Scottish rebels promised a host of future troubles. Nevertheless, the Dutch government sent over an embassy headed by Aerssens to ask for the hand of the Princess Mary, of England, for the stadholder's son, Prince Will-

* A handsome monument with statue was erected to the memory of Don Oquendo, at San Sebastian, in 1895.

TROMP

iam. While there were growing differences in England between the sovereign and parliament, in the Republic the alienation between the stadholder and the party opposed to him was increasing. The proposed alliance with the royal house was very displeasing to the patriot or municipal party, and when Queen Henrietta Maria, who came to Holland as the chaperon of the young Princess Mary, began to make her Romanism ostentatious—even to the extent of trying to raise money in Holland to buy munitions of war for the King against the parliamentarians—the popular feeling rose to hatred. The stadholder, after trying to reconcile the English parties, agreed to help the Stuarts, but the legislature of Holland would allow no warlike supplies to leave the country, and King Charles in vain attempted to get another of his daughters married into the house of Orange.

Spain was by this time greatly enfeebled by the loss of her fleets, by the new victories of the French in the Netherlands, especially at Rocroi, May 19, 1643, and by the conquests of the Dutch in various parts of the world. Richelieu, after governing France for eighteen years with absolute power, died December 4, 1642, and was succeeded by Jules Mazarin, regent of the kingdom during the minority of Louis the Fourteenth, whose intrigues increased the Dutch suspicion of his good faith and led them to favor peace with Spain, and so negotiations looking towards the peace of 1648 were begun.

There were those who foresaw the troubles which, having already for a generation or more disturbed the Republic, were to afflict it for a century and a half. These arose out of the intense jealousy of the cities against the national government and the provincial polity of Holland, which was the one rich and disproportionately great province in the confederacy. The negotiations of peace assumed proportions of unexpected strength when the ablest woman in the Netherlands, Amalia Van Solms, moved by her husband's ill-health and not uninfluenced by Spanish promises, lent her aid to the counsels of peace, which were again reinforced when, on the 14th of March, 1647, at the age of sixty-three, Frederick Henry, the last

son of William of Orange, died. A man of wise moderation like his father, he not only mollified the rigors of sectarian rancor, but also maintained the Union when unity was vital to the nation. He succeeded, also, in identifying the interests of the nation with the fortunes of the house of Orange, so that henceforth they seemed inseparable. While his intrigues with foreign royal houses for the purpose of securing matrimonial alliances, which he hoped would benefit the nation as well as his family, are open to censure, yet in the main Frederick Henry may be called the blameless Prince. He increased his powers as stadholder, doubtless with the good motive of overcoming that municipal jealousy which was the bane of the republic, although perhaps a necessary evil.

The burgher aristocracy of the nation, especially of Holland, has ever seemed determined to allow authority to reside neither in the people nor in the chief executive of the Republic, and the final solution of the long contest between stadholder and burgher seemed logically to be only found in a monarchy. The States-General, by a vote of five out of the seven states, conferred upon the young Prince of Orange the offices of his father and grandfather, though Holland and Zeeland delayed choosing him stadholder until peace was made certain. Holland, above all the states, was anxious for peace. Negotiations were now pressed, and the Congress of Munster opened in April, 1645. The issues were happily concluded on the 30th of January, 1648. Spain yielded everything for which the Dutch United States had so long contended. The signatories of the treaties took oath to keep the compact inviolable, those of the Roman cult kissing the crucifix and those of the Reformed faith lifting their hands to Heaven.

Thus after sixty-eight years of war and twelve of truce, the Eighty Years' War was ended. Starting with a population of seven or eight hundred thousand people, with but an area of ten thousand miles, of which scarcely more than a third was fertile land, with but little knowledge of the ocean or of trade beyond the coast-line of Western Europe, unused to war, and having but slight experience of international negotiations, the statesmen of the seven

Dutch provinces, led by William the Silent, had organized resistance to the most powerful sovereign and empire in the world, backed by the wealth of America and the prestige of the Pope of Rome. The Dutch had won victory, having a central government, a union of federated states, a splendid army, and a navy that had no superiors; while in art, literature, science, inventions, finance, political and social economy, and in general popular comfort, they led the world. Their merchants, explorers, and adventurers were to be found everywhere. With a system of sound finance, unity in religion, with toleration superior to anything known in christendom or paganism, with freedom of the press, with enterprise, marvels of engineering, splendid universities, a system of national education, the glories of art and literature, and with names that not only the Dutch but the whole world will not willingly let die, they had become one of the great Powers.

The long battle had been fought for the rights of conscience and the freedom of the human spirit, for the privilege of men to tax themselves and to depose a prince when he should cease to be a servant of the people. The victory was first of all a victory of faith. It was won through those moral qualities of the Dutch, honesty, faithfulness, firmness, the absence of selfishness and personal vanity, and the presence of a high civic spirit that led them not only to gain but to hold and to safeguard liberty. It was these qualities that brought to the Dutch republicans maritime power and a rapid increase of population by the influx of intelligent foreigners from many nations. Diverse in manners, customs, opinions, geographical situations, and employments, the people of the Dutch states were indissolubly united in a bond of mutual fidelity which defied the assaults of the enemy from without and the traitor within.

To the probity, firmness, courage, and wisdom of the Dutch must be added an intelligence second to none in Europe. Out of this garden bloomed their literature, jurisprudence, art, and those other products of thought which have surprised and delighted succeeding generations. "The Golden Age of Frederick Henry," or that of

the "Hollandish Renaissance," was the time of the bloom of the Republic. Despite the waste of war, the drainage of water-covered land went on. The great polders, Zype, Beemster, Purmer, and Wermer, in North Holland, were won to pasture and grain, and, having been made the home of men and cattle, became dotted with towns and villages. The Water-State—that is, the nation organized to keep itself from being drowned—was brought to the highest state of efficiency. The University of Utrecht was founded in 1636, and having quickly won a renowned name in theology, letters, and the physical sciences, educated, besides the sons of Dutchmen, hundreds of English-speaking ministers of the free churches of Great Britain and America. Architecture flourished, and among the notable structures were the City Halls of Amsterdam, Bolsward, Haarlem, Nymegen. In literature, art, and other lines of intellectual achievement, we mention but a few of the shining names. In poetry, Vischer, Bredero, Hooft, Vondel, Cats, Huygens, Jan Starter, and Van der Goes appealed to refined tastes or delighted the people with their lyrics, odes, dramas, narrative poems, wit, mirth, and wisdom. In history, Bor, Reijd, Van Meteren, P. C. Hooft, and Hugo de Groot (Grotius) told the political story of the Fatherland. Ubbo Emmius, with critical accuracy, pictured local government and the town system in democratic Friesland. Brandt narrated the sufferings and persecutions, the growth and organization of the churches. In philology the Dutch led the van in Europe, issuing critical editions of the ancient classics and opening the wonderful world of Oriental thought. Kilian had already led the way in the study of the Teutonic philology and the Dutch tongue. Lipsius, Scaliger, Heinsius, and Gravius are but a few names of great teachers in the universities. In medicine and anatomy we need but mention Helmont, Beverwijck, and Tulp — who, as Rembrandt's friend, has been immortalized in that great artist's painting of the dissecting-table. In natural history Swammerdam told of the wonders of the human body; and Leeuwenhoek, with his glass-beads set in bits of brass, became the father of microscopy; another Dutch-

man, Drebbel, being the inventor of the instrument which has revealed to mankind large portions of the realm of the infinitely little. In astronomy, Stevin and Huygens explored the heavens and narrated their discoveries. In mechanics and inventions Leeghwater not only wrote his book on the Haarlem Lake, showing how it could be pumped out and made into gardens, but he made his other vast and daring schemes of drainage actual realities of dryness, fertility, and wealth. Cornelisz invented the saw-mill; Jansen, the telescope; Huygens, the pendulum, and Van der Heyden the fire-hose branch-pipe, which made life and property in the cities vastly safer. In manifold other inventions and applications of thought to material—the breathing of a soul into dead matter—the Dutch genius and procreative power were made known to the world, and the men of other nations were not slow to avail themselves of it, and, in too many instances, even to take the credit of invention as well. In sculpture, De Keyser and Quellinus made a name; Jacob van Campen won fame as an architect.

Not the grandest of all expressions of the Dutch intellect and skill, but those which have permanently received widest recognition and have most charmed and instructed the people of all countries, were made in a universal language upon canvas. Whereas the English mind, at its most creative period and in the epoch of heroic national life, manifested itself in literature during the Elizabethan age, that of the Dutch in the triumph era of the Republic expressed itself in art. Rembrandt was one of a galaxy of artists who glorified the home and the civic life of the Republic, the living creatures, the actual landscapes and marine views which confronted and environed human life in the Northern Netherlands. Van der Helst, Franz Hals, Bol, Flinck, Van Mieris, and Mierevelt studied and reproduced the human form and face. Bakhuysen learned to know the sea in all its moods. Jan Steen, Teniers, Metsu, Terburch, Netscher, Brouwer, and Ostade delighted to study human life in all its phases and to picture its joys and sorrows, its glory and its shame. Ruysdael, Hobbema, and the Cuyps painted landscapes and the

phenomena of the skies. Paul Potter, Wouwermans, and Hondecoeter painted the friends of men—the ox, horse, and bird—as none others have done. Nor did the masters wait for the world's recognition. It was a matter of national rejoicing when Catherine the Second, Empress of Russia, bought one of Gerard Dou's masterpieces for fourteen thousand guilders. While Rembrandt and his brethren of maul and palette laid their tints and shadows on the woven texture, to face the manifold risks to which canvas is liable, the Crabeth brothers wrought in stained-glass, which sheathed light and color in mineral hardness, imperishable, except by fire or fracture.

Dutch art is a mirror of the country, of the people, and of the characteristics of both. It is intensely realistic. It shows things as they are. The intellect is at work for itself, taking no authority or tradition as guide, but following only reason, reverence, and the facts. Rembrandt's pictures of Biblical scenes ignore the doctors and fathers, all monkish and papal lore, and the traditions of courts and councils. They show knowledge of originals and reveal just how the Dutchman read his Bible. Instead of painting things celestial and angelic and striving to embody the mysterious in religion, or portraying courts, kings, queens, and titled potentates in government, creatures famous in mythology, and scenes renowned in pompously written history, the Dutch artists, without neglecting the nobler themes and persons, cared more for reality. They brought theology and the gospel down to earth, even into the boer's hut. They painted the civilian diplomatists and burghers who had beaten Philip's veterans. They pictured the faces of women able to build and manage the best orphanages and hospitals in Europe. They transfigured holy wedlock and honored the home, the wife, the mother, and the cradle. They dignified labor and industry, and displayed the happy life of the villagers. They revealed the beauties of dumb animals, and showed the flat fields and water-courses of the land in which safe-guarded freedom dwelt. Proud of their country, in which conscience was free, which the ocean and the tyrants obeyed, their artists delighted in the ever-

varying sky and air, with sun-glow and shade and splendor of cloud and rainbow, which seemed to them the constant messages of the Father in Heaven.

The national literature shows the same traits. The "accepted version," or States-General Bible, which, after nearly a century of indirect and twenty years of direct preparation, appeared in 1637, was welcomed with popular and ecclesiastical approval. In one generation it had almost wholly displaced all previous versions. Perhaps of all European translations of the Hebrew scriptures, the Dutch is the most literally faithful, and in many passages the most exquisitely felicitious, while no rendering of the Greek of the New Testament is more thoroughly honest. There is a faithfulness to the original text, a raciness of expression, and a freedom from tradition that are characteristic of the men to whom this version was vernacular.

When the luxury and ease following the great peace set in, the brilliant period of Dutch literature declined for nearly a century, and no revival of letters is noted until the closing years of the eighteenth century. The importations from the Orient of beneficent and noxious seeds, of intoxicating liquors, and of destructive vermin that drilled and destroyed the dikes, while doubling the delights also multiplied the plagues of the Dutchmen. Life was enriched with many comforts, but, after a long period of heroic endeavor, a reaction set in, and, despite the multiplication of things brilliant and joy-giving, during the latter part of the seventeenth and the whole of the unheroic eighteenth century there was decline in the Dutch character. The national art galleries and portraitures distinctly show a change in the type of face from that of the hero to that of the bargain-maker and ordinary citizen.

CHAPTER X

NAVAL WARS WITH ENGLAND

THE dawn of peace found the prosperous young republic enjoying the benefits and imperilled by the dangers of party government; the stadholder and the people at large forming the Orange or Unionist party, and the burghers and aristocratic element making up the patriot or anti-Orange party. The relations between Holland and England became very close through the marriage of the stadholder with the daughter of Charles Stuart. The execution of that monarch in England had been protested against by the Dutch envoy in London, and when it had been consummated, it aroused deep popular sympathy with "King Charles the Martyr" — as he is called in the Book of Common Prayer — and with his two young sons who were refugees in the Netherlands. The States-General refused a public audience to Walter Strickland, the English ambassador. An alliance between the two republics was now proposed by the English Parliament, which sent over Isaac Dorislaus — the advocate-general of the tribunal that had condemned Charles Stuart to death. Dorislaus, the son of a Dutch domine in Enkhuizen, had lectured on history at Gresham College in the University of Cambridge, and had there been silenced because of his free opinions, which were not palatable to a Stuart King. To appoint such an envoy, for the noble purpose of cementing in alliance the English Commonwealth and the Dutch United States, when the Hague swarmed with runaway adherents to the fallen royal cause, seems now to have been a strangely unwise act. On the second day after his arrival, while Dorislaus was at his lodging in the Hôtel

de Zwaan, four masked assassins, followers of the Earl of Montrose, entered, and having first mortally wounded by mistake a Dutch gentleman, killed Dorislaus.

Holland offered a reward for the discovery of the villains, put Strickland under its protection, and sent an agent to London; but the national legislature was languid about punishment, and still gave no audience to Strickland. The rulers of the English Commonwealth were greatly irritated and offended by this act, which seemed an unfriendly one. It was wrongly suspected in England that the murderers had escaped by connivance of the Dutch. The States-General refused to recognize the new English government, and thereupon Albert Joachim, the Dutch minister at London, was ordered to leave the country, and thus his long and honorable career in England was terminated. On the Dutch side, the causes of this lack of harmony between the National Congress and the legislature of the greatest of the Dutch states, and between the Republic of the United Netherlands and the Commonwealth of England, are easily discovered. They had their roots in the jealousy of Friesland and Zeeland because of Holland's preponderance in the Republic, and in the fear of Holland lest these two maritime, nationalistic and ultra-Calvinistic, provinces should increase in power. The situation was complicated by the apparent determination of the stadholder, William the Second, who had succeeded to his father's office in 1647, to destroy the liberties of the country and to introduce virtual monarchy. In many ways—civil, military, and political—the struggle between "the first servant of the States-General," now striving for despotic mastery, and Holland, the sturdy maintainer of state-right, went on.

Of the various lands, colonies, and possessions of the Dutch nation, the seven states constituted the Union, all outside being the Generality. The exact limitations of authority in the Generality, whether in Europe, in the countries touching the seven states, or in America, Africa, or Asia, had not been settled, as there had been but few occasions for conflict of jurisdiction, despite the vast colonial expansion of the Dutch. However, in April,

1650, Captain Witte C. de Witte, of the West India Company, returned home without consent of his local superiors in Pernambuco, and he was arrested by the stadholder as admiral-general of the Union. This immediately precipitated the question whether he should be tried before a commission appointed by the States-General, or, as Holland demanded, by the ordinary courts. The matter ended in the defeat of the Prince of Orange. Holland also attempted to obtain a reduction of the national army, and the irritated stadholder opposed the act as a blow directed at his authority. In the ensuing complications, William the Second, evidently aping the act of Charles Stuart of England in dealing with refractory members of Parliament, had six members of the Holland legislature arrested and confined in the Castle of Loevenstein. He carried out his high-handed usurpations of power by concentrating the army to inflict chastisement upon Amsterdam, and actually commenced to besiege that city, thus virtually beginning civil war. The municipal magistrates, however, gave the stadholder a taste of their determined spirit by cutting some of the dikes and flooding the land. This foiled the usurper, who, to the gain of constitutional liberty and to the loss of a party rather than the nation, fell a victim to his own intemperance. He died of over-eating after the heat and fatigue of hunting, on November 6, 1650. Eight days afterwards, William the Third, destined to be of "ever blessed memory," was born. For twenty years the Dutch United States were to exist and flourish without a stadholder, as a parliamentary republic.

In foreign politics, France now seemed to be more dangerous than Spain, for the latter was becoming weak and the former was gaining strength. Both the plan of Cardinal Mazarin for peace and the prospective marriage between Louis the Fourteenth, the young king, and the daughter of the king of Spain, contemplated granting the Spanish Netherlands as a dowry, and there were fears lest in this dowry would be included the Republic itself.

The great State of Holland now took advantage of the situation to introduce a radical change in politics. It

attempted to settle the troubles over the military by preventing the election of a captain-general of the Union, and of a stadholder in most of the provinces. During this era of the stadholderless republic, the two political forces, state-sovereignty and opposition to the House of Orange, received their strongest expression.

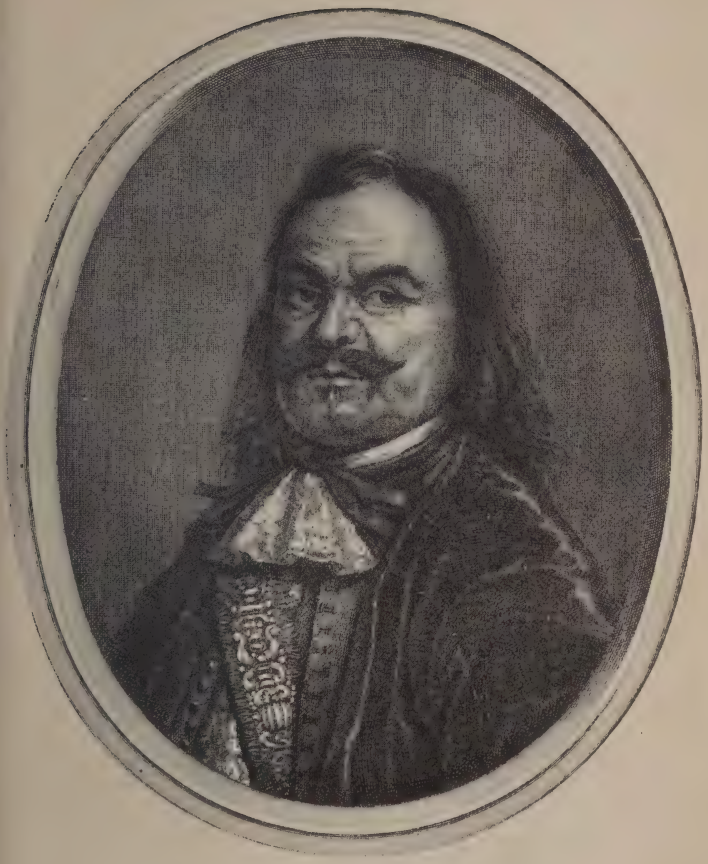
A change was made even in the national flag, by substituting red for the orange in the three horizontal stripes, so that it became permanently and officially red, white, and blue. Hitherto, the first stripe in the flag had been either orange or red. Theories as to the origin of the Dutch flag take their form according to the political prepossessions of the writers or disputants. Those contending for its "princely origin" declare that orange was the original primary band, while those urging a popular genesis say that red was always the first stripe. One theory states that in the fifth century, at Paris, when the emblem of revolution was raised against the oppressive Roman authority, it was of red, white, and blue, in perpendicular lines. In the sixteenth century these same colors, set horizontally, seem quite certainly to have been adopted as the symbol of union among the various Dutch provinces revolting against Spain, though the color of orange often took the place of the red to show emphatic loyalty to the House of Orange. The banners under which the first battles of the Dutch Revolution were fought were various, with inscriptions, such as *Pro rege, pro lege, pro grege* (for the king, for the law, for the commonwealth); or with emblems, as of the mother-pelican feeding its young with her bosom-blood. The Prinsenvlag, or flag of the Prince of Orange—the English word flag being derived directly from the Dutch vlag—was that of his house, containing his arms, which show the colors orange and gold, as well as red, white, and blue. Often, indeed, in the first years of the Eighty Years' War, the orange color alone was used, as a sufficient symbol of defiance, but in the early pictures and relics we see the tri-color—orange, white, and blue—in stripes parallel with the trumpet on which the colors hang, or at right angles with the flagstaff on which they fly. From about the time of the

Declaration of Independence, in 1581, down to the triumph of the anti-stadholderal party in 1650, the national flag was orange, white, and blue (oranje, blanche, bleu). Sometimes the tri-color was repeated on the same battle standard seven times, making a flag of twenty-one stripes, and flags of various sets of tri-colors, having from four to seventy stripes, are also known. So also, in its tints, was the flag of the East India Company, or "Jan Companie" (John Company), as the great trading corporation was popularly termed. In 1652 the flag of the Dutch United States, of which the colors were red, white, and blue, was officially flown. This change was significant of the fact that the House of Orange, while honored in many ways and bound to the nation by a thousand ties of popular gratitude, was of far less importance than the nation itself. In the Dutch navy, the flag had always been one of seven red and white stripes, one for each state in token of the Union.*

Unfortunately, the two republics, Dutch and English, which ought to have been friends and mutual helpers in the cause of freedom, were alienated because of commercial jealousies of long growth. The occasion of direct quarrel was the insult to the English ambassador at the Hague who was refused audience, as we have seen. The proposal of an alliance between the republics failed. The English had long desired to win from the Dutch the carrying-trade of the seas. Furthermore, "England, from the days of the Plantagenets, had claimed the sovereignty of what she was pleased to call the British seas, and had compelled the shipping of other nations to acknowledge her supremacy by dipping flag and sail in the presence of an English man-of-war."† After a mutual restrictive treaty between Denmark and the Republic, the English government passed the Navigation Act, which struck a

* See the three pamphlets, "De Oorsprung der Nederlandsche Vlag," door D. G. Muller, Amsterdam, 1862; same title, door T. Ter Gouw, Amsterdam, 1863; and "De Prinselijke Afkomst der Nederlandsche Vlag Gehandhaafd," door T. Ter Gouw, Amsterdam, 1864; and *Brave Little Holland*, pp. 216–219.

† S. W. Gardiner's *Cromwell's Place in History*, p. 72.



DE RUYTER

direct blow at the carrying-trade of the Netherlands, for it prohibited a foreign vessel from importing into England the products of any country but its own. "The Dutch had made themselves the champions of a liberal amendment of the law of the sea . . . vindicating the principle that the flag should cover the goods."* At this time probably nine out of every ten foreign vessels entering English ports were Dutch, and floated the flag of the Republic. Insult and rapine were quickly added to this unfriendly act. The Dutch ships were seized, and war followed. The hostile fleets, commanded by Admirals Tromp and Blake, met in the Downs on May 29, 1652, and a terrific battle of five hours followed, in which the Dutch were worsted. Admiral Blake having destroyed the Dutch fishing vessels, Admiral Marten Tromp was again sent to attack him, but he was driven back by a storm, and a still greater tempest awaited him in the fury of the populace stirred up by the Orangists. He was succeeded by Admiral de Ruyter, who met an English fleet under Sir George Ayskue off Plymouth in August, 1652, and won a brilliant victory. In the Mediterranean, near the island of Elba, the Dutch naval heroes, Van Galien and young Tromp, again made the flag of the Republic triumph. Blake was defeated by Admiral Witte de With. At length, Tromp was once more restored to favor, and with a fleet of one hundred and six ships he routed Blake's inferior force off Dungeness, November 29, 1652. According to tradition, Tromp then fastened a broom to his masthead, intimating that he had swept the enemy from the sea.

This useless war was mutually injurious. Cromwell had consented to it under the impression that Tromp had deliberately insulted the English flag. Holland suffered the more by losing her carrying-trade, in return for which the captures of British ships by Dutch privateers made but slight compensation.

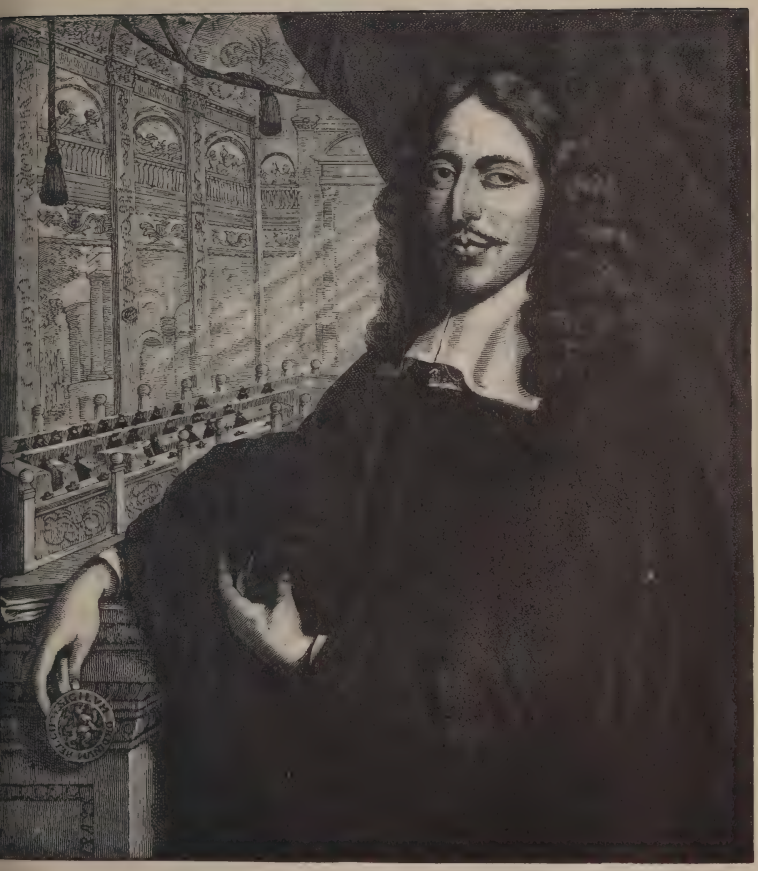
The Orange party wanted further war, but the Holland party clamored for peace. There being no stadholder at

* S. W. Gardiner's *Cromwell's Place in History*, p. 71.

this time, John DeWitt, who, when but twenty-five years of age, had been made pensionary of Holland, became in February, 1653, the nominal chief executive of the Republic. Like Switzerland, a republic which has no permanent executive head, the Republic of the United Netherlands was to be under DeWitt's guidance for twenty years, stadholderless and governed by the States-General. As their servant, DeWitt met the insulting demands of England with a firm hand.

In the naval war which continued, the manifest superiority of the English ships was demonstrated, the Dutch vessels being smaller and lighter, and not so well equipped. As in the naval campaign of 1812, when the English were defeated by the Americans with their heavier ships and guns and superior seamanship, so, in 1653, the Dutch, after a long succession of victories at sea, were very much in the same situation as were the English after Nelson's victories. Accustomed to success in old grooves of routine, they failed to keep up with naval progress or with the necessities of maritime war, and wherever valor on both sides is equal, science will win the day.

The combined squadrons of Tromp, DeRuyter, Evertsen, and Floriszoon were pitted against Blake, Deane, and Monk, in the channel, between Portland and the Isle of Wight, February 28 and 29, 1653, and again in a two days' battle off Nieuport and Dunkirk on the 12th and 13th of the following June, both of which engagements resulted indecisively. The Dutch admirals gave notice that they would leave the service unless their warnings were heeded by building ships and casting guns that could compete with the English, who had made great strides in naval science. The English now began to blockade the Dutch coast at the mouths of the Zuyder Zee, the Texel, and the Vlie, but when Tromp sallied out with his fleet of over a hundred ships the blockade was broken. A desperate battle was fought on the 10th of August, 1653, off the coast of Holland, between Scheveningen and the mouth of the Maas, in which Admiral Tromp was slain. Both sides lost heavily and claimed the victory. It was now the turn of the British to nail a broom at the masthead.



JOHN DE WITT

To Tromp was built at public expense a superb monument at Delft.

Both English and Dutch, being now heartily tired of the war, sought mutual accommodation. Cromwell was at the time Protector. He took part in the negotiations preliminary to the Peace of Westminster, intimating that no peace with the Republic was possible while the Prince of Orange, so closely allied to the Stuarts, was likely to get into power as stadholder. The Dutch agreed, April 23, 1854, to pay a half-million dollars for having seized English vessels in the waters of Denmark, and eighteen thousand dollars indemnity for the Amboyna outrages, and to form a defensive alliance with the English Commonwealth. They further arranged matters of dispute in the East Indies. Their humiliation was shown by their agreeing to strike the Dutch flag in presence of English men-of-war. Cromwell was determined that the House of Orange should be excluded from all power in the Republic. This outrageous interference with Dutch politics by a foreigner was only made possible by the deceit of DeWitt, who concealed the matter from the States-General and had the measure passed secretly in the legislature of Holland, which state was bound to prevent any member of the House of Orange from becoming stadholder or commander-in-chief of the Union. The measure was passed May 4, 1654, and was the seed of many troubles, though it gave DeWitt and the state-rights party a long lease of power.

In the Northern War, or short naval campaign against Sweden, owing to the blockade of the Sound, which injured both Dutch and Danish commercial interests, Jacob van Wassenaar Obdam, lieutenant-admiral of Holland, won a victory, and the famous Admiral Witte de With was killed. DeRuyter, who succeeded, negotiated a peace with the Swedes, and this opened a new era of commerce for the Dutch in the Baltic Sea. In the modern rebirth of patriotism, the streets and avenues of the newer and fairer portions of Dutch cities are named after the heroes, artists, poets, and other eminent sons and daughters of the Fatherland. A typical instance, though but one of

hundreds, is seen in the fact that Admiral Witte de With is honored in having his name given to one of the finest avenues in the great commercial city of Rotterdam, where he was buried.

The radical change which occurred in the politics of England, when Charles Stuart came to the throne in 1660, caused fresh troubles for the Dutch United States. Although Holland had repealed the act against the House of Orange, which had a direct and personal significance against his nephew, the new King had a great hatred of the republican Dutch. Furthermore, the Duke of York, his brother, coveting distinction as a conqueror, soon found a pretext for a quarrel in the squabbles of the rival Dutch and English traders on the coast of Africa. There the future James the Second of England, destined to be the last of the Stuart kings, seized a number of Dutch ships. In time of peace, and with deliberate treachery, a British squadron entered the Hudson river and compelled Stuyvesant to surrender the fort and city. New Amsterdam became New York. About one-half of the Dutch inhabitants of New Netherland, not caring to live under English rule, crossed the sea to their Fatherland. Charles Stuart, pursuing his further insolence and intermeddling in Dutch politics, forced the question of lowering the Dutch flag to his war ships, and demanded pledges that the young Prince of Orange should be installed in his father's dignities and powers as stadholder, captain, and admiral-general.

John DeWitt, now expecting to strengthen the Republic by making an alliance with Louis the Fourteenth, sent Obdam with his fleet to meet that of the Duke of York. War between the Republic and England was not declared until March 4, 1665. In the decisive naval battle, which began the "second English sea-war," fought off Lowestoft, the most easterly town of England, on June 13, 1665, the Dutch Vice-Admiral Kortnaar was slain. Admiral Van Wassenaar Obdam's flag-ship, with commander and crew, was blown up, and the Dutch lost nineteen ships, but the Duke of York made no pursuit, and the fleet of the Republic was soon able to repair its loss.

A mutiny broke out on the Dutch ships when the partisans of Orange and the states failed to co-operate with each other, and DeWitt was even charged with continuing the war for his own selfish interest. The Orange sailors called for the Prince of Orange to be made stadholder. DeWitt was a lawyer. He lived in those days when commanders of fleets were often army officers. Leaving the land and going on deck, he not only suppressed the mutiny but became a first-class pilot, winning an astonishing success. The very word "pilot" (pijl-lood or pole-lead) pictures in its etymology the leadsman of primitive days finding a path for the ship by means of a pole, which afterwards by evolution became the leaden sinker heaved or dropped by the man in the boat or shrouds. At one time DeWitt actually travelled to the Texel, went out in a boat, and with lead and line found that with the aid of a southwesterly wind the "Spaniard's gat," or hole, which even the pilots had believed impassable, could be used as a channel. This water-way has ever since been called "DeWitt's Deep." Through it the pensionary took the great fleet, which was soon to win a superb victory under "The Dutch Nelson," Michael DeRuyter, who, with his eighty-five men-of-war and sixteen fire-ships, met General Monk's fleet of sixty large vessels under the chalk cliffs of the North Foreland, in Kent. The battle lasted four days, from June 11 to June 15, 1666. The English fleet, when on the point of destruction, was reinforced by Prince Rupert, who came up with twenty-five vessels. Both DeRuyter and Cornelius Tromp, son of the dead hero, fought with amazing courage. In this, the heaviest sea-fight known in British waters, chain shot, said to have been invented by John DeWitt, was introduced into naval warfare and made terrible devastation in the British fleet, which finally escaped in a fog. Again, on the 25th of July, DeRuyter and Tromp, with eighty-eight ships, met Monk and Rupert, who had the same force as before. This time, however, bitter political quarrels in the Dutch fleet, and the recklessness of Tromp, who quarrelled with DeRuyter, gave the British such tremendous advantage that they won the victory. Nevertheless, DeRuyter soon got his fleet of seventy vessels to sea again,

and in June, 1666, under the orders of DeWitt, who was determined to compel a peace, he went up the Thames river as far as Chatham, destroying much shipping, spreading consternation throughout London, and terrorizing the whole coast. This triumph, together with his troubles at home, brought the English King to his senses, and the corrupt and extravagant monarch, renouncing the ridiculous claims which had been the cause of the war, instructed his commissioners to sign the Peace of Breda, July 1, 1666, and to enter into a defensive alliance with the Republic.

At this time, just one century after the Dutch had raised the flag of revolt against Spain, and Alva's veterans had marched into the Netherlands to devastate them even as the Turk had devastated Asia Minor, the triumphant Republic, having a population of between two and three millions, was one of the great powers of Europe. Spain, however, had become more like a poor and miserable dotard. With its population reduced from twenty to six millions, it was unable any longer to send out bands of conquerors to America or powerful armies over Europe. At this time of Spanish weakness, when France was rising in its golden age of strength, Louis the Fourteenth invaded the Belgic Netherlands. John DeWitt and his party, uncertain of the stability of either King Charles's promises or of his hold upon his throne, proposed the famous Triple Alliance between Great Britain, the United Netherlands, and Sweden, in order to curb the power of Louis the Fourteenth and compel him to peace. England was especially desirous of accomplishing this as soon as possible, and Sir William Temple urged it with his powerful abilities. DeWitt violated the constitution by securing the signatures of the States-General before the states particular had been consulted, and thus committed the very sin for which Maurice, Frederick Henry, and the stadholder William had been so violently condemned. Again the defects of the Dutch constitution became glaring alike to friend and enemy. When the question arose concerning the command of the Dutch army to be levied for the proposed campaign in the Spanish Netherlands, DeWitt desired to have the

offices of stadholder and Captain-General of the Union separated, and thereupon Holland passed the Perpetual Edict which abolished the stadholderate and disqualified all captains and admirals from accepting any such office, even if solicited to do so. This action of Holland provoked intense indignation among the Orange party, and, as the course of events proved, accomplished the destruction of the State-Rights party.

The tripartite treaty, however, was short-lived, for Charles Stuart sold himself to the King of France, and Sweden withdrew from the alliance. John DeWitt now prepared to meet the attack, which he knew could not be long delayed; for the two monarchies were leagued to crush the parliamentary republic. Louis the Fourteenth moved quickly, and with probably the finest regularly equipped army which Europe had seen since that of Alva. Directed by Conde and Turenne, he crossed the Rhine with great spectacular display. This performance, though there was none to oppose it, seemed so magnificent to the numerous French orators, poets, and historians who accompanied the host, that they celebrated it in a bulky literature.

In the distracted political situation of the Republic, this army of one hundred thousand men quickly overran the three states of Gelderland, Utrecht, and Overyssel. When within three leagues of Amsterdam the invaders were obliged to pause, because the Dutch threatened once more to open the dikes and put their country under water, rather than be crushed by a tyrant. Moreover, DeRuyter met the combined fleets of the allies in Solebay, May 28, 1672, and scattered them, whereupon the Netherlanders took fresh hope. The States-General, however, against the appeals of Amsterdam, proposed humiliating terms of submission, which the pride-swollen French King rejected.

From the east, the fighting Bishop of Munster, an ally of Louis the Fourteenth, invaded Drenthe, occupied Coevorden and besieged Groningen. The people at large now rose in wrath, and determined to die in the last ditch rather than submit to the dictation of the two monarchies.

Holland repealed the Perpetual Edict and, acting with Zeeland, elected William, the young Prince of Orange, to be stadholder and military commander-in-chief of the Union, and Utrecht, Overyssel, and Gelderland followed their example; while Henry Casimir, who was destined to become the ancestor of the dynasty now reigning in the Netherlands, became stadholder of Friesland, Groningen, and Drenthe.

In this dark hour of invasion, the DeWitt brothers, John and Cornelius, were accused of selling the country to France, and were murdered, August 20, 1672, during a popular outburst in the interests of the House of Orange, at the Gevangepoort, in the Hague. The new stadholder, William the Third, disgracefully failed to have the ringleaders of this riot brought to justice. After twenty years of parliamentary rule, of federal government without a president, and according to the clumsy model adopted nearly a century before, the State-Rights party, in presence of the dangers that threatened the very life of the Republic, ceased to exist.

La Fevre Pontalis, who has written the life of John DeWitt and the history of these "twenty years a parliamentary republic," fitly says:

"In making the Grand Pensionary DeWitt a scapegoat for her disasters, the republic of the United Provinces deprived themselves of a great minister who, instead of making her dependent, only desired to serve her. Reduced to the last extremity, she found in William the Third a liberator, but also a master, who, by imposing upon her the authority of a sovereign, made her, in a measure, pay a ransom for her freedom. Freed from foreign dominion by William the Third, who followed the glorious example of his ancestors, they were preserved by John DeWitt from internal subjection. He contributed also to insure them the enjoyment of a free government, perpetuated after him in a race of patriotic and popular princes. His work did not, therefore, altogether perish with him, but, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, has survived him."

Between the spirit of William the Third and that of the

THE MURDER OF THE DE WITTS

Dutch people there was now perfect harmony. Once more letting in the waves of the sea over their homes, they gave the French invader an object-lesson and proof that to them liberty was more than life. Like the illustrious William of Orange, his grandson now began to organize victory out of defeat, as he opened his lifelong war for representative government against despotism. William believed heartily in that ancient Dutch freedom which had had its existence before the Kings of Spain emerged from their obscurity as noblemen in Castile; in that English liberty which had existed under law when the Stuarts were only Norman barons living near Oswestry, in Shropshire, and before they went to Scotland to seek their fortunes; and even in the rights of Frenchmen which were known when the Bourbons were only the owners of a castle in Bourbonnais.

Again the Dutch kept their red, white, and blue flag floating on the ocean, despite the alliance of the two great monarchies to crush the Republic. In the summer of 1673 DeRuyter and Tromp, having become reconciled, fought two battles against the allies, one on June 7th and another June 14th, off the coast of Zeeland, the result of which was that the coast of that province was saved from French invasion. A third and last battle, which ended the long struggle for the supremacy of the English and Dutch upon the seas, was fought off Kykduin, near Den Helder in North Holland, August 21, 1673. DeRuyter had but seventy-five ships, and the allies twice that number. The British, however, did all the fighting while the French looked on. During this engagement the English Admiral Sprague left the hundred-gun flag-ship *Royal Prince*, and in an open boat attempted to reach another vessel; but the boat was demolished by a cannon-ball, and he was drowned. In the former naval campaign, the Orange and DeWitt partisans had divided the counsels and weakened the power of the Republic, but now the tables were turned and the Dutch profited by the divisions and jealousies which existed among the allies, and even in the English fleet itself. Indeed, the war was very unpopular with the English sailors, who fought only half-heart-

edly. A Dutch admiral, Cornelius Evertsen, on August 9, 1673, recaptured New York City, which was thereupon called New Orange. During the war the Dutch privateers took over twenty-eight hundred prizes from their enemies.

Peace, however, stopped all further victories by the Dutch, and both the British and the Netherlanders agreed to restore the places captured by them during the war. King Charles had been brought to terms by the Parliament's refusal to vote supplies for the war. In the Republic the King of France yielded up the three provinces of Gelderland, Overyssel, and Utrecht, but in a way that seemed more like the transference of a personal estate from one owner to another rather than an international transaction, while, in an extreme reaction from the politics of DeWitt, Holland and Zeeland made the office of stadholder and military-commander hereditary in the House of William the Third. Gelderland went still further, and offered to make him a sovereign duke. This proposal so excited the burghers of Amsterdam that a financial panic was produced. In spite of his secret vexation, William was obliged to decline the tempting prize. That both the Dutch Republic and William the Third had profited by the lessons taught by John DeWitt was now evident. "Political freedom had taken such firm root during the vacancy of the stadholdership that it maintained its hold even upon those who would have wished to put it down."

As admiral-general of the Union, William neglected the navy—a mistaken policy which led to the loss of De-Ruyter, that greatest of Dutch naval commanders, in whom the sea-power of the Republic seemed to have been incarnated. He had protested against being sent to the Mediterranean with a poorly equipped fleet of only eighteen vessels, but was overruled. Subsequently, having encountered a superior force of twenty French men-of-war under the shadow of Stromboli, near Sicily, April 22, 1676, he gallantly attacked them, and after a three days' fight the French were driven off; but De Ruyter received a mortal wound. He was sixty-six years of age at the time of his death. Admiral DuQuesne, whom none but the French ever believed was victorious in this fight, be-

came the theme of extravagant praise, and, after him his countrymen in America named a fort which they had built on the present site of Pittsburg. A magnificent marble memorial of DeRuyter was erected in the New Church in Amsterdam, and many avenues in the modern enlargements and elegant new quarters of Dutch cities take their names from this hero, whose character was as noble as his deeds were illustrious. He was one of the greatest naval heroes of all time. The Peace of Nymegen, signed August 10, 1678, ended the war.

While these great movements in war and politics were going on, the Dutch were also active in many seas discovering, trading, fighting, and exploring. They extended their East-Indian Empire and commerce, and laid the foundations of republics in South Africa upon which the British were afterwards to build a mighty superstructure. Amsterdam was the chief commercial city of the world, having the first bank in northern Europe, and that eighth wonder of the world, its City-hall, now the Palace, built on 13,659 piles. Flushing, Middelburg, Dordrecht, Leyden, Delft, Vlaardingen, and Enkhuizen were also great centres of trade. The village of Smeerenburg was built on Spitzbergen, on account of the whale fisheries in the Arctic seas. Seventeen hundred fishing smacks were employed in the herring fisheries. The great ship-yards of Zaandam, the vast bleacheries of Haarlem, the cloth factories of Leyden, the Delft blue earthenware, the diamond cutters and polishers of Amsterdam, the type foundries, printing and book-making in many towns, the Hollandish and Frisian cattle, butter, and cheese, the improved wind-mills, the Gouda pipes, tiles, and bricks, the abundance of cheap books, the variety and richness of ordinary food and dress, the newspapers, the good roads, the swift water traffic—all these were the wonder of Europe.

CHAPTER XI

MOVEMENTS OF THOUGHT

MEANWHILE the intellect of the people was intensely active. The Universities of Leyden, Franeker, Groningen, Utrecht, Amsterdam, and of Harderwijk (which was founded in 1648 in celebration of the great peace), were filled with students, and their brilliant faculties were rich in names which are now known in every land.

The study of theology was particularly active. The futility of attempting to check the growth of the human mind by the clamps of logical formulæ was soon made manifest. The theology of the Protestant Netherlands, which has so powerfully influenced Great Britain and America, has defects which are but common to that of a political church, but it was and it is especially vitiated in its divine quality when made the engine of party politics. Thus employed, theology is frightfully productive of virulence, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. After the one signal interference of the Reformed Dutch Church in governmental affairs, through the National Synod of 1618, by which Calvinism became triumphant through political craft and was declared to be the substance of the Reformed religion and the creed of the nation, Nemesis came in the form of René Descartes.

This thinker, born in France, March 31, 1596, had, when a college student, resolved to efface from his mind all scholastic dogmas and the prejudices due to his education, to reject the authority of books, and to admit only that which was confirmed by reason and experience. He went to the Protestant Netherlands and entered the Dutch army under Maurice in 1621. He was for five

years a soldier and for eight more a traveller, or in retirement. In 1629 he made his home in Holland, which had the most intellectual atmosphere then known to Europe. His important discoveries in algebra and geometry lengthened the lives of mathematical inquirers. By his book published in 1641 he gave a wonderful impulse to philosophical inquiry and wrought changes in metaphysical thought greater than were ever produced by any other modern philosopher. Through his innovations and paradoxes he startled the theologians and the Aristotelians, and greatly alarmed not only the Cardinals at Rome but also the inheritors of scholasticism in the Netherlands.

The new philosophy of doubt refreshed the mind of Johannes Koch, born in Bremen in 1603, whose name in Latin form is Coccejus. He studied Hebrew with a Rabbi, and Greek with a native Grecian. He was called, when twenty-seven years old, to a professorship at Franeker. He subsequently filled the chair of oriental languages in the same Frisian University, and was afterwards appointed to the chair of theology in Leyden, where he remained until 1669, dying in his sixty-seventh year. After Erasmus, Coccejus may be called the father of modern biblical criticism. He believed in setting forth Christian theology without reference to Aristotle, or the pagans, or mediæval or modern philosophers, but based upon the Scriptures only. Almost as a matter of course, he was bitterly denounced by the scholastic theologians, who, out of a mixture of Greek philosophy, Roman logic and polity, and with texts taken largely from the Old Testament, had built up systems of what they called "Christian" theology—systems which were enforced by the military, by the inquisition, or by what was called church discipline. Coccejus framed a system of theology on the idea of "covenants" between God and man, of works, and of grace, which are set forth in the Old and the New Testaments. Though his "federal system" has many vagaries and fancies, both personal and belonging to his age, Coccejus gave a tremendous impulse to biblical study and to Christian theology.

The chief opponents of Coccejus were those who maintained that theological type of instruction created by the

schoolmen Lombard, Aquinas, and Dun Scotus, in which abstruseness, logic, and the amazing lengthening out of conclusions were delighted in. These saw in the theories of Descartes, and in what they imagined to be their application by Coccejus, great peril to the Church and the souls of men. The stern maintainer of the traditional forms of the faith was Gysbart Voet, born at Heusden in 1588, whose Latinized name was Voetius. He was made professor of theology at Utrecht in 1634. He identified the teachings of Calvin and Beza with the substance of Christianity and the Bible, though he drew his explanations of holy scriptures from the writings of the schoolmen. He began his battle against the Cartesian system in 1639. With tremendous zeal, and having great practical power in the Reformed Church, he fought a life-long battle not only against Coccejus but also against all whom he deemed sectarians, whether Romanists, Remonstrants, Arians, Socinians, Baptists, Lutherans, Schismatics or Freethinkers, and died in 1676, at the age of eighty-eight.

From the universities the controversy passed into politics and into social life, and assumed curious forms with comical phases, the women becoming as much interested as were the men. The lines of division showed themselves even in the fashions of clothes and caps, in the matter of personal and household adornment, and in a grave or a gay style of keeping Sunday. The Coccejans were to be found mostly among the burghers and aristocratic classes, who in politics were opposers of the stadholder and the Orangists.

On the other hand, the common people considered Professor Voet to be the champion of orthodoxy. William the Third took the side of the Voetians, and often made magistrates and ministers feel both his lawful power and his abuse of it as well. All through their history as a republic, and even as a kingdom, the Dutch, with the best record of all the European nations for toleration and freedom in religion, have sullied their reputation, again and again, by allowing their politicians to meddle with the conscience, and by permitting their religious teachers to dishonor the Master who declared that His kingdom was

not of this world. Like all disturbances and scandals in the Fatherland, the oscillations of these controversies were felt at the ends of the earth, where the Dutch had settled. The first ordination on American soil of a clergyman occurred in 1679, in the Dutch Reformed Church at New Amstel on the Delaware river. The four Dutch pastors who formed a classis for the purpose of ordination were Coccejans, while the candidate, Rev. Petrus Tassemacher, was a Voetian, who, however, was acceptable, although he was bitterly criticised by the two Labadists who came from the Netherlands to settle a colony of their coreligionists in the Hudson river region. Tassemacher was tomahawked by the Indians at the massacre of Schenectady, February 8, 1690, during the war between France and England and Holland, when that frontier village in the "Far West" was the theme of grave debate between Versailles, London, and the Hague.

In the senate-room at the University of Utrecht one may see a portrait of Voet, painted by Rembrandt, and in St. Peter's Church, at Leyden, there is a marble bust of Coccejus. Contemporaneous with Descartes and the progressive and reactionary theology which he stimulated were the Labadists, who had no hope that Christianity could ever reach its ideal in a church torn asunder by party strife, and who thirsted for more spirituality in religion. Driven out of France by Cardinal Mazarin, Joan Maldee Labadie, who was born February 13, 1610, in the Roman communion, first joined the Jansenists of Port Royal, then went to Orange, the capital of Orange-Nassau, and afterwards to London and Geneva. In the Swiss city he met the brother of the most learned woman then in the Netherlands, Anna Maria Schurman, famous for her knowledge of languages and philosophy. Before her house to-day in Utrecht is a tablet in honor of her fame. After five years' correspondence between this lady and the great mystic, Labadie came to Utrecht, preaching on the way at Middelburg to vast crowds, but he was expelled by the magistrates. He gathered an independent congregation at Veere, an ancient town of the Scotch "staple" or trade-monopoly, and there he preached to increasing mul-

titudes, and soon became a cause of trouble between the two cities. When the people of Veere and Middelburg were almost ready for war, he retired peaceably and came to Amsterdam, where Maria Schurman joined him—"a second Paula, bound in a platonic friendship to this second Jerome." Anna Maria Schurman left the Reformed Church and joined the Labadists. The Amsterdam magistrates, at the instigation of the Reformed pastors, now interfered, with prohibitions against joining the sect. From that time forth its prosperity waned; but the fire kindled by the Labadian mystics was used to light other lamps, and many of the Labadists became members of the Society of Friends.

William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, after writing his celebrated defence of toleration, entitled *The Great Cause of Liberty of Conscience*, made his second journey through his mother's native country, the Dutch United States, where he met Anna Maria Schurman. Penn spoke Dutch as well as English—for he was the son of a Dutch mother, Margaret Jasper, of Rotterdam—and, preaching to the Labadists and the Mennonites, was able to persuade some of the best families of the Republic to join him in his experiment of a godly commonwealth in Pennsylvania. In Friesland he not only imbibed many ideas from the Dutch social and political system, which he embodied in the constitution of Pennsylvania, but he also gathered many new recruits of the best sort suited to aid him in founding a noble state eminently free from mediæval dogmas. Penn drew from the auspicious example of the Dutch federal republic the idea and ground-work for his *Plan for the Peace of Europe*,"* or treatise on the federation of Christendom, or the United States of Europe, in which he advocated the settlement of international questions without war. He thus definitely anticipated that tribunal of arbitration between civilized nations which the twentieth century may yet realize as a fact and a fulfilment of common Christianity.

Free intellect, having been driven out of Spain and the

* Reprinted in Old South Leaflets, No. 75: Boston, 1896.

Spanish Netherlands, found refuge in the tolerant Dutch Republic. Cornelius Jansen, born near Leerdam, in South Holland, October 28, 1585, was educated at the University of Utrecht, and studied theology at Louvain, where, in 1630, he held the chair of scriptural interpretation. From this year he formulated the system of doctrines associated with his name, and which were afterwards expanded and defended by the Port Royalists. His scheme is one of many attempts to interpret Jesus through Augustine, and to apply the enginery devised and initiated by the Bishop of Hippo to the Church of Christ. Jansenism, which Ultramontane writers view as a mitigated form of Calvinism; which Jesuits regard as "the most subtile reptile that ever attached itself to the side of Belgian Catholicism," and which others consider to be a sort of Catholic Puritanism,* having first attracted the anathemas of the Jesuits and drawn the lightning of the Vatican, was expelled from France by Louis the Fourteenth, who enforced the papal decisions in the Unigenitus bull of 1713. It afterwards found a home in Utrecht, where its Archbishop resides, ruling over twenty-seven congregations. Their theological school is at Amersfoort, and they call themselves Old Catholics.

Refugees from England, southern and western Europe, Germany, and Russia also found a home and welcome in the land of William the Silent. Many of them were like harmless doves flying before the hawks of persecution. The Israelites from Portugal flocked in large numbers to Amsterdam, after expulsion from their native country, during the first half of the seventeenth century. With the German Jews they found a second Jerusalem on the banks of the Amstel, where, by means of trade, and especially in the cutting and polishing of diamonds, they gained vast wealth. They made this northern Venice the centre of the diamond industry of the world, erected their own charitable and devotional institutions, and built imposing temples. In the political struggles between the

* See *The Church in the Netherlands* (p. 297), by R. H. Ditchfield: London, 1893.

stadholders and the anti-Orange party, they almost always took the part of the former. While Descartes, Coccejus, and Voetius were in their prime, though before the great controversy associated with the names of these men had broken out, there was born in the house of a Portuguese Jew, in Amsterdam, a child named Baruch de Spinoza, or, as Latinized, Benedict Spinoza, whose spirit even to this day lives pre-eminent in the world of pure thought, while his statue adorns the capital of the nation that is proud to own him as her child. He was a bright boy, and was given by his father an education which led him through the cycle of rabbinic and mediæval Hebrew literature to the Old Testament, the commentaries, and the writings of the scholastics, and thence to the school of Descartes. He was an honest Hebrew thinker, and became a skeptic, even as the honest scholar of the Jesuits had become a skeptic. Unable to retain the idea of God as the cause and creator of the universe, and equally unable, with his Jewish mind, to accept the Christian conception of God, he doubted all things and fell back upon the pantheism of Substantiality. The nucleus of his system of thought is found in his Ethics, around which his other writings group themselves. According as he is admired or hated, he is looked upon as a thorough-going monotheist or a pantheistic fatalist. Spinoza taught in his Ethics, "Everything is in God; nothing is outside of God. Everything that exists is in God—the only possible subsistence. Nothing can be without or outside of Him."

Spinoza was excommunicated August 6, 1666, with the usual dramatic accessories which ecclesiastics supposed necessary for the deterrence of error and the preservation of faith and truth. The synagogue was lighted by thousands of burning candles, painted black, which threw a lurid glare into a cavity filled with blood. A mournful voice was heard in a sort of chant, intoning the decree of excommunication, and then the trumpet sounded in loud blasts. As these ceased, anathemas were hurled at the honest thinker, the candles were cast into the blood and extinguished, and a loud amen confirmed the awful

curses heard by the deeply impressed multitude.* Spinoza died in 1677. In his lifetime a flood of books and pamphlets was called forth in answer to his writings, and the leaven of his thought is still working.†

The Dutch United States was in this century the laboratory of critical thought. While England closed her universities to all except those able to wear the loose ethical yoke of conformity, the Dutch Republic made conscience free and welcomed all law-abiding students and inquirers. At Leyden, Utrecht, Franeker, and Harderwijk most of the clergy, physicians, and lawyers in the free churches of England and America were educated. The Dutch furnished scores of thinkers who, whether crowned with the orthodox laurel or blasted by the anathemas of the Church, helped to enlarge the mind of the race and to strike down great evils, thus becoming the world's true benefactors. Scores of the best books written in the English tongue were composed in the atmosphere of the free Republic. Comenius, the educator, and at one time president-elect of Harvard College; Linnæus, the botanist; John Locke, with his epistle on Toleration; and Daniel Neal, the historian, are but a few of the names, shining with increasing lustre, of those who helped to make that noble British republic, which lives disguised under the fiction of monarchy.

The belief in witchcraft, one of the most awful mental diseases and scourges of mankind, received its death-blow in Holland. Whether among the pagan Semites, the ancient Hebrews or other Asians, in the timeless continent of Africa from pre-historic æons to our own era, or among our own ancestors of Teutonic race, witchcraft has existed, since times long before organized religion, as a destroyer of human peace, a darkener of social joys, the paralysis of science and progress. Witchcraft has been epidemic among mankind in every age and clime. More cruel than Moloch, it has sent millions of human beings

* Hansen's *Reformed Church in the Netherlands*, p. 230.

† To-day, the Library of the Cornell University contains the fullest set of writings of, and concerning, the great philosopher.

to terror, torture, and death. The early Christian Church, born into an atmosphere of belief and magic, seems never to have questioned its reality. Her monotheism and her identification of religion with ethics led her to look on the gods of the heathen as devils and on their worship as witchcraft. Her conversion of the Germanic peoples brought in a fresh host of demons. The nobler rationalism of Agobard of Lyons, who, in the ninth century, dared to question the popular superstition, was superseded in the thirteenth century, when Thomas Aquinas gave its ripest form to the mediæval theology.

The system of Aquinas, which became the popular one in the Netherlands, was transferred bodily from the Catholic to the Reformed theology. The symmetry of his scheme seemed to demand for the Devil an earthly following not less numerous or loyal than God's faithful Church, and bound to their Master by similar ties of worship and service. After two centuries of inquisitorial sermons and treatises, aided by the law and the judges, the Christian Church began the persecution of witches, and the bulls of the Pope sanctioned the worst charges of the witch-hunters. Thousands were put to death on the charge of witchcraft by Christian men who believed that thereby they were doing God's service.* Spain and Scotland were, perhaps, next to Germany, the lands which suffered most from the delusion of witchcraft, though in England there lacked neither witch-hunters, like James the Second, nor witch-burners; while in New England, among the Puritans, though not among the Pilgrims, witch-hangers were sufficiently numerous. Among the Pilgrims, who had dwelt eleven years in the Netherlands, no such procedure as the pursuit of witches was known. If the persecution knew fiercer epidemics in Catholic communities, it was more chronic in Protestant lands, and in the purely English colony at Salem, Massachusetts, it became a panic.

Though scepticism was never wanting, the first open

* My friend, Professor George Burr, of Cornell University and geographer of the Venezuela Boundary Commission of 1896–97, has made this whole subject his special study, and to his writings I am much indebted.

protest came from Dr. Wierius, a physician at Grave, in North Brabant, who published in 1563 his brave and noble book, *De Præstigiis Dæmonum*, exposing the absurdity of belief in the supposed tricks of demons, and in incantations and sorcery. Thus, out of the Netherlands was raised the first voice to rebuke the hideous delusions of the age and call a halt to that judicial murder of multitudes which was then going on all over Europe. The Dutch Republic was also the place of refuge for the hunted victims of this delusion—a hunt which often cloaked malice and villany. A still higher honor was reserved for the Dutch pastor, Balthazar Bekker, who struck, in 1691, the deadliest of all blows at this paganism lurking under the shelter of Christianity, by his famous book, *Betooverde Wereld* (the witch-haunted world), in which he undermined the whole theory of human intercourse with the Devil. Bekker was born in 1634 at Metslawier, in Friesland, and served as domine at Loenen, at Weesp, and then in Amsterdam. In interpreting the Bible, he refused to adopt the rules of either Coccejus or Voetius. While his fellow-ministers in the Reformed Church, during the presence of a brilliant comet in the heavens, were teaching the people that such an occasional visitor must be regarded as a harbinger of great calamities, and were quoting Scripture to sustain their views, Bekker published at Leeuwarden an elaborate work on comets, protesting against the popular and clerical superstition. Twelve years later, after visiting many repulsive places in order to hunt down to their source various ghost stories supposed to be well authenticated, withal greatly helped and encouraged by his wife, he published his famous work on the "bewitched world," with the purpose of freeing his fellow-Christians from that thraldom of unchristianlike fear which they shared with Jews, Mohammedans, and pagans. Exploring the whole ground, he showed great learning and familiarity with the Scriptures, but unfortunately called in the philosophy of Descartes to sustain his views. Deposed from the ministry, the magistrates nevertheless continued him to the last in the enjoyment of his salary. This has ever been the glory of the Repub-

lic, that, despite numerous private attempts to change the noble record, intelligent laymen have ever been ready to restrain the clergy, to rebuke bigotry, and make toleration the public law of the land. "Bekkerism," as it was called, disturbed those pagan traditions which had rooted themselves like tenacious parasites upon the Christian Church, but civilization and purer Christianity now everywhere rejoice because Balthazar Bekker lived and taught.

Other theological developments in the Dutch churches were manifested when rationalism was applied to the doctrine of the person of Christ, especially by Herman Alexander Roell, born in 1653, who taught as minister at Deventer, and was a professor at Franeker and Utrecht. His opponent was the famous Vitringa. It may be said that during the last quarter of the seventeenth century and the first of the eighteenth philosophy, rather than pure Christian theology, ruled in the pulpits of the Reformed Church; yet both have so influenced municipal and state politics, and colored all Dutch history, that he who tries to understand the Dutch people, whether in Europe, America, or South Africa, without knowing the intensity of their convictions, will fail to comprehend either their motives or actions. This we shall see as we proceed further. Nevertheless, despite individual exceptions and partisan extremes in both church and state, critical science shows the Dutch Republic to have been the original home of modern toleration and of that religious liberty which under God is the grandest proof of the progress of the race.

The young Prince William of Orange married, on the 4th of November, 1677, Princess Mary, daughter of the Duke of York, who was heir to the British throne. This marriage was purely a state affair. William chose his consort with the idea of securing the powerful alliance of Great Britain, in order to carry out his life-long purpose of foiling Louis the Fourteenth, who incarnated the warlike policy and expectation of France to be paramount in European politics. The hopes of France, since the days of Henry the Fourth, have centred in the idea of possessing the Netherlands and making the Rhine her

frontier. None saw this more clearly than William. The States-General, however, accepted the terms offered by Louis, and so the stadholder consented to the peace of Nymegen in July, 1678, which, through the bargain made by Louis with Charles the Second, exposed the Spanish Netherlands to the grasp of French ambition. At Nymegen England was for the first time represented in a continental congress.

France was now the most formidable Power in Europe. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes caused thousands of the best Protestant French families to find a home in other lands. The Dutch Republic was notably enriched with the blood and talents of these Huguenots, who in many instances changed their names as well as their speech to Dutch, while keeping their excellent character and religion.

The invasion of the Spanish Netherlands by Louis the Fourteenth was accompanied by frightful excesses, and William, distrusting the "Roi Soliel," formed, in 1686, a new coalition, called the League of Augsburg, by which the German Empire, the Dutch Republic, Savoy, and England formed a grand alliance, headed by William the Third, against France. The stadholder of the Dutch Republic was thus brought into direct personal contact with British politics, and became the head of the interests of Protestant freedom.

The Duke of York, on becoming King James the Second, surpassed all the Stuarts in his vices, and a storm of wrath, charged with the lightnings which the Parliament of England held in its grasp, was gathering over him. The English people have always been able to stand royalty, so long as royalty behaves itself, as a good servant; but James was playing the master and despot. William, after trying to make peace between the King and his people, determined to maintain the rights of his wife, especially when he saw that his father-in-law was linking his fortunes to those of Louis the Fourteenth, the common enemy of England and Holland, and was leaning upon him for support. He sent his trusted councillor, Dijkvelt, who, with excellent address, won the confidence of the bishops

and statesmen, and also pleased and encouraged the people. King James's continued infatuation with Roman ideas of government increased the popular discontent of the English and warmed their general willingness to look for a Dutch deliverer. When James Francis Edward Stuart, the Prince of Wales, was born the end of forbearance had come, for the English people decided to exterminate Stuart royalty, root and branch.

It now began to look in England as though politics, which always makes strange bedfellows, had gone even further into the realm of allegory. Those who had been as different in opinions as are the appetites of the lion and the calf in nature now began to act in accord with each other. Those who had kept apart as wolves and sheep dwelt in harmony before a common danger. The British nobles and dignitaries of all parties united in a Macedonian invitation to the Dutchmen to come over and help them. Both Whigs and Tories were one in beckoning to the Prince of Orange. Having the consent of Amsterdam and the other cities which had previously opposed him, and accompanied by a splendid army of fifteen thousand men, possibly half of whom were Huguenots, together with a great fleet of five hundred ships, William the Third passed out of the mouth of the Maas, and sailed past the Hook of Holland, through the straits of Dover and into the Channel. While the royalist army was in the north of England, in expectation of encountering the Dutch there, William, having conducted his operations with great secrecy and skill, landed with his host at Torbay, in Devonshire, November 5, 1688. Unopposed he marched to London, and entering that city, December 18th, in triumph, he was hailed as a national deliverer and the greatest of England's Christmas presents. Lord Somers, one of the keenest students of Dutch history, and by whom, or under whose supervision, the Dutch Declaration of Independence of 1581 had been translated, was chairman of the parliamentary committee which drew up the Declaration of Rights. By this action of Parliament, which followed the Dutch precedent, the worthless Prince was deposed and the government was reorganized. William and his

wife, Mary, were made King and Queen, and were crowned in Westminster Abbey, February 13, 1688. The Jacobins, or adherents of James and of Spain, held out for some time in Scotland and Ireland; but the struggle ended in Scotland when the Earl of Dundee died, and in Ireland after the battle of the Boyne, July 1, 1690—a victory at which William commanded in person.

Under the tolerant Dutch King, "the sour Calvinist" of the London cockney and disappointed spoil-seekers, the free churchmen of England were awarded something like their rights. DeFoe's writings, which moulded English public opinion, while powerfully aiding the throne on which sat a Dutch ruler, pricked the bubbles of insular conceit. His satire, *A True-born Englishman,* showing the very much mixed blood in the composite English nation, sold more largely than anything previously printed in the language, and made King William more popular. The issues of the Puritan revolution and the ideas of the Commonwealth were practically incorporated into the British constitution, and, under William's untiring industry and practical genius, modern England began her superb career of freedom and prosperity at home, and of blessing to the nations of the earth.

Yet, notwithstanding the sterling qualities of their Dutch King, the debt which they owed to him and the undoubted gratitude which they felt, the British people never really liked him. Indeed, he was personally disagreeable to them, largely because of his stern repression of all manifestations of any kindly or genial feeling and his negligence of those arts which "double the value of a favor and take away the sting of a refusal." Civil service reform had not yet become the splendid reality of our time, and the place-hunters kept up a continual growl because Dutchmen held so many fat offices. Moreover, it soon became manifest that William had crossed the seas less with the idea of freeing the nation from the tyranny of James than for the purpose of enlisting English power against the King of France.

In the Fatherland there was not a little hard feeling because of the stadholder's neglect of the national interests

and his apparent delight in humbling the pride of Amsterdam and in maintaining the interests of his party at all hazards. William, being the representative of England as well as of the Republic, evidently rejoiced in the alliances which curbed the pride of Louis the Fourteenth. In the field William's success was by no means uniform. He was repeatedly outgeneralled and defeated in the Belgic Netherlands, while these wretched provinces suffered all the horrors of war without much apparent advantage. His recapture of Namur, in 1695, was his greatest triumph, after the battle of the Boyne. But although the Dutch, as well as the English, gained comparatively little renown on land, they maintained, despite occasional reverses, their prestige at sea.

Several severe naval battles were fought, one of which was at Beachy Head in the English Channel, June 29, 1690, where Admiral Cornelius Evertsen, poorly supported, and in fact nearly deserted by his English allies under Torrington, maintained the fight alone and lost greatly in men and ships. The allied fleet took refuge in the Thames, while the French privateer *Jean Bart* ravaged the Dutch herring-fleet the same year that Cornelis Tromp died. But when the allied fleet of eighty vessels, between La Hogue and Barfleur, encountered the French fleet which had been assembled for the purpose of transporting an army of King James's partisans to invade Ireland, a battle ensued which lasted two days, and resulted in the defeat of the French and the consequent reassertion of Dutch and English power on the sea. This victory so far disturbed the plans of Louis the Fourteenth that he offered terms of peace; and public opinion, both of the Dutch and the English, compelled William, although greatly against his desire, to agree to a cessation of hostilities. In 1697, at Ryswyk, near the Hague, commissioners met together, ended the nine years' war and gave peace to Europe. At this assembly, England was for the second time represented in an European continental congress, the first being at Nymegen, in 1678, and both on Dutch soil. The ambition of France had but compelled a "balance of power," and the Republic was a powerful

WILLIAM III. OF ENGLAND

factor in regulating the equilibrium. This convention of Ryswyk, between France and the allies—Germany, Netherlands, England, and Spain—besides being commercially beneficial to the Dutch, and allowing them to garrison the barrier towns on their southern frontier, had a profound influence upon the future of America, more especially in deciding that its future should be according to the ideas of Teutonic instead of Roman civilization.

It was in this same year that Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, impersonating those yearnings for progress and a nobler national life which the Russian people had felt even before his day, came to Zaandam, in North Holland, and worked as a ship carpenter. He occupied the ordinary cottage of a mechanic, with its bunk or bed in a closet, its great fire-place, and its humble but comfortable surroundings. The hut at Zaandam, with the lot of ground on which it is situated, has been presented by the Dutch government to Russia, and has been enclosed by the Russians within a neat wooden edifice. Its old walls are embellished with tablets, pictures, and other souvenirs left by visiting Russian sovereigns, noblemen, and people, so that it has become an interesting place for the visiting tourist. The Czar-mechanic, after a short time at Zaandam, went to Amsterdam, and thence to England, where, among other makers of civilization and teachers of mankind, he met William Penn. Dutchmen have been frequently called to enter the service of the Autocrat of all the Russias, and, to this day, many words used on board a Russian ship, and not a few terms relating to naval life, are of Dutch origin.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the question as to who should inherit Spain and the Spanish possessions was like that concerning Turkey, which disturbs the European nations at the end of the nineteenth century. The problem of "The Spanish Succession" had not been settled by the war. The partition treaty, made October 11, 1698, assigned the Spanish Netherlands to the Electoral Prince of Bavaria; but his sudden death, February 6, 1699, compelled a second division, by which the Spanish Netherlands fell to the Archduke Charles of

Austria. Louis the Fourteenth treacherously claimed the Spanish crown for his grandson, the Duke of Anjou, and, declaring that "the Pyrenees have ceased to exist," began offensive operations. A new grand alliance was formed at the Hague between Great Britain, the Dutch Republic, and the German Empire to prevent the union of France and Spain. In 1701 the troops of Louis the Fourteenth were admitted into the Belgic provinces by the governor-general, who recognized the Duke of Anjou as Philip the Fifth of Spain, and thus William saw the defences swept away by which he had hoped to keep the French out of the Netherlands. Although he was compelled by the peace party in England to recognize Philip the Fifth, as the Dutch Republic had done, yet the stadholder-king found the British nation united in support of a new war, because Louis the Fourteenth had, in fulfilment of his promise to King James on his death-bed, acknowledged his son, afterwards the Pretender, King of Great Britain and Ireland.

By this time, however, William's health, which had never been strong, and had been undermined by application to the cares of state and weakened by loss of exercise and recreation, broke down under overwork. In the midst of his preparations to lead both the diplomacy and the arms of the Republic, England, and the German Empire, he was vanquished by death, March 8, 1702. He was the fourth member of the House of Orange to reflect undying lustre upon the family name. As upon many other occasions, when the blood of the English people had been enriched with that of the men and women of industry and character from the Netherlands, so under William the already very much mixed people of England received a new infusion of blood and of ideas, which have helped to increase their grandeur and confirm the high moral character of the nation. William Bentinck, Earl of Portland, the noble ancestor of noble statesmen, who had nursed William in his sickness, was but one example of the Dutch founders of those English families which, together with those who have intermarried in Holland, have helped to make indissoluble links and nerves of friend-

ship between the two countries—both of which have become leaders in freedom, science, religion, and law.

In the Republic the death of William was the signal for the municipal party and the adherents of State rights to regain and reassert their power. Without a stadholder, the grand pensionary Heinsius carried on the government. The Republic, however, stood by the Grand Alliance and furnished a Dutch army which ably co-operated with the Duke of Marlborough. This famous warrior, to whom all causes and kings were the same, provided he could keep office and emolument, won at Blenheim, Ramilies, and Malplaquet those great victories forever memorable in English annals. They exhausted the power of Louis the Fourteenth, and prepared the way for the treaty of peace, which was signed in Utrecht April 11, 1713. In addition to the triumphs of the allies in the Belgic Netherlands, the combined English and Dutch squadrons, under Sir George Rooke and Gerard Callenburgh—who had been one of DeRuyter's captains—took Gibraltar. Although nominally under control of Spain, yet Sir George Rooke hoisted the English flag over the rock of Tarik, and, as usual, the government at London sanctioned his proceedings and kept the fortress, despite all protests. On account of this victory the Dutch were allowed once more to garrison the towns on their southern frontier and to keep the navigation of the Scheldt closed. Belgium passed to the ownership of the Emperor Charles the Sixth of Germany, and ceasing henceforth to be the Spanish, became the Austrian, Netherlands, while Artois, Flanders, and Hainault became part of France.

A mania for diplomacy seemed to seize the other governments of Europe during the first quarter of the eighteenth century; but from this time forth the Dutch, finding that the great Powers around them would use their resources for war and abandon them when they wanted peace, withdrew from the active foreign politics of Europe, and resolved to be drawn no more into wars except for national defence. Nevertheless when, Queen Anne of England having died, the succession passed to the House of Hanover, and the Stuart Pretender in 1715 entered

Scotland, the States-General, in aid of the British government, promptly sent an army of six thousand troops, which enabled the Duke of Argyle to suppress the rebellion. Their action in quickly recognizing George the First, because they believed that thereby freedom in religion and the liberties of Europe would be made secure, was a precedent of which George the Third was not slow to avail himself in 1775.

CHAPTER XII

THE SHADOW OF A REPUBLIC

The Dutch people, by retiring from continental politics, were all the better enabled to expend their financial resources upon a new enemy and to rear fresh defences against their ever-threatening danger, the ocean. The dikes had been first built on a large scale in the twelfth century—for no Dutch town with a name ending in *dam* is older than that period—with such skill and facilities as were then known in Europe. The material was of turf faced with wood or wattle, and sometimes of brick. As the Netherlands did not grow enough timber for its own needs, the product of the forest was imported from other lands for the construction of the facings of the dikes, canal walls, sluice-gates, and other parts of the land-defences fronting the water, which were made almost entirely of wood. Stone had not been much used, for of this substance the land produced almost nothing except in the form of pebbles and bowlders brought down in geologic ages by the glaciers from Scandinavia. In Drenthe the oldest human structures were rudely put together in the form of cromlechs or tombs, which were popularly called "Hunnebedden," or the Huns' graves, though, most probably, these were the work of the prehistoric Kelts. They were of granite and, on account of their size, were great curiosities, most of which match in proportions the bowlder of Plymouth Rock—so vast in rhetoric, so modest in size.

As oriental commerce increased, the people began to notice with alarm that the wooden facings of the great dikes on the island of Walcheren and in northern Hol-

land were rapidly falling to pieces. The solid beams and piles, bolted together with iron, were found to be eaten through and through by a marine creature, which, though but a worm in size, had an apparatus in its head by which it bored through the stoutest timber. The teredo, or ship-worm, is now found in all European harbors, having been originally brought over from the Indies. Before many years another mysterious vital engine, no bigger than a horse-bean, and looking like a rock-slater, made its appearance. Whoever has seen the cliffs of Japan bored into and tunnelled until they fall, undermined by the co-operation of the sea and the little creatures that do their drilling with the aid of the sea-water, has seen at least one of the homes of the pholas. When this tiny visitor was discovered, the coast people were more frightened than when Louis the Fourteenth and his hosts were at their doors. After fasting with prayer, humbling themselves before God and acknowledging His mysterious power, the Dutch set themselves to make a new suit of national armor, by replacing the face of their wooden walls with basalt and granite. Thus began the more scientific extension and erection of the dikes. Whole fleetloads of Norway stone were imported for the sea-front, towards which the engineers learned to so slope the dikes as to break the force of the waves and make the ocean beat itself. For the interior defences against water, timber, although still suffering decay in fresh water, was only gradually replaced with stone from the German highlands.

Meanwhile, the Dutch added to their national domain at home, not by war or conquest, but by their mastery over nature, in pumping out lakes and ponds, in recovering soil from the ocean, by building dikes, and in reclaiming swamp-lands and morasses by draining and filling. They studied the secrets of engineering, and applied them to the drainage and drying of their spongy lands. The windmill, as well as the spade, is one of the makers of this land rescued from the waters. In the draining of lakes, and in their transformation into pasture, garden, and grain lands, the windmill, first men-

tioned in Bohemia in the eighth century, and common in the Netherlands in the thirteenth century, was originally in very crude form. Its sails could be made to turn hourly or daily in the favoring winds only by floating it upon a raft on water and towing it, by means of boats, to face the desired quarter. The Dutchman fitted the windmill with a revolving cap, easily turned by hand with a windlass. When built of brick, it became a house as well as a mill. Of tiny proportions in the field, or of colossal dignity along the canals, the modern windmill pumps water, saws timber, grinds grain, breaks stone, lifts the hammer, hoists and lowers burdens. Arranged in lines, like the platoons of a great army, the perfected windmill, with the power of uncounted horses, does the work of great manufacturing towns and cities, pumps out lakes, and makes malarious lands healthy. Most wonderful is the story of *Nederland als Polderland*, or the rescue from the water of the places of human habitation, of the fertile grain fields and pastures of cow and sheep.

In defences against human invasion, Baron Menno Coehorn, who has given his name to the portable bomb-mortar, enlarged and perfected the fortifications, according to the best principles of the defensive art, with wall and ravelin, counterscarp and moat. The Dutchmen competed in this regard with Vauban, the French engineer, determining to keep their little Republic alive amid its colossal enemies — those mighty monarchies which surrounded it on every side. The enterprise and thrift of the people made this land, whose mines are all above ground, one of the richest in Europe. The Republic also gave the world a picture of splendid brick-paved roads, superior to anything in Europe.

During the period from the foundation of the Bank of Amsterdam, in 1609, until the ruin of the Republic by stadholderal usurpation in the middle of the eighteenth century, the city on the Amstel was the centre of European trade and exchange, occupying a position in the world of finance that London holds now. Nevertheless, thousands of the Dutch people, as well as the English and French, fell victims to the wild-cat projects of the un-

scrupulous Scotchman, John Law. His schemes were exposed in good season by Dutch writers, who stigmatized his business as "wind-trade." His swindling was mercilessly unmasked in an illustrated satire, entitled "The Great Spectacle of Folly of the Year 1720," published anonymously in Amsterdam. When the "Mississippi Bubble" burst, thousands of respectable Dutch families were financially ruined.

As William the Third had died childless, the succession of the House of Orange passed over into the collateral Frisian branch, to John William Friso, who was at that time stadholder or governor of Friesland, Groningen, and Drenthe. He enjoyed the honors of headship of the House of Orange but a few years. He was drowned in 1711, and was succeeded by his posthumous son, William Charles Henry Friso, who, in 1732, ceded the principality of Orange, from which the house took its name, to the King of France. In 1734 he married into the House of Hanover, which had become also the royal house of Great Britain. He was possessed of so many other titles and lands in the Republic that his influence seemed dangerously powerful to the States-General, while his partisans were so eager in his behalf that fears were entertained lest he might overthrow the government.

Meanwhile, war broke out between Spain and Great Britain, and Dutch vessels were seized by the belligerents; but though the Republic escaped being drawn into this war, they were soon led into another. The Ostend East India Company, which had become very prosperous, made the Dutch so jealous of their Belgian neighbors that they demanded the discontinuance and dissolution of this company. This was agreed to on condition that the Republic should become a party to the treaty known as the Pragmatic Sanction, which gave the succession of the Austrian Netherlands to the Emperor Charles the Sixth of Germany, and specified that in case there should be no male heirs the succession should go to his daughters. The Emperor died in 1740, and the Archduchess Maria Theresa found her dominions attacked by the King of Prussia, while various other princes of Europe were in

arms against her. When, according to treaty, Great Britain and the Republic hastened to fulfil their obligations and assist her, the question as to the form in which this aid should be given was violently agitated by the two parties, the "aristocratic" and the "prinsgezinden"—that is, the municipal, or regents, on the one hand, and the prince-partisans, or national-democrats, on the other. A subsidy of twenty thousand men was finally voted, and, although the measure was bitterly opposed by several cities and by the State of Utrecht, the influence of Holland prevailed, although by means of a violation of the constitution; for, contrary to custom, the vote was carried by a majority in the States-General, and the nation was thus plunged in a foreign war which did not directly concern the Dutch people.

The fears of those who expected the enmity and vengeance of France were justified, for Louis the Fourteenth of France overran the Belgic Netherlands, and so alarmed the Zeelanders that they overturned their government and made the Prince of Orange, "the man of the people," stadholder. The State-rights principle was now in turn overthrown, after several years' exercise, and another of those oscillations in the measure of the contrasted centralization and localization of authority between the centripetal and centrifugal principles — between the stadholder or republican party and the municipal or burgher party—which so often characterized the history of Dutch federal government, took place. The example of Zeeland was quickly followed by the other states, and, on the 15th of May, 1747, William Charles Henry Friso, under the title of William the Fourth, was made Stadholder of the Republic and commander-in-chief of the union army and navy. In the presence of a foreign invasion, and of serious internal dissensions owing, most probably, to the decay of national character through luxury and overprosperity, and in the reaction which followed long-sustained heroism, the Dutch people took another dangerous step towards centralization, which was to reduce their liberty to but a name and a shadow. This step was taken when the offices of stadholder, captain, and admiral-gen-

eral of the Union were made hereditary in the family of the Prince. Even females were eligible, though should they marry without approval of the States-General, the right of their children to succession was to be regulated by agreement of the States. By this act the death of the Republic was hastened, an event which, perhaps, had already been foreseen by the most thoughtful patriots.

From this time forth, although the Dutch lived under the form of a Republic, its spirit had fled. With a presidency non-elective, hereditary, and unimpeachable, the original defects of the constitution were intensified. More than once before the end of the century the nation was on the brink of civil war. The stadholders, who married into the royal family of England, assumed the airs and insignia of sovereignty in proportion as Dutch public spirit decayed.

The useless and exhausting war of the Austrian succession, in which the French were victorious by land but unsuccessful at sea, and which strained the resources of the Dutch, French, and British alike, was ended by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in October, 1748. The distress caused by the loss of Dutch commerce was increased by popular discontent, especially in the northern provinces, which served only to throw more power into the hands of the stadholder, who was elected governor of both the East and the West India Companies, and who had the pensionary of the richest and largest state of Holland attached to his cause. The stadholder, however, finding the country at peace, devoted himself to noble schemes for the benefit of the people and the development of the country, and at his sudden death in 1751, when but forty years of age, the nation mourned over him as over a dear friend. He left a son only three years old, who was destined to be the last stadholder of the Republic. The child was put under the care of his mother, Anna, daughter of George the Second of England, who at once became regent with full power.

At this time, and for a quarter of a century later, Holland was little more than an annex of Great Britain, and the whole Republic, having small influence in the coun-

cils of Europe, was inclined to follow the beck and nod of King George and his British partisans in Holland. With a woman, who was a stranger to the Dutch and a relative of the King of England, in charge of the government, the prospect for peace and comfort at home was not very promising. Anna, the virtual ruler of the Republic, worked unceasingly to increase centralization of power in the hands of the stadholder and to entangle the Republic in the Seven Years' War with France, during which, besides naval battles, the invasion of Hanover by the French, their defeat at Crefeld on the Rhine, and their attempt to invade Ireland, the struggle was carried into Africa and America. Plassey was the place of that triumph of British arms in Asia which resulted in the establishment of a great empire. In America, however, Braddock's army was decimated by invisible savages among the thickets of Pennsylvania; Washington and Sir William Johnson arose to prominence; Fort Du Quesne was taken, together with Niagara, Crown Point, Ticonderoga; and on the plains of Abraham, in Canada, the decisive battle between Wolfe and Montcalm was fought, which settled the destiny of North America to remain under, not the Latin, but the Germanic ideas of civilization.

Although the British King George's daughter was unable to drag the Republic into this war between Great Britain and France, Dutch commerce suffered untold damage from British privateers and warships, under those arbitrary rules of contraband and blockade which Great Britain had not yet submitted to international law. Princess Anna died in 1759, and though some relief to Dutch commerce followed, the acrimonious disputes and the commercial jealousies between the English and Dutch East India Companies, which had come to open hostilities in the Indies, nearly brought on war. The protests of the Dutch ambassador in London were answered as Great Britain has so often answered the protests of weaker nations—might making right.

Some relief was felt when, in 1766, instead of a matrimonial alliance with the Hanoverian royal family of England, the Prince of Orange, at the age of eighteen, was

betrothed to the Princess Frederika Sophia Wilhelmina, niece of Frederick the Great of Prussia. This, however, also proved a seed of trouble to the Republic. Three children were born of this union, one of whom, a daughter, married the crown-prince of Brunswick. The people had expected much relief from their troubles when their stadholder should come to full manhood; but they were keenly disappointed. Though given to literary dalliance, and fond of the arts and sciences, he was a weak political ruler, who usually showed firmness only in matters prejudicial to the best interests of the nation. The chief councillors who influenced him continually were his German tutor, Prince Louis of Brunswick, then commander of the Dutch army, and his Prussian wife Wilhelmina. During his long lease of power, from 1766 to 1795, things went from bad to worse, and patriotism seemed lost in party-spirit. The "Patriots" or "Keezen"—a nickname contracted from Cornelius de Gijselaar, pensionary of Dordrecht, who was the determined opponent of the stadholder—upheld parliamentary and municipal liberty against the encroachments of a ruler who was king in all but name. The Orangemen, "Oranje klanten," or Orange chappies, upheld the prince in all his acts, whether they were wise or foolish, just or unjust.

British influence over the State of Holland and the whole Republic had been greatly increased and strengthened by the appointment to the Hague of that able and unscrupulous ambassador Sir Joseph Yorke, who now upheld it with renewed insolence. He had formerly been a colonel in the British army, and he carried into diplomacy the methods of the camp rather than the manners of the cabinet. The first notable act which brought him into prominence occurred in 1756, when, on the breaking out of the Seven Years' War between the giant powers of France and England, the States were compelled to adopt the cause of one side or the other. Sir Joseph demanded a subsidy with six thousand men, which he claimed had been stipulated by the treaties of 1678 and 1716. However, in this he was balked, and the Dutch, despite his personal influence with the Princess Anna, adhered to their neu-

trality, insisting that in this case England was the aggressor, and that their contract was to furnish troops only in her defence. Stung by his failure, Yorke made himself a past-master in knowledge of the intricacies of Dutch politics, and bent all his efforts to the forming of a British party, which should control especially the finances as well as the votes of the deputies of cities and states, and which should always be found on Great Britain's side in every controversy. It was during Yorke's period of office, when the Dutch term for the admirers of things English, Anglomanen (Anglo-maniacs), came into use, that the great English banking-houses in Amsterdam were established, and the relations between England and Holland, especially in the matter of economics, became so close.

This state of affairs increased the practical acquaintance of the Dutch people in general—not only of the bankers, lawyers, and merchants, but even of the peasantry—with those events which led to the American Revolution. They saw clearly into the causes of the war. They sympathized with the unjustly taxed colonists on the other side of the Atlantic, and were able easily to understand why the flag of American Revolution—in the same colors and in the same form as their own—had been raised, as their own had been two centuries before. As in the Dutch, so in the American case, the real revolution was from without. In the one case the Spanish King and Cabinet, and in the other the young German King and a corrupt British Parliament, invaded ancient guaranteed rights. The irritations created by an unpopular political church, by hostile sumptuary laws and commercial greed, by sordid, restrictive, and hostile legislation, had been borne and patiently suffered; but when unjust taxation without the right of representation —an iniquity which touched every man's pocket—was attempted, then revolt was certain and bloodshed sure. To the Dutch the American assertion of ancestral rights and chartered liberties was all the more intelligible, since the nation between the dikes and the sand-hills consisted also of many provinces, with varying interests, dialects, and modes of local government, which had nevertheless come to the Union of Utrecht and formed the United

States, with a written compact and a declaration of independence, and having also a tricolored flag. Indeed, they saw from the first what John Adams perceived so clearly years afterwards, when he wrote that "the originals of the two republics are so much alike that the history of one seems but a transcript from that of the other."

When, therefore, the infatuated king and parliament, under the goading of a corrupt ring of English politicians, forced a war upon the American colonists — of whom, probably, not a majority were English born or of English descent—the public spirit of the Dutch nation was quickened by the example of those other United States beyond the Atlantic. When the Rev. Dr. Price, a Unitarian clergyman of London, wrote his two pamphlets—one exposing the iniquitous schemes of the "moneyed friends of the British government," and the other entitled "Observations on the Nature of Civil Liberty, the Principles of Government, and the Justice and Policy of the War with America"—they were promptly translated into Dutch by Baron Joan Derck van der Capellen, who always remained a firm friend of America. Like all other Dutch friends of the American cause, he was politically opposed to the stadholder, who, at this time, was little more than a puppet of the court party, which was managed by the British minister, Sir Joseph Yorke.

Van der Capellen,* born in Overyssel, and a member of its state legislature, was strongly democratic in his sympathies. He had successfully endeavored to have the farmers and peasantry of his state released from certain odious and oppressive burdens, which were old relics of feudalism. This so enraged the more aristocratic members, that they secured his expulsion from the state legislature, in which he was unable to regain his seat for four years, when, at the demand of the people of the whole province, he was reinstated with honors. Van der Capellen believed that the Teutonic race, by crossing the At-

* Joan Derck van der Capellen (1741–1784), door J. A. Sillem, uit De Gids 1882, No. 11. Brieven van en aan Joan Derck van der Capellen, door W. H. de Beaufort. Utrecht, 1879.

lantic, obtained an unspeakable potency for progress, and that the hopes of the future lay in the American Republic, which he believed would do a great deal in regenerating Europe. His affection for the American United States, and his faith in their future, was warm, sincere, and unselfish. At the same time, when the Archbishop of York, Dr. Markham, and the Rev. John Wesley were abusing Dr. Price in England, Van der Capellen was also made a target of abuse from the British party in Holland. Compelled by political rancor to fly from his estates in Overyssel, where even the burial-grounds of his family were not safe from desecration, he went to Amsterdam. There he kept himself well informed, and receiving the freshest news from America, he answered promptly, with true statements of the facts, the false and exaggerated reports made by British agents and sympathizers who were in the pay of the parliamentary stock-jobbers. He opened a correspondence with Dr. Franklin in Paris; with Governor Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut, who in England was called "the only rebel governor"; with Governor William Livingston of New Jersey, with John Adams, and with other of the Continental fathers whose names are now sacred in America. His influence and example were reflected and imitated by fellow-countrymen of wit and ability. Soon a host of Dutch pamphleteers, dramatists, song-writers, composers of street-ballads, and makers of lampoons and caricatures, as well as learned lawyers and jurists, became keenly interested in a war that, meaning something more than mere commercial extension, dynastic prestige, or pride of arms, involved the profoundest questions of law and human progress, and were in lively competition with each other, informing their countrymen and stirring up public opinion.

CHAPTER XIII

STADHOLDER AND PATRIOTS

Anxious to preserve neutrality, the States-General, in accordance with international proprieties and even before the battle of Lexington, issued a proclamation, dated March 20, 1775. This declaration of neutrality, which, as they said, was the "customary compliment of courts not at war with each other," ran as follows: "Their High Mightinesses do absolutely prohibit all exportation of munition, gunpowder, guns and shot by ships belonging to the dominion of Great Britain, provisionally for the term of six months, upon pain of confiscation, with a fine of a thousand guilders, to be paid by the offending ship-master." The cause of this apparently premature declaration of neutrality is easily discerned. Great Britain's preparations for war were in 1775 even more manifest to the Dutch than to most Americans.

For nearly a century the Scotch Brigade had served in the army of the Republic, being the honorable historic link of connection with the days when Briton and Dutchman stood shoulder to shoulder in the common danger against the pope, the inquisition, and Philip the Second. King George the Third, a young man somewhat given to over-governing, wrote an autograph letter demanding the return of the Scotch Brigade, to be sent to America for use in the war about to break out. Van der Capellen and other friends of America showed that, according to the treaties, men serving as soldiers under the Dutch flag and in Dutch pay were to be sent only to protect Protestant interests or to assist Great Britain in defensive war only. The stadholder, the court, Prince Louis of Brunswick, and

Fagel, Secretary of the States-General, as well as the "Orange klanten" were all partisans in the British cause, or "Anglomaniacs." In Amsterdam the money power was on the side of Great Britain, but Van Berckel, the pensionary of the city, was hostile to the stadholder and favored, first the French and then the American cause. Cornelius de Gijzelaar, pensionary of Dordrecht; Dr. Calkoens, the famous lawyer; Luzac, the Leyden editor; the University of Franeker, and nearly all Friesland were also in hearty sympathy with America.

The domestic situation was further complicated by the clashing of sectional interests. The States of Utrecht, Overyssel, and Gelderland, being inland provinces, were in favor of an increase of the land forces because of their exposure to French invasion. On the other hand, the powerful states of Holland and Friesland, whose interests were in the line of commerce and ship-building, demanded that the navy be enlarged, trusting for the safety of their possessions to increase of sea-power. With divided councils the Republic was in real peril.

In other parts of the world Dutchmen were not slow in showing their warm personal sympathy with their fellow-men in America, who were fighting a battle of the same kind that their ancestors had fought against Spain. The very first foreign supplies came from Dutch seaports, especially the West Indies. St. Eustatius was, from the first declaration of hostilities, the favorite resort of American privateers and war vessels. The governor of this island, port, and fortress was Johannes de Graaff, and Abraham Ravene was the commander of the militia. The settlement consisted of the "upper" and "lower" town, a fort, a large Reformed church, the usual typical windmill, and several hundred houses. On the ample beach the merchandise imported and exported could be easily handled. Here American tobacco and other raw materials were exchanged for munitions of war which, almost wholly of British manufacture, were sold by English merchants, despite proclamations of neutrality. Cannon and ammunition figured in the invoices as "hardware" and "grain."

Here the first foreign salute ever fired in honor of the

flag of the United States of America was given on the 16th of November, 1776. The *Andrea Dorea*, a brig of fourteen guns, commanded by Captain Josiah Robinson, of Philadelphia, bearing a copy of the Declaration of Independence, and having a commission from the Continental Congress signed by John Hancock, together with copies in blank for the equipment of privateers, dropped anchor in the harbor. The starless flag of thirteen stripes, in alternate red and white, exactly like that of the Dutch navy, was flying at her mast-head, and the red, white, and blue flag on Fort Orange was lowered in welcome to and in recognition of the American ship. In response to the *Andrea Dorea's* salute of thirteen guns, Ravene, the commander of the fort, by order of Governor De Graaff,* responded with eleven guns. By this purposed tally of eleven "honor shots," two less than to an ordinary man-of-war, he kept within the technicalities and letter of the law, at the same time firing the number of guns equal to the provinces of the Dutch Republic and generality. Captain Josiah Robinson and his officers were invited to dine with the governor, who read with pleasure and profit the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America.

From this time forth St. Eustatius became the headquarters of supplies for the American army, and hundreds of vessels sailed thence loaded with blankets, powder, cannon, and other munitions of war, which in due time reached American ports and the Continental army. Indeed, the very paper on which Thomas Paine wrote some of his spirit-stirring tracts came from St. Eustatius.

So important did the British Government consider the destruction of this place, and so tempting was the prospect of prize-money, that Admiral Rodney, leaving Cornwallis to shift for himself, sailed for the West Indies, and on February 3, 1781, demanded the immediate surrender of the whole island. At that time, there lay at anchor in the harbor two American men-of-war, the *De Graaff*, of

*Missive, Deductie en Bylagen van den Commandeur De Graaff of St. Eustatius, 1 April, 1779, pp. 344.

twenty-six guns, and the *Lady de Graaff*, of eighteen, while fifty American vessels were also there loading or unloading, together with their crews, consisting of at least two thousand men. These were all captured by Rodney, who also seized the Dutch man-of-war *Mars*, of thirty-eight guns, and an old sixty-gun ship. On the American vessels, pretty much everything, except the wood of hull and spars, the rigging, sails, canvas, powder, ammunition, and stores, had been bought at St. Eustatius.

The act of De Graaff in saluting the American flag had been soon followed by the capture, just outside the harbor, of an English brigantine by a privateer, *The Baltimore Hero*, commanded by Isaac van Bibber who was an American citizen born in Maryland, and a descendant of that Dutch admiral once employed by Lord Baltimore to bring over his colonists. De Graaff's behavior roused the wrath of the British Government, which made instant application, through Sir Joseph Yorke, for an explanation and apology. The English president of the council on the neighboring island of St. Christopher had already accused the Dutch governor of saluting the flag of rebels against his Britannic majesty, but De Graaff refused to make any explanations except to his masters, the States-General. The grievance, however, was made a national affair, and Yorke required a disavowal of the salute, and threatened immediate hostilities in case the States-General refused to comply with his demand. The Dutch Congress, although resenting the harsh tone of the British envoy, nevertheless summoned De Graaff to return and make explanations, and also enjoined the governors of their other West India colonies to prevent the export of ammunition to the Americans. The British now went further in browbeating the Dutchmen, by orders in council which forbade Dutch ships from carrying timber or naval stores to France or Spain, and this when no war had been declared against either country. Yorke, after twenty-seven years of residence in the Netherlands, felt that he had control of a powerful party, and could dictate at the will of his master and even of himself. The Dutch soon found, however, that compliance was but the

stepping-stone to subservience. The British fleet blockaded the rivers Essequibo and Demarara, and captured over one hundred vessels belonging to the one province of Holland. Yorke insolently stated that his master had resolved to do himself justice, without regard to rights or treaties, and to revenge himself upon such as gave support to the Americans. He also claimed that it was better to have a number of open enemies than to have allies who, under the cover of neutrality, supplied all the wants of the King's rebel subjects. So tremendous was the influence of Yorke that, in 1799, finding the orders in council disregarded, he secured the passage by the States-General of a resolution prohibiting any convoy to ships laden with materials for ship-building. This ordinance, which was voted in defiance of every principle of law and justice, annihilated the timber industry of Friesland in which hitherto above two thousand ships had been engaged ; but it determined not a few leading men in Holland to help the Americans at all hazards. Among others, an importing and trading firm of Zaandam, of which Claas Taan was the head, occupied their fleet of eighteen ships in carrying goods to the American market. They ran the British blockade at the mouth of the Chesapeake, and brought grain into Baltimore when bread-stuffs were greatly needed.

Popular opinion was almost wholly on the side of the Americans, as the abundant literature of this period shows. Professor Jean Luzac's *International Gazette*, of Leyden, which had a circulation in all the courts of Europe, advocated the cause of the Continental Congress, and furnished an abundance of thoroughly trustworthy news. Dutch officers crossed the sea to enlist in the American army. Gosuinus Erkelens of Amsterdam, in Connecticut and Pennsylvania, by his correspondence kept up the interest between eminent men of the two Republics. American colonial commissioners obtained money and built ships in Amsterdam which eluded the vigilance and grasp of the stadholder. Late in September, 1779, John Paul Jones, "Scotchman and pirate," in common English phrase, though a regularly commissioned officer in the

United States Navy, brought his prize, the *Serapis*, into the Zuyder Zee, and the stars, as well as the stripes, as authorized by Congress, were mirrored in Dutch waters. Jones visited Amsterdam and the Hague, and was everywhere honored and welcomed by the patriots, the streets of the cities of Holland and Friesland resounding with ballads which celebrated the Yankee victory.

Nevertheless, the States-General still preserved the neutrality of the Republic by declining, in April, 1778, the offer of the United States commissioners, Franklin, Lee, and Adams, for a treaty of friendship and commerce. At this time, when the Dutch flag was being insulted, their commerce depleted, and even the passage on the high seas denied them, the country was still rent on the question as to whether its army or its navy should be increased. Jealousy was rife between the maritime and inland provinces, and party virulence was at its height.

The envoy of the Bourbon King at the Hague now sought to foil the schemes of the English. Under pressure of France, the legislature of Holland passed a resolution which, however, was rejected by the States-General, in favor of a convoy by the national war-ships for Dutch vessels bound to French ports. This rejection still further encouraged the British government, which now went a step further, and ordered its ships-of-war to search Dutch vessels — a proceeding which nearly brought on a naval battle between the Dutch Admiral Bylandt, and the British Admiral Fielding. Sir Joseph Yorke renewed his demand for a military subsidy, on a three weeks' notice, and threatened that if a negative answer was given it would be regarded as an abandonment of all alliance with England; moreover, he asserted that, the old treaties being abrogated, the Republic would stand as an indifferent and unprivileged power. Indeed, the British statesman actually thought that he was able to so dictate to the Dutch as to compel them to abandon the usual referendum of the States-General to the states particular, and thus to violate their constitution. He refused the slightest delay. When, however, the States had debated the question, they unanimously refused to furnish any soldiers to Great Britain.

Utrecht and Overyssel were especially strong in their condemnation of the course of George the Third and his Parliament. The menace of the British was immediately carried out and all treaties were annulled. Forthwith letters of marque and reprisal were issued which authorized British captains to seize Dutch ships carrying anything which English captains chose to call contraband. Thus ruthlessly Great Britain estranged the affections of her oldest and most constant ally.

It now became necessary for the Dutch Republic, and also for other countries of Europe as well, to oppose the aggressions of Great Britain, which seemed determined to limit the freedom and security of the seas so as to suit her own convenience. According to the plan suggested, Russia, the Republic, and France formed the "armed neutrality," guaranteeing freedom of trade to neutral ships, settling what was contraband, defining blockade and inculcating the spirit of international law. In vain the British agents in St. Petersburg, with abundance of money at their command, endeavored to exclude the Dutch from the union. Having previously declined to hire out twenty thousand Muscovite soldiers for British use in North America, Catherine would not now yield, even to the golden pressure from London. Failing in this, since the Russian Queen neither vacillated nor lacked generosity, even though war should follow her refusal, the British envoys endeavored in the States-General to defeat the alliance ; but four States out of the seven secured its passage.

In the mean time, after France had recognized the United States of America as an independent nation, and agreed to send an army to their assistance, the Continental Congress, in 1778, had authorized their commissioner, William Lee, to open negotiations for a similar treaty with the Republic. Though not officially received, Lee succeeded in influencing such leading men in Amsterdam as Jan de Neufville, then at Aken, and especially Mr. E. F. Van Berckel, the powerful pensionary of the city, to formulate a treaty, to be negotiated as soon as Great Britain should recognize the independence of the United States,

which, as Burgoyne had surrendered, it was confidently expected would occur very soon. Van Berckel pressed the matter, having in mind the purpose of opening direct trade with the American ports. However, his action was unofficial, and even Lee had not full authority to make a treaty; yet this Amsterdam incident had a powerful effect in intensifying the hostility felt in the Republic towards Great Britain and in increasing the friendship towards the United States.

The ex-president of congress, Henry Laurens, having a sketch of the proposed treaty, together with various letters and papers showing the friendship of Holland, and containing the proposition of Dutch bankers to loan money to the Americans, started across the ocean in the packet *Mercury* which, unfortunately, on September 10, 1780, was captured off the coast of Newfoundland by the British frigate *Vestal*. Laurens threw his papers overboard, but the package of this landsman, not having been heavily weighted with lead, as would have been the case with an old sailor's signal-book, was recovered and furnished full proof of the purpose of his mission. Having been examined before the Privy Council in London, Laurens was sent to the Tower, where he was imprisoned for fifteen months. Sir Joseph Yorke subsequently put Laurens' papers, or copies of them, into the hands of the Prince of Orange, who laid them before the legislature of Holland and the National Congress. Yorke demanded the instant punishment of Van Berckel and his coadjutors, and an expressed disavowal of their proceedings by the various states. Both the separate legislators and the congress explicitly disavowed the act of Van Berckel; but not satisfied with this, the British minister read a lecture to both the legislature of Holland and that of the Republic, declaring that they had committed a crime which was an infraction of the public faith, an attack upon the dignity of the English crown, and a violation of the constitution of the United Netherlands, of which, he declared, the British king was the guarantor.

Herein the British minister not only showed his ignorance of the Dutch constitution, though he had lived in

the country thirty years, but his bullying behavior took away every particle of respect which the Dutch statesmen might have had towards him. Summing up all the accounts in his indictment against the Republic—the salute to the American flag at St. Eustatius, the hospitable reception given to John Paul Jones, the trade with American privateers—Yorke kept up his menace of war. Indeed, so eager was the government at London to prey upon the Dutch possessions that war had already been resolved on in the Privy Council of England, even before the resolution of the States-General, to inquire into the matter and enforce the law, had been voted. In order to precipitate hostilities and place the Republic in the position of a belligerent, before its envoys bearing formal notification of accession to the armed neutrality could reach the court of St. Petersburg, the British government abruptly recalled Sir Joseph Yorke from the Hague. The declaration of war, promulgated in London on December 28, 1780, but not known in Holland until a week afterwards, omitted any allusion to the true cause of quarrel, and laid stress upon the matters connected with the United States of America.

The real motive for Great Britain's going to war with Holland was apparent. It was neither to avenge slighted honor, nor to heal irritated pride, but it was to recoup herself, by means of the rich prizes to be taken from the Dutch, for the losses which she had sustained in the American war. Even before the declaration of war could have reached the enemy's country and before the Dutch knew anything about it, the operations had begun. Within thirty-four days two hundred Dutch ships, with their cargoes, valued at fifteen million guilders, were seized in British ports, and a wholesale confiscation of islands, ports, lands, and vessels continued for years, which enabled Great Britain to replenish her treasury and make up for her losses in America.

While Great Britain, urged on by the hope of abundant plunder, entered eagerly and instantly upon war, the Dutch were supine and languid. Torn with political dissensions, they had very little real devotion for their country.

VIEW OF THE VYVERBERG AT THE HAGUE

Their politicians were filled with the rancor of partisanship, which was mistaken for patriotism. Their country and their colonial possessions were vulnerable at every point, and soon most of the Dutch settlements in three continents had changed owners. In European waters there were many gallant naval duels between single Dutch privateers and British vessels, in which, though usually beaten on account of the inferior size and armament of their ships, the Dutch showed the spirit of their naval ancestors. One great combat of fleets was fought off the Doggerbank, on the North Sea. Rear-Admiral Zoutman, with fifteen warships, while convoying seventy-two merchantmen from the mouth of the Zuyder Zee to the Baltic, encountered thirteen heavier British ships which were convoying a hundred English vessels. A battle ensued which lasted for hours. The English finally withdrew from the fight, but Zoutman kept his place, though losing one of his ships. While the Dutch people at large rejoiced over this victory, the stadholder and his partisans kept sullen silence. At length, roused from their wretched apathy, the States-General passed a vote ordering the building of nineteen heavy ships-of-war. Nevertheless, the president of the Republic, being believed to have a secret and corrupt understanding with England, and patriotism having, in the main, sunk to the level of mere partisanship, little was accomplished. Indeed, with such divisions of authority in a federal republic, so that the executive was enabled to thwart the will of the nation, nothing of importance could be done.

These disasters, incident to such an unsatisfactory form of government, as well as the frequent outbursts of popular turbulence, were not lost upon Americans. With the noble example of a tolerant federal republic before their eyes as a living organism, the American constitutional fathers failed not to take warnings from its defects and weaknesses, as well as inspiration from its noble features, when in Philadelphia, in 1787, they resolved that the stadholder of the people of the United States of America should be elective and impeachable; that the several departments of the government should check and

balance each other, and that the people should be protected even from themselves, by rendering impossible any dangerous oscillations in the extremes of centralization and decentralization of power.

The Prince of Orange and his party were unanimously opposed to any recognition of the United States of America, even while the Dutch popular sentiment was surely ripening in favor of the movement, the centre of which was commercially in Amsterdam, but sentimentally and politically in Friesland.

Even before John Adams left Paris for the Low Countries, July 27, 1780, to present a memorial to the Dutch Congress, public opinion was ripe for action. The American envoy wore the buff and blue uniform, and made himself as conspicuous as possible. He called upon the noblemen, prominent merchants, and influential persons, and, taking Van der Capellen's advice, began the composition of a pamphlet, treating of the history, resources, and prospects of the American colonies. This Adams did when at Leyden, the city of Robinson, Brewster, Bradford, and the Pilgrim Fathers, and of the university in which he had placed his two sons. His little book was translated into Dutch and circulated throughout the country. It reinforced what the Dutch pamphlets and writings had already made plain, that "The Originals of the two republics are so much alike that the history of one seems but a transcript of that of the other, so that every Dutchman instructed in the subject must pronounce the American revolution just and necessary or pass a censure upon the greatest action of his immortal ancestors."

Mass meetings were now held in some of the Dutch cities, and petitions were sent to the States-General praying them to recognize the United States of America. Naturally, the democratic state of Friesland was the first to act through its legislature. Only seven weeks after the issue of Adams's memorial, the Frisian delegates in the States-General were instructed to send a legation to the United States. City after city in the Dutch provinces declared their sentiments. Zeeland and Overyssel, Van der Capellen's state, followed. In April, Groningen,

Utrecht, and Gelderland joined. On Friday, April 19, 1782, the seventh anniversary of the battle of Lexington, and exactly one year after the presentation of Mr. Adams's memorial, the referendum to the various states had been accomplished, and the national legislature passed a vote declaring that "Mr. Adams is agreeable, and audience will be granted or commissions assigned when he shall demand it." Three days afterwards, John Adams was introduced to the stadholder as the accredited minister of the United States of America.

The most enthusiastic and brilliant of the many celebrations of this recognition of the American by the Dutch Republic was that inaugurated and superbly carried out by the faculty and students of Franeker University. In different parts of the Republic three silver medals were struck, commemorating the friendly union of the two republics whose histories were so much alike. Even before the negotiation of the treaty, money had flowed in freely from Dutch bankers to replenish the exhausted treasury of the United States of America. When the principal and interest was repaid in 1829, these loans amounted to fourteen millions of dollars. The States-General appointed as envoy to the American Congress Peter van Berckel, brother to that pensionary of Amsterdam who had excited the wrath of England by proposing just such a treaty with America.

It is to be noted that while the policy of the French in assisting Americans with men and money had been part of their European scheme of politics to weaken England and to regain Canada, if possible, the sympathy of the Dutch with America was real and sincere. Their only hope of advantage lay in opening new markets for Dutch products, especially fish. In this, however, they were bitterly disappointed. They not only gained little or no trade, but they soon found a powerful competitor in the new nation itself. The domain of their commerce in China and the Far East, where they had long a monopoly, was entered into by Americans, who, as soon as the peace with Great Britain had been declared, loaded their own ships with furs and ginseng, hitherto transshipped through

Holland, and carrying the American flag around the world deprived the Dutch of their former gain.

With the accession of a new ministry in England, there was manifested a desire for peace at the court of London; and had the Netherlands been united in sentiment, a peace could have been made that would have been both honorable and advantageous; but party spirit was so bitter that it was impossible to secure either honor or satisfaction. Negotiations between France and England were opened in Paris for a general peace on the basis of the independence of the United States, but without so much as consulting the Netherlands. Fearing lest they should be entirely excluded, the States-General sent two plenipotentiaries who, when they asked for the restoration of conquests made from them during the war and compensation for the losses which they had sustained, received an unqualified refusal, and the two Dutch plenipotentiaries found that Count Vergennes was but a broken reed to lean upon. Soon, to their great amazement, they learned that preliminaries of peace had been signed by all the other Powers without any regard having been paid to the Dutch, other than including them in the armistice without their knowledge or consent. Great Britain now pressed the matter upon the Republic, refusing to renew the old treaties or give the Dutch a single advantage, while she demanded honors to her flag, cession of territory, freedom of trade with the Dutch colonies, and no compensation for injuries inflicted by her own privateers.

Disgraceful and humiliating as this treaty was, it had to be accepted on account of the horrible state of politics then existing in the Republic. Each party began to criminate and recriminate the other; nevertheless, so keenly did the Dutch feel their degradation in the eyes of Europe, that they now began to inquire seriously into the causes of their decay. The feeling that it was all owing to their hereditary stadholderate deepened, and forthwith there began discussion and debates concerning a fundamental restoration of the constitution. The towns initiated reform by exercising their right of nominating their magistrates, by restoring their militia, and by the formation of

the free bodies of militia. Once more the old Doelen, or target yards, became the scene of numerous and brilliant assemblages for instruction in tactical evolutions and the use of arms.

However, the disease of the nation was too deeply seated to be healed by mere talk or display. Feeble, isolated, and wealthy, Holland was in reality like a fat sheep, ready to be devoured by such wolves as might wish to gratify their rapacity. So long as patriotism had been pure and the people had been animated by the spirit of their ancestors, the little Republic had been able to defy even the great monarchies around it. Now, however, in 1783, when the States-General had passed a resolution limiting the powers and prerogatives of courts-martial, except in purely military cases, the King of Prussia, uncle to the wife of the stadholder, interfered in the domestic affairs of the Republic. Frederick the Great, then a dotard and infirm with gout, commanded his ambassadors to lecture the States-General for their treatment of the Prince of Orange, and also demanded that they should restrict the freedom of the press in the Netherlands. Most of the delegates of the States-General were subservient; but those of Zierikzee intimated that the German King had better mind his own business and not further embarrass himself with the affairs of the Republic, of whose constitution it was impossible for him to form a correct idea.

The next danger threatening the Republic arose along its southern border. The Austrian Netherlands had, under Maria Theresa, gained considerable prosperity. Education, commerce, and agriculture had revived, and many of the scars of that devastation which had been wrought during the Spanish troubles had been covered under the bloom of literature, art, and the comfort which continuous industry brings. Flanders and Brabant were especially the seats of popular welfare. The suppression of the Jesuits was also a great blessing to the country. Prince Charles of Lorraine and Maria Theresa, the former after a rule of thirty-six and the latter of forty-one years, died in 1780. The new ruler was the Emperor Joseph the Second of Germany, who, with good intentions, began to

interfere with ancient institutions and customs. Hitherto the Dutch had honestly kept their treaties, and almost all their offensive wars had been with the idea of maintaining the integrity of the Southern Netherlands against the inroads and covetousness of the great Powers. Joseph the Second, now seeing the weakness of the Dutch Republic, began to demolish or possess himself of its fortresses on the Belgian frontier. Then, in defiance of the treaties, he demanded the opening of the Scheldt to navigation from Doel to Antwerp. His arrogant demands were met by the Dutch States-General with meekness, they requesting the King of France to act as umpire. Louis the Sixteenth mediated, hostilities were postponed, and the Scheldt was kept closed, though two forts were ceded to the Emperor, and a half a million dollars were awarded to him in satisfaction of his claims upon Maastricht. The German Emperor now proceeded with a high hand to carry out his own ideas. The Belgians, being divided among themselves, could do nothing against their foreign oppressor, though they succeeded in driving out the Austrians; and England, Russia, and the Republic, on December 10, 1790, guaranteed for a time the Belgian constitution. It was now possible for Protestants to enjoy freedom of worship and to hold public office.

In the Republic the bitterness between the stadholder and the patriots increased daily. Besides being deprived of his command of the garrison at the Hague, and being limited in his authority by the States-General, which had become tired of his despotism, there were other signs which portended civil war. Even on Christmas Day, 1780, John Adams, after only four months' residence in the country, had written that he saw "every symptom of an agony that precedes a great revolution." When the stadholder sent infantry, cavalry, and artillery in a demonstration against the patriot party at Hattem and Elberg, the people deserted their habitations as if this military force were an alien foe. The dissatisfaction of the patriot party was so great that the stadholder was suspended from his office of Captain-General of the Union, and thus was virtually deposed from authority.

England, France, and Prussia now mediated to restore the Prince of Orange to full power, and the patriot party being divided among themselves gave the Orange partisans opportunity to reform and revive their strength. The Prince of Orange resolved to begin war. On the other hand, societies called "For Country and Liberty" were formed in the cities, and bands of Patriots were drilling to be in readiness to defy him. Hostilities broke out near Utrecht, in which about eighty men were killed and wounded, and other skirmishes soon followed. In this critical condition of affairs, when the nation was on the brink of civil war, the King of Prussia, who had been watching for some pretext for military interference on behalf of his brother-in-law, now, to his delight, discovered one. Such an excuse, and how to put it in effect, had been debated at Nymegen, where the Princess of Orange and the ambassadors of Prussia and England were in council, while the stadholder and his armed partisans were at Zeist. It was agreed that the Princess of Orange should ride in her carriage from Nymegen to the Hague, in order to take advantage of the growing discontent against the government in Holland. If she arrived safely, she might, by inciting the people to rise in favor of her husband, get up a revolt, and then prevail upon the States-General to invite the King of Prussia to assist in putting it down. On the other hand, if her journey were interrupted, she might call this an insult to the sister of the King of Prussia, and thus justify foreign interference and the commencement of hostilities. It was thus deliberately planned that a woman should apply the torch to the fuel already collected for civil war. Setting out, accordingly, she was stopped, and, though treated with all deference, was ordered back to Nymegen.

Throughout the struggle between the powerful state of Holland and the States-General, and between the patriot and the stadholderal party, there was an earnest attempt made by the more democratic of the Dutch politicians to lodge the Government in the hands of the people, or, at least, to give them some direct share in it. A powerful anonymous pamphlet, entitled *Aan het Volk van*

Nederland (To the people of Netherland), was published October 17, 1781. It was an open and stirring plea against both the Prince and the municipal Regency, and in favor of a democracy. It was widely circulated, and became the theme of general debate. The author maintained that the people should have a direct voice in the Government, which he contended should be a mixture and combination of the powers of the one, the few, and the many, each checking and controlling the other. The direct influence of the American revolution in stimulating the pride and rising spirit of the people was at once confessed by both the Orange Klants and the Keezen; but so wrathful was the Prince of Orange that, under his dictation, the States of Utrecht and the States-General offered a reward of fourteen hundred guilders for knowledge of the author, who, however, was not known until after the seals of the secrecy of nearly a century had been removed. He was no other than Baron van der Capellen, the friend of Adrian van der Kemp, the founder of the town of Barneveldt, now Trenton, N. Y., and the true father of the practical plan for the Erie Canal.

The patriot party also hoped that France would come to their aid; but Vergennes had died, the finances of France were disturbed, and the treasury nearly empty. The new royal minister, the Archbishop of Sens, shrank from any active support of the Dutch patriots. This encouraged the King of Prussia to further insolence. He ordered his ambassador to write, under his instructions, a letter to the Princess, inviting her to come to the Hague, and requiring the Patriots to implore her pardon for their errors, to revoke all previous resolutions against her, and agreed to punish all who had any share in humiliating her. All this was to be done at four days' notice. The patriots Van Berckel and Gyzelaar demanded that no notice be taken of this insulting document, but a resolution was passed that ambassadors should be sent to Berlin.

Meanwhile the Prussian troops, twenty thousand in number, were in motion, while Great Britain, besides reinforcing her navy, had made a treaty, agreeing to pay

twelve thousand Hessians to invade the Netherlands, should France offer any aid. The Prussians entered Gelderland, September 13th, one division camping near Arnhem, while the second, crossing the Waal at Nymegen, appeared before Gorkum on the 17th. This fortified town, under the command of Alexander van der Capellen, was compelled to surrender, and the people welcomed the Duke of Brunswick with cries of, "Oranje boven." One body of Prussians marched towards Naarden and another proceeded along the Lek, while Utrecht, which the Patriots had fortified at great expense, was basely surrendered by the Rheingraf van Salm, its treacherous commander. The States of Holland now violently swayed towards the cause of the stadholder, and the edicts against Orange badges and party songs—a form of animosity and colorphobia which had extended even to carrots—were suspended, and the commission of defence ordered that no further resistance should be made to the invaders. Thus, inside of a week, the Patriots fell from the heights of hope to the depths of despair. Deserted by France, they could offer no more resistance.

The stadholder once more entered the Hague, welcomed as a beloved sovereign, while the streets, houses, and churches were decorated with bands and masses of orange. Only Amsterdam held out. The people of this city pierced the dikes and laid the country under water, but neglected to guard the Haarlem water-way. The Duke of Brunswick was thus enabled to send a force in boats, and by so doing compelled the surrender of the city, thus completing an almost bloodless revolution in a fortnight. For the first time in her history Amsterdam became the encampment of a victorious enemy. England and Prussia now joined hands to guarantee the hereditary stadholderate. All over the country the Patriots were forced to wear orange badges, and this shameless interference by foreign governments with the domestic concerns of an adjoining state was defended even by the Whigs as well as by the Tories in the English Parliament. Never before had the Dutch fallen so low. Rewards were showered upon the Duke of Brunswick, who was called by the

Orangists the defender of their ancient liberty. When he retired from the country, this German deliverer took away as his lawful booty the arms and ammunition belonging to Holland, and left behind him four thousand Prussian soldiers to garrison the different towns.

Meanwhile the personally feeble stadholder, aided by his able and brilliant wife, strengthened his power in every way. An entirely new set of deputies in the Orange interests were sent to the States of Holland; and, since most of the patriot leaders were either refugees or living in private, there were very few anti-Orangists to be found in the assembly. Van Berckel and Zeebergen were declared incapable of serving as legislators, and Bleiswyk was succeeded by Van de Spiegel. The Princess of Orange busied herself in forming a party at court and throughout the country wholly favorable to her own interests. Fortunately, however, through Van de Spiegel, the tutor of the hereditary Prince of Orange, political matters were greatly improved.

The Republic was now little more than a province, jointly administered by Prussia and England, the Dutch being indifferent and supine towards the politics of Europe. Their commerce was almost ruined and the public spirit was at its lowest ebb. Of the patriot leaders, eighteen, including Van Berckel and De Gijselaar, had been outlawed. Hundreds more were refugees in France, ready to take advantage of any new turn of fortune. Others, like Adrian van der Kemp, had fled to the United States of America to find a new home in the land of promise.

Though that effective example of resistance of revolution from without, usually called the American Revolution, did not avail to give the Netherlands government by the people, it was influential in bringing on the French revolution, which had an immediate and lasting influence upon the Dutch Republic. The French armies overran the Belgic Netherlands, and then demanded the free navigation of the Scheldt. The national convention of France, finding that the stadholder William the Fifth was the ally and obedient servant of England, declared war against

him, and also proclaimed that the inhabitants of the Republic were released from the oath which they had been forced to take in 1788, and that all who still felt bound by such oath were enemies of the French people. Both the stadholder and the States-General, his willing servant, answered with a manifesto, prepared for defence, and began to guard their frontiers. Soon afterwards, the French general, Dumouriez, having but fourteen thousand men, among whom were two thousand Dutch refugees, and only a slight train of artillery, invaded the Republic. The invaders were almost everywhere successful, despite some assistance sent by the British government, and the patriotic party favoring them formed revolutionary committees and gave a welcome to their French allies. The severe winter of 1794–95, which threw natural bridges over the rivers and canals, assisted the invaders. General Pichegru captured Amsterdam and, by means of his hussars, the Dutch fleet, which had been frozen in the ice at the Texel. In all the towns and cities where the patriot party was in the ascendant, the people erected liberty poles, on the top of which they put hats made out of tin, often of great size, and painted with the tricolor, red, white, and blue. Around these they danced in mirth and joy, hailing the advent of freedom and the abolition of the oppressive monopolies and privileges, the relics of feudalism, all of which centred in the hereditary stadholderate. The French crossed the Waal, and with superior force scattered the English detachments opposing them.

The stadholder, William the Fifth, now bade farewell to the States-General at the Hague, went down to Scheveningen and left the country, getting off in a fishing-smack to England. This departure took place in accordance with an ultimatum of the French national convention, and as an indispensable preliminary to the conclusion of a treaty with the States-General. The next day the ambassadors of Great Britain, Prussia, Spain, Italy, and Hanover returned to their respective governments.

Into the details of the French occupation of the Northern Netherlands we need not enter, but give merely an

outline of the events between "the eighteen unhappy years" from 1795 to 1813. Whether under the name of the "Batavian Republic," the kingdom of Holland, or the provinces of the French empire, the French occupation was virtually a French conquest that had little permanent influence on Dutch history or character.

CHAPTER XIV

THE FRENCH OCCUPATION

The revolutionary committees now prepared the people to greet the French as friends and brethren. In Amsterdam the liberty-tree was planted on the Dam. Throughout most of the towns and cities the revolutionary committees, which had already been organized, administered affairs when the old governments abdicated. On the 22d of January, 1796, the French army entered the Hague, where, as in the other cities, the people fraternized with their invaders, hailing them as friends. The revolution being completed, the central committee sent out their invitations. Deputies came up from all the states to the Hague in March, 1796, where a national convention met, which acknowledged the sovereignty of the people and the rights of man. Even the villages had representatives of their own, and the Batavian Republic, first proclaimed May 16, 1795, became a fact.

Although the ancient privileges and monopolies, which so long had rested heavily upon the Dutch people, were, with the guilds and the titles of nobility, abolished, and the constitution of 1798 and that of 1801 promised stability and prosperity, yet the Dutch had to pay dearly for their freedom. They soon learned the difference between an American and a French "revolution." Instead of their deliverers reforming the constitution in the manner thought best by the revolutionary committees and patriots, the Dutch people found they could do nothing except at the bidding of their French masters, who compelled them to lay an embargo on British vessels then in their ports. This, of course, once more brought on a war

with Great Britain, which pursued her usual policy of seizing the possessions of the Republic in various parts of the world. So it happened that soon Dutch commerce and fisheries were nearly paralyzed and the colonies lost. The towns and magazines of the Batavian Republic were held by foreigners, and, besides, its people were required to take an oath that nothing should be done against the French Republic. The demands of the French army for forage and fuel were insatiable, while in payment the people were compelled to receive that worthless paper-money called the "assignats." In October, 1797, after blockading the Texel so as to utterly ruin Holland's commerce, the British admiral, Duncan, won a victory over the Dutch fleet, under Admiral de Winter, at Kamperduin. The Batavian Republic became virtually a province of France.

Various changes in government followed—the Dutch, meanwhile, losing the flower of their young men in fighting the battles of Napoleon, who had become First Consul of the French Republic, and who changed the constitution to suit his whim. In 1799 an army of 10,000 English and 13,000 Russian troops landed in North Holland, at Kijkduin, but were defeated at Bergen and Castricum, the Dutch failing to welcome their professed deliverers. Bonaparte visited the country in 1805, the year in which the constitution was again revised. He invested Rutger Jan Schimmelpenninck, the Dutch ambassador at his court, with the sole government of the Batavian Republic. Although a council of nineteen members, styled their "High Mightinesses," formed the law-making body, yet Schimmelpenninck possessed almost monarchical power, under the title of Pensionary, and was addressed as "His Excellency." Under this pensionary the Dutch politicians were divided into three parties—the Unitaries and the Federalists, with a small body of Democrats.

In 1807 Napoleon declared the country a kingdom, and, calling it "Holland," made his brother, Louis, king. Louis at once began earnestly to relieve the distresses of the people, to develop the resources of the country, and to

give unity to the nation. The world-famous City-hall, in Amsterdam, became the palace. King Louis bought of the Amsterdam banker, Hope, the beautiful country-seat, a "Pavilion," near Haarlem, and often sojourned at Loo, afterwards the summer residence of Dutch princes and sovereigns. One of his best appointments, made in the year that his son, the future Napoleon the Third, was born, was that of Herman Daendels to be governor-general of the East Indies, where he planted forty-five million coffee-trees, and improved the administration of affairs in many ways. In 1808 the Royal Institute of science, letters, and fine arts was established. In 1810 Louis Napoleon, who had won great popularity with the Dutch, was obliged to resign, because he refused to be a mere tool in the hands of his brother, the French Emperor.

Then the Kingdom of Holland, as it had been called, was divided into seven departments, and made an integral part of the French empire. Napoleon declared that the Netherlands were nothing more than a deposit of earth brought down by the rivers from the interior of France and central Europe, and so he insisted that by nature they were a part of France. The departments created in all the Netherlands were those of the Zuyder Zee, the Mouths of the Maas, the Mouths of the Rhine, the Upper-Ijssel, the Mouths of the Ijssel, the Western Eems, Frisia, the Two Nethes, the Mouths of the Scheldt, the Scheldt, and the Doer, the three last being combined with portions of Belgium and Germany. Thus there were formed eleven departments in all, and these were subdivided into cantons and communes.

Everything was now done that could be accomplished to make the Dutch as French as possible. The customs, manners, tastes, and ideas of France were sedulously cultivated, the Dutch laws were translated into French, Dutch youth were sent to French schools, while tens of thousands of Dutchmen served in Napoleon's composite army, no fewer than fifteen thousand of them being in the disastrous invasion of and retreat from Russia. Meanwhile the people were ground down under the burdens of taxa-

tion and conscription, and were harrassed with a political and legal system which was wholly unsuited to them. On the other hand, some benefits, notably the improvements of public roads, unity in legislation, and a simplification in public business, were undeniably manifest. On Den Helder, opposite the Texel Island, Napoleon began the construction of great dikes, fortifications, and dock-yards, and employed his Spanish prisoners at the work, thus laying the foundations of that naval station of which the Dutch are to-day so proud.

In building large arsenals and dock-yards at Antwerp, Napoleon excited the fears and jealousies of Great Britain. It was determined in London to send out a great expedition to aid the continental allies of Great Britain by preventing the concentration of Napoleon's strength, so that he should be unable to overwhelm any one of his adversaries. This scheme was planned in 1807, when Prussia, Russia, and Austria were powerful ; but it was not put in execution by the slow-minded British ministry until early in the summer of 1809. By this time Napoleon had overwhelmed Prussia, reduced Russia to neutrality, and was gradually forcing Austria to succumb. There were at this time but ten thousand French soldiers in the Netherlands, and the fortifications of Antwerp were not only greatly dilapidated, but had only two thousand invalids and coast guards for their garrison. The belated expedition, consisting of sixty war vessels and one hundred and fifteen gunboats, troop-ships, and transports, carrying forty-one thousand soldiers, sailed July 28, 1809. Lord Castlereagh had given orders to the commander, Lord Chatham, the elder brother of Pitt, to advance immediately in full force against Antwerp. Instead of going at once up the Scheldt, Chatham foolishly stopped to bombard Flushing—a most useless and wasteful performance. In the meantime the army was landed and quartered amid the swamps of Walcheren, where, in the malaria of midsummer, the British troops died by the thousands, while the garrison at Antwerp was reinforced to the number of fifteen thousand men. Flushing did not fall until August 16th, and when a little later Chatham was ready to march, there

were thirty thousand soldiers ready to defend Antwerp, while the British army was decimated with marsh fever. It would then have been madness for him to have attempted the reduction of the great fortresses on the Scheldt, so the expedition returned to England, leaving fifteen thousand men in Walcheren so as to compel the French to keep a strong force in Belgium. Even then malaria killed more men than would have perished in a campaign. One half died and the other half were permanently disabled by disease. This expedition cost the British tax-payers £20,000,000. Its failure led to furious onslaughts on the ministry in the House of Commons and in the newspapers, and, besides, a duel was fought between Lord Castlereagh and George Canning, the father of the so-called "Monroe Doctrine." Around the Dutch churches in Domburg and other villages in Walcheren are the silent memorials of one of the greatest disasters known in British military history.

Amsterdam was reckoned the third city of the French empire, the Code Napoleon was made the law of the land, and the conscription was rigidly enforced. All males above twenty years of age—being the flower of the young men of the Netherlands—were ranged under the French colors, so that one-fifth of the whole population became soldiers and were sent to Napoleon's various slaughter-pens. English goods being prohibited from entering the Dutch ports, a great rise in the price of necessaries of life took place. The Dutchman dearly loves his coffee, which all classes drink, the poor especially finding comfort in this decoction of the oriental bean. The price of it now rose from twelve to sixty-three stuyvers ($1.25) a pound, while sugar, which formerly sold at ten stuyvers (twenty cents), advanced to sixty stuyvers ($1.20) a pound. Necessity and industry combined to create substitutes, so chickory and beet-root sugar were sedulously cultivated in Netherlandish soil. Other measures equally odious and obnoxious sowed the seeds of bitter discontent against French rule and prepared the Dutchmen for revolt. Education was deformed rather than reformed. The universities of Harderwijk and Franeker were sup-

pressed, and those of Utrecht and Amsterdam were reduced to the grade of secondary schools.

In the Far East the English captured Java in 1811, and occupied other Dutch colonies; but in Japan, after the French occupation of Holland, the Dutch factor at Déshima received his annual vessel from Batavia, and returned it under the United States flag and in command of the American Captain Stewart. In 1811 the heroic Hendrik Doef once more raised the Netherland flag at Déshima, the island in front of Nagasaki.

Napoleon's disastrous retreat from Moscow, on account of which many Dutch families mourned the loss of their sons, starved, frozen, or killed, was succeeded by the battle of Leipsic. Soon afterwards the allies entered Paris, and Napoleon abdicated and retired to Elba.

By this time the Dutch were all ready to "take Holland." Gijsbert Karel, Count of Hogendorp, called "the father of the Dutch constitution," whose statue now stands in his native city of Rotterdam, was the man for the hour. Born October 27, 1762, he was educated at Berlin, and having served for a while in the German army, he went to America in 1782 with the first Dutch minister, Van Berckel, and was six months in the new world, where he met Franklin, Washington, and Jefferson, with whom on his return home he kept up a correspondence. He travelled also in Great Britain and became a profound student of political affairs. In 1795, he founded at Amsterdam a famous business house, and being full of public spirit he wrote treatises upon sociology and economics. Since 1801 he had occupied himself with a plan for the constitution of his country, after the French should be gotten out of it. With Count van Limburg Stirum, Baron van der Duyn van Maasdam, and three others, he held conferences, and awaited the opportunity, which the Patriots now believed to be not very far off, of throwing off the French yoke. Accordingly, they bound themselves with Kemper, the celebrated professor of law at Leyden, and with Falk, the captain of the national guard, to keep peace and order after the battle of Leipsic, October 16, 1812, when it was generally believed that Napoleon was dead.

Gradually the signs of revolt against French rule multiplied. The French functionaries frequently found the statues, emblems, and governmental insignia of Napoleon's empire smeared over with orange. Such outbursts of the paint-pots which covered up everything with orange tints seemed sudden, but were not mysterious to the initiated. The league of gentlemen in the Hague, under Hogendorp, soon numbered four hundred members. In Amsterdam the signs of change became so manifest that the French evacuated the city and retired to Utrecht, November 14, and the governor-general and other French functionaries followed. The people of Amsterdam rose up and made themselves possessors of the custom-house and guard-houses, and a committee of citizens took possession of the government. Two days later Count van Limburg Stirum and the sons of Hogendorp showed themselves in public wearing the orange cockade. Van Limburg Stirum was made governor of the Hague. Hogendorp issued a call for the gathering of the old regents, or city councils, and on the 21st of November Hogendorp and Van Maasdam proclaimed to the nation the beginning of the provisional government. The cities of Rotterdam and Haarlem quickly followed the example of the Hague and Amsterdam. Baron Jacob Fagel and Henry George Perponcher, went over to England on the 19th of November. They returned bringing an autograph letter from the Prince of Orange, William Frederick, the son of William the Fifth, born at the Hague in 1772, saying that he would return to Holland, as his father had left it, at Scheveningen, on a fishing-smack. This he did, setting foot on his native soil November 30th. He was warmly welcomed.

On the 2d of December, 1813, the French having evacuated Utrecht, the Prince of Orange took oath as sovereign-prince to respect the constitution. The English drove the last remnants of French out at Zeeland. Von Bulow and his Cossacks overran Gelderland, Overyssel, Groningen, and Friesland, ejecting the French garrisons, while the Dutch or their allies gained possession, one after the other, of Arnhem, Coevorden, Naarden, and smaller places. The military system was now reformed, the re-

served forces, consisting of men from seventeen to fifty years of age, to be enrolled by inscription. An active army, partly of volunteers and partly of conscripts, was quickly formed, consisting of twenty-five thousand men. In addition to the regular taxes, the nation made a free-will offering of one hundred thousand guilders for the defence of the country. Everywhere in Europe and America people were amused to hear the strange news—"The Dutch have taken Holland."

CHAPTER XV

THE KINGDOM OF THE NETHERLANDS

Hogendorp was made president of the commission of fifteen persons whom the Prince of Orange had nominated for the preparation of a national "ground-law." This statesman's elaborate sketch became the basis of the constitution which was presented before a convocation of six hundred notable men of the land, who met together in the New Church at Amsterdam, March 29, 1814. After grave consideration, four hundred and forty-eight of them voted in favor of the instrument, called the "fifth constitution," which consisted of nine chapters and one hundred and forty-six articles. It guaranteed a national legislature of one hundred and ten members in two chambers, freedom of religion, equality of all before the law, and independence of the judiciary. It fixed the boundaries of the nine provinces and awarded to each one on the sea-coast the adjacent islands, fixed the annual income of the sovereign prince, whose title was "Royal Highness," at one million five hundred thousand guilders, and settled various other details of the government. On the next day the Prince of Orange was solemnly inaugurated king, Domine Petrus Haack preaching the sermon.

The first meeting of the new States-General was on the 2d of May, 1814. By the Congress of Europe, at the first Peace of Paris, Nederland and Belgium were made into one kingdom under the sovereignty of the House of Orange-Nassau. William Frederick, the new king, took the sovereignty over Belgium in July. Nederland received back from Great Britain her colonies which she had possessed previously to January 1, 1803, with the exception of Cey-

lon, the Cape of Good Hope, Demerara, Essequibo in Venezuela, and Berbice in Guiana. In compensation for his hereditary possessions, which were taken partly by Prussia and partly by Nassau, King William was given the Duchy of Luxemburg, of which he became the Duke, as well as King of all the Netherlands. The Congress of Vienna, which put Napoleon under ban, made Luxemburg a part of the Germanic confederation, with seventeen votes. Louis the Eighteenth, as head of the House of Bourbon, being made king of France, reigned but a hundred days. Napoleon landed at Cannes on the first of March, 1815, and soon had one hundred thousand men in arms under his eagles.

The call to deliver Europe from one who oppressed it in the name of democracy was most heartily heeded in the Netherlands, and an army of twenty-five thousand enthusiastic soldiers, led by the Prince of Orange, eldest son of the king, marched with Wellington and Blucher, who gathered a host of two hundred and thirty thousand men. At Quatre Bras the Prince of Orange and his Dutch troops performed prodigies of valor and drove back Marshal Ney. On the field of Waterloo, also, June 18, 1815, the Prince led the Netherlands troops, who fought with steady bravery, winning from Wellington a splendid tribute of praise. The Prince was wounded and left the field, but only when in the hands of the surgeon. William Frederick of Orange was crowned King of all the Netherlands, in Brussels, September 27, 1815, and in October Napoleon was an exile at St. Helena.

It was a hazardous experiment in statecraft to attempt thus to cement into one two peoples so diverse in religion, language, character, and interests, as the Dutch and the Belgians. Moreover, the personality of King William, who was rather a brave military officer than a wise and patient statesman, did not promise a brilliant future for this ill-assorted union. He gave himself vigorously to the development of his domain, and great enterprises were undertaken. These promised to change "the cockpit of Europe" into a peaceful garden, in which the scars of war should be healed "in the sweet oblivion of flowers." He

had named a commission of twenty-one members to prepare and revise a constitution for all the Netherland provinces. The commission held its sessions in Holland, finishing this, the "sixth constitution," in July, 1815. One hundred and ten members of the two chambers of the States-General of the Netherlands unanimously accepted the instrument. The King now called together in the Belgic or Southern Netherlands a convention of sixteen hundred and three notables, one for every two thousand inhabitants, to consider and ratify the new constitution.

The famous Bishop of Ghent, Maurice Jean Magdaleine de Broglie, who had been driven from his see during the French régime, had returned and been reinstated. With tremendous vigor and constant activity he threw his great influence against the new constitution, which was not very democratic in its general provisions. When the notables assembled, only thirteen hundred and twenty-three were present. Of these, seven hundred and ninety-six voted in favor of, and five hundred and twenty-seven voted against, the new constitution, while two hundred and eighty withheld their votes. This augured ill for the success of the union of the two kingdoms, and the outlook was even less promising when the ecclesiastical powers in Belgium issued their manifesto, entitled "The Doctrinal Judgment of the Bishops." In the North, Bilderdijk and Tollens sang the praises of the King, and the Dutchmen rejoiced. In the Belgian provinces a party was formed to put in practice English constitutional and French republican ideas, yet the mass of the people, being under the immediate influence and control of their spiritual advisers, were not satisfied with the new order of things. The despotic character and bigotry of the king only made matters worse. He intermeddled unnecessarily and continually with the Catholics, both in matters of religion and of education, and appointed Dutchmen as office-holders in numbers, beyond all proportions of justice to those born south of the Scheldt. In 1830 there was but one Belgic Netherlander among seven ministers in the royal cabinet. Of two hundred and nineteen functionaries in the departments of the ministry of home affairs, all were Dutch ex-

cept fourteen, while of fifteen hundred and seventy-three infantry officers, only two hundred and seventy-four were Belgians. The majority of the people in the Southern Netherlands, being Walloons, spoke French, but the King, intending to make the Southern Netherlanders thoroughly Dutch, required a knowledge of that language as a requisite for office. The Belgians also complained that they were unjustly taxed, that they were unfairly represented in the States-General, and that unconstitutional restrictions were laid upon the press. In 1827 King William was obliged to submit to a concordat with the pope, placing the seventeen provinces under an archbishop and seven bishops, but the execution of the concordat was obstructed and not carried out. The next year William sent a message to the States-General, taking a high hand in limiting the freedom of the press.

As matters went on from bad to worse, both the clericals and the liberals of Belgium united together, in 1828, to obtain their rights. They demanded freedom of religion, of instruction, and of the press. The second chamber of the States-General was now divided into two hostile camps. Attempts to coerce or intimidate the Opposition, by persecuting the Democratic or Liberal leaders, only made the Belgians more fiercely discontented.

The tension between the Northern and Southern Netherlands was now becoming dangerous. The fight was at first conducted in the press and on the platform, the Hollanders talking of "Father William," and the Belgians of "Father Despot." The tone of the Belgian press grew seditious. The adjective "infamous" was openly applied to oppressions of the royal ministers and against their restrictions of the liberty of the press. Everywhere the Belgians lifted up a threatening cry against "the Hollandish dominion."

All was ripe for a revolution when the French political volcano, with its almost periodical outbursts, began a new eruption in 1830, driving out Charles the Tenth, and bringing in the Bourgeois King Louis Philippe. The tidal-wave upraised in France reached Brussels. On the night of the 24th of August, the King's birthday,

the opera, *La Muette de Portici*, which has for its subject the revolt of the Neapolitans under Aniello in 1647 against the Spaniards, was being performed. During this opera the French Marseillaise was sung. Aroused by the sentiments and music, a crowd assembled and began to destroy and plunder the houses of the minister, Van Maanen, and the printer of the government newspaper. Two days later the armed citizens' guard put on the old Brabant colors, black, yellow, and red, which now form the Belgian flag, and the insurrection became general all over the country.

After various conferences on the subject, the Prince of Orange entered Brussels on the 31st of August. Both he and the Dutch troops were driven out. At Antwerp, the Dutch garrison bombarded the city, but unable to make their position secure, marched out and joined the main body of the army at Vilvoorde. A second mission of the Prince of Orange to Brussels was fruitless, and he was called back. The provisional government called a convention, and, meeting on the 4th of October, proclaimed the independence of Belgium. The European Congress of London met in November, wherein sat Lord Palmerston and Talleyrand, Netherland being represented by Anton R. Falck. The separation of the two countries was decreed on December 20, 1830. A truce was ordered, and the Dutch army retired within the frontiers of the Northern Netherlands. Leopold, who had declined the crown of Greece, was made King of the Belgians. After what is termed "The Ten Days' Campaign," from the 2d to the 12th of August, 1831, the treaty called "the four-and-twenty articles" was settled upon, by which the province of Limburg remained as part of the Dutch Kingdom. In the various skirmishes, probably less than a thousand lives were lost. At Antwerp, the Dutch Lieutenant Van Speijk blew up his ship with all on board rather than surrender to the Belgians. In Brussels the "Martyr's Memorial," in Amsterdam the Metal-Cross monument in front of the palace, and at Egmond-aan-Zee a bronze lion for Van Speijk commemorate those killed in this war.

Not until nine years afterwards did the Dutch King, who remained Grand Duke of Luxemburg, agree to this severance between the two countries. His acts during this period were not remarkable for wisdom or dignity, and they made him unpopular with the Dutch and hated by the Belgians. Resigning his throne and abdicating in favor of his eldest son, October 7, 1840, he retired with his enormous fortune to Berlin, and died there, December 12, 1843. When, by the treaty of London, April 19, 1839, Belgium obtained a guarantee of its integrity, and the free passage of the Scheldt was secured, Antwerp began its modern expansion and growth, entering upon an era of prosperity which made it one of the greatest of modern seaports, while the bright and gay city of Brussels rapidly became a second Paris.

In the Kingdom of Nederland, in 1840, the great province of Holland, which by its size and wealth had always been so dangerous to the stability of the Republic, was divided into the provinces of North and South Holland, with capitals at Haarlem and the Hague. The Dutch kingdom thereafter consisted of eleven provinces, the Duchy of Luxemburg being separate. In the same year some unimportant alterations were made in the constitution, and the Crown Prince was inaugurated as King William the Second in the New Church at Amsterdam, November 28th.

The new ruler, who was a very different man from his father—more benign and gracious—soon became very popular. Born in the Hague, December 6, 1792, he accompanied his grandfather, the last of the stadholders, to England, was educated at Berlin and Oxford, and served in the Spanish and British armies against the French, making a splendid record of valor at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, as we have seen. On February 21, 1816, in St. Petersburg, he married the Russian Princess, Anna Paulownia, the sister of Alexander the First, Emperor of Russia. After her many pretty flowers, including the blossoms of Japan's noblest tree, and the great polder in North Holland, have been named. King William the Second loved and encouraged art, and, being of a military and romantic turn

of mind, he was less inclined to interfere in matters of state. He restored order to the finances, and the national energies being stimulated to a genuine renovation of trade and commerce, the government of the Netherlands became more and more harmonized with modern forms and spirit. A motion to revise the constitution was made in 1845 by nine liberal members of the States-General, but at that time without effect. Since then, however, two parties have carried on the government and directed politics in the kingdom—the Liberals and the Conservatives.

When France, the centre of revolutionary disturbance in Europe, again sent out those political vibrations which seem like seismic throes propagating their force under the ocean to distant lands, Nederland again showed its stability and the proof of its stronger life. Like its silent leader, it stood "tranquil amid the waves." In Belgium there was a financial panic, but in the Netherlands King William the Second, yielding gracefully to the demand for a new revision of the constitution, appointed a commission consisting of D. Donker Curtius, L. Z. Luzac, J. R. Thorbecke, J. M. de Kempenaar, and L. D. Storm. The result of their labors was thoroughly discussed and finally adopted by the States-General, approved by the King, and the revised constitution became the law of the land on the 3d of November, 1848.

According to this, the succession of the crown is in both the male and female line. The King, sharing his power with the States-General, is commander of the land forces and chief director of the colonies. The ministers are responsible to the nation and not to the sovereign. The members of the first chamber, numbering thirty-nine, sit for nine years. The members of the second chamber, chosen by the citizens having the right to vote, sit for four years, each member representing forty-five thousand people, and the total number being seventy-five.

An era of prosperity was ushered in under the administration of John Rudolf Thorbecke, the brilliant and able Liberal statesman, whose writings had done so much to mould public opinion in favor of the Constitution of 1848, which gave fruition to the hopes of republican days.

Thorbecke continued, enlarged, and consolidated the work of Hogendorp, "the father of the Dutch constitution." From the year 1848 until 1872, Thorbecke, as a tireless patriot, served his country with eminent ability and wisdom. He was three times at the head of the cabinet. After his death, an annuity of twenty thousand guilders to his two daughters bears witness of the gratitude of King and people. To-day, his statue stands not in the aristocratic and conservative city of the Hague, but in liberal and appreciative Amsterdam.

When William the Second died at Tilburg on the 17th of March, 1849, his oldest son became King William the Third, who ruled until his death at Het Loo, in Gelderland, November 23, 1890. Born in the Hague, February 19, 1817, he married, June 18, 1839, Sophia, a daughter of the King of Wurtemburg. Under his long and prosperous reign Nederland enjoyed a great revival of material prosperity, intellectual expansion, a new bloom of art, and splendor of literature, a sound military and naval administration, and a marked revival of the national spirit which has already lifted the nation into a position of strength and dignity.

Though his little kingdom was but as a pigmy in size among the great armed giants of Europe, the King came to his throne and the revival of patriotism occurred in the age of steam and electricity, and of the marvellous developments of science.

When steam came to do a work that waited not for the uncertain winds of Heaven, the enterprise of drainage received a still greater impulse, and the days of the windmill were numbered. Though thousands still wave their arms and cast their shadows over the landscape, yet few new ones are now built ; for, by means of the steam dredge and steam pump, new water-ways are opened for the immense inland commerce of the nation, old canals and grachts are, through forced motion of the water, kept salubrious, while large low or flooded tracts, which formerly bred malaria and prevented profitable farming, are made to smile with growing food for men and his dumb helpers, so that health abides where disease was wont to tarry. Be-

sides pumping out ninety lakes, including Haarlem Meer (1839-1852), diking the sea coast and river-banks, and reclaiming to fertility many thousands of acres from swamp and morass, "new rivers" and channels are cut to order as necessity requires. The North Holland Canal, and the North Sea Canal, the first connecting Amsterdam with Alkmaar, Den Helder, and the Texel, and the second with the North Sea direct, the new Water Way of Rotterdam from the Maas to the sea, are noble examples of modern engineering science and proofs of the revival of the national spirit.

The railway system, already inaugurated before the coronation of King William the Third, furnishes transportation to all classes and is graded to suit every purse, some of the roads being owned by the State, others by private companies. Great lines traverse the two Hollands and Zeeland from Den Helder and Enkhuizen to the Hook of Holland and Flushing, and from Leeuwarden and Groningen to Maastricht, while through the inland provinces a network extends east and west, linking together all the important cities from the Hague to Winterswijk, Enschede, Oldenzaal, and Nieuweschans. In addition to the heavy railways are steam tramways, which also link together towns and cities in an easy chain of communication, the tram lines in North Brabant, Utrecht, and Friesland being of considerable length. These easy modes of travel and transportation, with other modern factors of change and progress, while destroying provincial peculiarities, picturesque costumes, and customs, and relegating many an old local legend and tradition to the realm of the fabulous, add greatly to the sum of human comfort. They also give the people an added sense of nationality, while keeping them in more vital touch with mankind at large. The men on the trains and at the stations, with their red caps, diagonal breast-belts, uniforms and head-plates, and the signal-women, with their low black enamelled hats and blue coats lined with red, form the personnel of a modern method of transportation which requires for complete success all the ancient virtues. The thorough equipment and speed of the trains and the trim, comfortable stations, re-

inforced by the magnificent triumphs and wonderful science of engineering, make the Dutch railway system one of the best fitted for its purpose in Europe. The Central Station at Amsterdam was built by P. J. H. Kuypers, the architect also of the Rijks or National Museum, who was so profoundly influenced in his tastes by his literary friend, J. A. A. Thijm, the father of modern Hollandish Catholic literature. Both edifices in their façades are in the early Dutch Renaissance style.

Population steadily increases in Nederland, notwithstanding great losses by emigration. The old hive has continually swarmed off new generations of busy workers that have winged their way over the seas. The Dutch emigrants build up new commonwealths or reinforce old ones with the sturdy virtues and rich blood of the Fatherland. Besides educating the Pilgrims and many of the Puritan founders of New England in their free Republic, the Dutch stamped their genius ineffaceably upon the empire region of America — the four middle states, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware—from which have come forth so many of those great constructive measures which have helped first to make and then to preserve the American Union. These States, originally settled by the Netherlanders, were moulded by the various peoples coming from the cosmopolitan Republic and from the four countries in the United Kingdom, who took many of their precedents and progressive ideas directly from Zeeland, Friesland, and Holland. South Africa was colonized by the Dutch and Walloons who, in the seventeenth century, came to the Cape and thence "trekked" their way with oxen and wagons into the interior. Besides laying the foundations of order in most of the South African lands now owned by Great Britain, these Africanders founded the Transvaal Republic and the Orange Free State. In the East Indies, from the first discoveries of the Brothers Houtman to the days of the founder of Batavia, Jan P. Koen, and until our own times, there has been a steady growth of Dutch colonies. The prevalence of law and order in this region of the Malay world is so general, and the government is so just, that anything like

an exception to the rule, in an outbreak of any sort, is a god-send to journalist and novelist.

The Dutch were the pioneers in attempting to solve that problem—which is perhaps the greatest in our age and the coming centuries—of reconciling the Oriental and the Occidental civilizations, and of the twain making one new and better standard of life. The Dutch formed the first Asiatic Society for the exploration of the mines of Oriental speech, thought, and institutions. They brought back from the East, both near and far—from Arabia and India, from the Malay and the Chinese worlds, and from Japan—a little world by itself—the first manuscripts and material for literary study. From the seventeenth century to the present moment Dutch scholars have never been surpassed, whether in relative number or in quality. Nor are the names of the first masters, Erasmus, Lipsius, Scaliger, Heinsius, Graevius, and Kilian, greater than those of our century, which, in Arabic knows De Goeje; in Sanskrit, Kern; in critical knowledge of the Semitic languages, Kuenen; in Talmudic Hebrew, Wildeboer; in comparative religion, De la Saussaye and Tiele; and in the cultus of China, Schlegel and Groot. In the opening of trade with the spice-lands of the Far East, and with China, Formosa, Chō-sen, and Nippon, the men of the Republic were pioneers. Throughout the northern Pacific and in all the Archipelago, stretching from the Philippines to the Kuriles, the number of familiar Dutch names on capes, water-ways, and islands are as numerous as in the extreme south, where New Zealand, Van Diemen's Land, and New Holland (Australia) tell of their restless enterprise.

In our days the opening of Japan to the commerce of the world, its flowering as a nation, with a bloom of art that surprises the world, with a national spirit supposed to have been unknown to modern Asia, and, in the last decade of this century, its appearance as a first-class armed Power, able to humble China, with an army and navy, and a position in the Pacific Ocean that makes her something with which even Russia, Germany, Great Britain, and the United States must reckon, is one of the strik-

ing phenomena of history. Yet, he who would study modern Japan, and leave out the Dutch influence and leaven, finds a puzzle rather than natural law. Knowing of Déshima and the Hollanders, the secret is open. While nominally shut up from all the world, Japan was constantly receiving, during her two centuries and a quarter of profound peace, incessant fertilization and reinforcement from Holland. The ships that came every year from Amsterdam, by way of Batavia, were like bees alighting in the clover field. They brought the vitalizing ideas and inventions of Holland and Europe. At Nagasaki the Hollanders, in turn, having probed the blossoms of the Japanese genius, brought their honey to Europe. The Dutch taught the Japanese their own language, one of the strongest and richest in Europe, to hundreds of students, besides furnishing books and information to scores of inquiring spirits. Long before Dai Nippon gave any sign to the world outside of desire to enter the fraternity of nations, there were several thousand Japanese who had learned the Dutch language and made it their vehicle of knowledge. They had studied medicine and surgery of the Dutch physicians. They had perused Dutch books on subjects illustrating nearly every line of human investigation. The first Japanese students in Europe went to school in Holland.

Those were red-letter days on the illuminated scroll of Japan's intellectual history, when, in 1861, Dr. Pompe van Meerdervoort, surrounded by Japanese physicians and medical students, made the first scientific dissection of a human cadaver, and later erected a hospital at Nagasaki. It was another type of the English reaper, who has ever gathered where the Dutch sower first cast in seed, when Fukuzawa, Japan's "grand old man," who began his culture in the language of Vondel, continued in that of Shakespeare. On July 4, 1869, instead of taking sword and rushing to the battle of Uyéno, he sat down on the same day of conflict with three fellow-students to study Wayland's *Moral Science*.

Even when the trade with Japan ceased to be of any profit, the Dutch kept it up for sentiment's sake and the

honor of their flag. In 1844, King William the Second sent out two Dutch men-of-war on a friendly mission to Japan, carrying his letter of February 15, in which he warned the Shōgun in Yedo to be prepared for defence after the Opium War in China; or, preferably, to open their country to foreign trade. When the young Republic in the West was moving towards the Pacific; when, through Marcus Whitman, Oregon and the northern Pacific Slope came under control of the government of Washington, and when, after the war with Mexico, our gold-seekers and merchants flocked to California, while our whaling ships were passing by the score along Japanese coasts, then the Dutch, having long before prepared the Japanese to consider the idea of abandoning their life as a hermit nation, went still further. In 1852, after having furnished charts and interpreters, and the knowledge which equipped Commander Perry for his task, they notified the Japanese of the American expedition, and in 1853 earnestly advised them to give friendly welcome.*

Commodore Matthew C. Perry, whose son-in-law, the Honorable August Belmont, was at the same time minister at the Hague, was able to win from the Shōgun a treaty of amity and protection to American seamen, the standard text of which was in the Dutch language. A Dutch secretary, Henry Heusken, after ably assisting the American minister, Townsend Harris, in securing the opening of the country to foreign trade and residence, and the British, German, and French envoys in their treaty-making, became the first victim to the Japanese assassin's sword.† The Dutch language had been the basis of Japan's European culture for a century, and the band of students and educated men who began the first movements of medical, literary, social, political, and religious reform, who furnished both the war-leaders that overthrew feudalism, and the statesmen that created the government of the Méiji period (1868–1894) were, all of them, men who

* See *Life of Matthew Calbraith Perry, a Typical American Naval Officer.*
† See *Townsend Harris, First American Envoy in Japan.*

had sat at the feet of the Dutchmen of Nagasaki as their teachers.

It is true that the hermit among the nations, that had so long made himself outcast, did not come to himself and advance to the world's house of brotherhood without reaction and war, nor has the present civilized and partially Christianized Japan reached the high-water mark of 1897 without the undertow of Chauvinism. Twice did the Dutch ally themselves with the British, French, and Americans to humble those ultra-patriotic clansmen of Chōshiu who first insulted foreigners and then profited by chastisement from them to bring forth the peaceable fruits which we behold in constitutional Japan. Obeying the Mikado and disobeying their Shōgun, this clan, so signally rich in men of civic ability, erected batteries commanding the straits of Van der Capellen at Shimonoséki. They began at once both civil and foreign war, by opening their artillery first on the American steamer *Pembroke*, June 25, and then July 9, 1863, on the Netherland's corvette, *Medusa*. To fire on the old red, white, and blue flag, familiar in Japanese waters long before ever a Pilgrim Father left Holland for America, seemed to the Dutch captain, afterwards Admiral F. F. de Casembroot, a more heinous offence even than to insult the newer flag having the same colors. As the wooden frigate received the concentrated fire of eight batteries and two armed vessels, both Casembroot and his men showed that "Dutch courage" was one thing in British satire and another thing in reality. The coolness and valor of the sailors were the same as of yore. Though the Japanese heavy eight-inch guns were many and well served by native students of Dutch treatises on artillery, yet the *Medusa*, moving slowly up the narrow ocean stream, which is here but nine hundred yards wide and runs like a mill-race, kept up a constant fire against the two warships and the six batteries, silencing one of the latter mounting eight heavy guns. For an hour and a half the *Medusa* was the target for a thousand artillerists, and was struck by thirty-one shots, seventeen of which pierced her hull. Three eight-inch shells burst on board. Yet, while splinters and

bolts flew around the ship in a manner such as no Dutch vessel had known since Kamperduin, and the sailors had never before been under fire, they served their guns coolly and with rapidity. Four men were killed and five wounded.

When, on September 5 and 6, 1864, the allied fleet of nine British, three French, four Dutch vessels, with one tug flying the American flag, making seventeen ships with 7590 men and 208 guns, first cleaned out the forts and then landed and destroyed them, Casembroot again commanded the Dutch men-of-war. His ships were the *Metalen Kruis*, a screw steamer of sixteen guns, named after the metal cross awarded to the Dutch heroes in the war with Belgium in 1830; the *Djambi*, a screw steamer of sixteen guns, bearing the name of a Dutch possession in Sumatra; the *Amsterdam*, a paddle-wheel frigate of sixteen guns, and the *Medusa*. The *Metalen Kruis* and the *Djambi* were in the advanced squadron. The *Medusa* was in the light squadron which took the batteries in flank. The *Amsterdam* was at first kept in reserve to render assistance to any ship disabled or grounded, but afterwards took an active part in the bombardment and landing of the troops. The Dutch marines also had a fair share in those land operations which, with the terrific ship fire, taught the Japanese a lesson from which they were not slow to profit. In the National Museum at Amsterdam hang the battle flags of the Dutch squadron, not far away from the noble monument erected to the memory of the soldiers slain in the Dutch East Indian wars.

The modernizing of Dutch politics showed that, while the country had for its government a kingdom in form, it was a republic in reality. In a word, the constitutional monarchy fulfilled the hopes of the Republic. Nevertheless, the liberality of tone and sentiment, going by a natural reaction perhaps too far, created within the national church a new commotion, or series of commotions, which issued in the formation of the Christian Reformed Church, or the new "Church Under the Cross." This, besides building up many congregations and edifices in a new denomination in Nederland, was the direct cause of a large

emigration to America, in the years 1846 and 1847, the first of importance since the earlier half of the seventeenth century. The story of these "new Pilgrim Fathers" is one of romantic interest, and their semi-centennial or jubilee was, in September, 1897, remembered in Wisconsin and Nebraska, and celebrated with great enthusiasm in Pella, Iowa, and Holland, Michigan.

While the National Reformed Church (de Nederlandsche Hervormde Kerk) is still the means of spiritual culture to perhaps a majority of the nation, the Christian Reformed Church has, in proportion to numbers, far exceeded the National Church in missionary activity and zeal for practical Christianity. The old standards of faith, as expressed in logical formulas, such as the Belgic Confession and the Canons of the Synod of Dordrecht, are no longer binding upon the consciences of church members, though the Heidelberg Catechism is still the basis of instruction and of those catechetical exercises which are carefully carried on in all branches of the Christian Church in Nederland. Most of the city churches of the Establishment are collegiate, that is, grouped under the control of one consistory, the ministers preaching in different edifices on successive Sundays. Various schools of thought are represented in the National Church, from the most evangelical to the most rationalistic. Each of the great congregations is composed mainly of the admirers of the clergyman who succeeds in attracting them by power of his eloquence, industry, and character, or by the type of thought most desired. The historic brick edifices built in the Middle Ages, and long ago purged of the accretions which gathered in the times when the Bible was a book practically unknown to the people, are in the hands of the Reformed congregations, though they are very poorly adapted for the modern, simple, and unliturgical services in which the sermon forms so prominent a feature. With uncomfortable seats and unheated in winter, it is not wonderful that so many of the men desert the hallowed places of worship, or sit with their hats on. The women, who are ever in the majority, are allowed foot-stoves, and show in their costumes all tastes

and grades of social life, the peculiar dress of the local peasantry and the last new fashion from Paris being exhibited side by side.

The practical abandonment by the consistories and classes of the old creed-symbols of the early Reformation and of the seventeenth century, as a test for membership or participation at the communion-table, created dissatisfaction which, in 1886, led to the protest and, on refusal to take action, to the withdrawal of Rev. Dr. Abraham Kuyper and a number of his followers, who took the name of "Doleerende Kerken (the suffering churches) or Contra-Remonstrants—the same name used in opposition to the Arminians before the great Synod of Dordrecht. Dr. Kuyper's movement culminated in the formation of a considerable number of churches, which had a separate existence as a denomination until their union with the Christian Reformed Church in 1895.

In the three government universities, the state teaching of theology, except the history and philosophy of religion, has been abandoned since October, 1877, though at each of these universities the General Synod of the National Church has appointed two professors to teach dogmatic theology. As the Dutch were the first in modern times to begin the study of the oriental languages, so they were the first also to establish professorships of comparative religion, and in no country has critical science been more sedulously cultivated. The names of Kuenen, Tiele, De la Soussaye, Kern, De Goeje, Scholten, Van Oosterzee, are known all over the world. The Christian Reformed Church supports a theological seminary at Kampen, which trains young clergymen in the home land and from South Africa, the East Indies, and America, while there is also a free university at Amsterdam, originated by Dr. A. Kuyper, on the Christian Reformed basis, and opened October 20, 1880. There are also about fifty Free Congregations of Christian worshippers in the kingdom. Within a generation or two there has been a notable renewal of Roman Catholic zeal, with a great increase of membership in that communion. Their new church edifices are among the handsomest in the modern architect-

ure of the country. With the poet-priest Schaepman, their parliamentary champions Van Vlijmen and others in the States-General, and their knight of the pen, poet, historian, novelist, and art-critic, the late J. A. Alberdinghe Thijm (1820–1889), who showed that "De God van Nederland" was not merely the Deity of Protestants only, they have powerfully influenced public opinion in politics and education. Thijm's pen, like a torch, lighted up the past, and recalled the nearly forgotten fact that the Netherlanders were democratic in faith and act long before the Reformation, and that the eighty years' struggle against Spain had been one for freedom of conscience, alike for pagan, Hebrew, Catholic, and Reformed—in a word, for humanity.

When the German Union was dissolved in 1866, King William the Third succeeded in separating Limburg and Luxemburg from all connection with Germany, the former becoming an integral part of Nederland. Impotently jealous of the new Power, though imagining himself able to do almost anything, "the splendid villain in the Tuileries" put pressure upon Bismarck to aid him in his project of purchasing Luxemburg and invading Belgium. Bismarck, on the contrary, was able to persuade the King of Netherlands, William the Third, not to sell Luxemburg. A congress was called, in which the signatories of the congress of 1839 were the Powers. Meeting at London, it was decided, May 11, 1867, to guarantee the existence of Luxemburg as a neutral state to remain in possession of the male line of the House of Orange-Nassau, while Prussia renounced the right of garrisoning the great fortress, which was soon after demolished. The annexation of Limburg to the Dutch Kingdom was confirmed.

Thwarted in his plans, Napoleon the Third persevered in that offensive diplomacy which caused the whole German people to rise up as one man and to march into France to avenge the robberies and devastation of Louis the Fourteenth and the insults of nearly two centuries. In the great German army, directed by a committee of four gentlemen—Wilhelm, Bismarck, Von Moltke, and Prince Frederick William—were thousands of descendants of the

exiled Huguenots driven out under Louis the Fourteenth, including no fewer than six hundred officers whose fathers had been hunted out of France. Then came the war and the great "debacle," the end of the Napoleonic dynasty, the humiliation of France, and the proclamation at Versailles of the unity of the German Empire.

The Dutch had learned to their cost, by the experience of the past, that, amid the mighty and aggressive nations surrounding them, they could not safely allow their army and navy to sink into decay. Hence, though not according to the national tastes or desires, they are obliged to keep up such a force as will enable them to maintain their neutrality when the great military nations enter upon war. This policy now bore good fruit in the war between France and Germany.

During this tremendous conflict, while Belgium was able to call for and obtain the guarantee of Great Britain, which by treaties with both France and Germany secured her neutrality and independence, Nederland was obliged to depend upon herself. With her navy and army in the highest state of efficiency, she was able, like Switzerland, to compel Germans and Frenchmen to respect her neutrality. Meantime the uniquely accurate maps of France made on her own soil supplied scholars and editors with sources of geographical knowledge concerning obscure places at the seat of war.

When peace was declared, the friends of the little country feared lest the victors in their swollen pride would demand that "the watch on the Rhine" should include also its mouths, near Rotterdam, Leyden, and Amsterdam. The spirit of the Dutch remained firm. When a Berlin newspaper intimated that the Uhlans, unless Netherland did so and so, might be seen riding through the streets of the Hague, a Dutch cartoon was issued the following week, without one word of text or explanation. It showed a picture of opened dikes and of floods four inches higher than the top of the helmet-spike on the tallest Uhlan. This was a sufficient answer.

The reign of William the Third was marked by many events which caused national rejoicing. Several sons

were born to him, and the court of the Hague was a brilliant one, because of the imposing number and interesting personality in the royal family. The sovereign himself was very fond—too much so, perhaps—of music and singers, of art and artists, and of convivial gayeties. Queen Sophia, a lady of great intellect, learning, and character, as well as strong domestic tastes, was greatly beloved by the people. In the House in the Woods, between the capital and the watering-place of Scheveningen, she welcomed many a foreign guest of distinction, including among Americans the historian of the Dutch Republic, John Lothrop Motley, and the great master of international law, David Dudley Field.*

Prince Frederick, the uncle of the King, one of the best and noblest men that ever adorned the annals of Netherlands, the wise adviser of the King, was loved and honored by all the people. The quay, named after Prince Hendrik, and his bronze bust at Amsterdam tell also a noble story of deserved popularity. Queen Sophia died in 1877, and one after another the children of William and Sophia followed her. The king married, January 7, 1879, as his second wife, the Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont, of whom the present queen, Wilhelmina Helena Paulina Maria, was born August 31, 1880. When but ten years old, she was left an orphan and the last survivor of the illustrious House of Orange by the death of her father, King William the Third, who, after a gorgeous funeral, was buried as the last of the princes of Orange amid the tombs of his illustrious ancestors in the great church in Delft. Adolphus, Duke of Nassau, and one of the wealthiest princes in Europe, became Grand Duke of Luxemburg, and had no further connection with Nederland.

The Atcheen war, the causes of which lie mainly in the eagerness of European traders to sell their fire-arms and war material, began in 1873, and has cost the lives of many of Nederland's bravest and best sons. In 1894 the Balinese

* In her questions to this great juris-consultist, as he once told me, the Queen showed her mother heart by inquiring, first of all, not of codes or courts, but whether Charles Ross, the kidnapped child, had been found.

on the island of Lombok, who had long oppressed the Sassaks and reduced them to virtual slavery, were taken in hand. A force of about two thousand natives and European troops under Generals Vetter and Van Ham was landed to redress wrongs and enforce the obedience of a vassal. Lured by Malay treachery into night ambuscades, the unwelcome guests were so entrapped by their traitorous hosts that only consummate discipline and cool valor availed to save them. In due time vengeance was taken and order restored. The heroes, decorated at the Hague in July, 1895, at the hands of the little maiden-queen, made a scene of impressive power well calculated to encourage patriotism.*

The last revision of the Constitution of the Kingdom of the Netherlands took place in 1887.† By the act of the national congress of September 14, 1888, a Council of Guardianship was instituted for Queen Wilhelmina, who was, on her eighteenth birthday, August 30, 1898, to be enthroned sovereign of the Netherlands.

The four political parties now represented in the Dutch Congress, or States-General, are Liberals (Old and New), Radicals, Social-Democrats, and Clericals. The latter call themselves Anti-Revolutionists, and consist of the Ultra-Calvinists, led by Dr. Abraham Kuyper, and of the Ultra-Montane Roman Catholics, led by the priest, Schaepman. The motto and war-cry of this "monster-league," as Van Lennep calls it, is "The State subservient to the Church." Their first alliance at the polls was in 1881, in order to defeat the Liberals in the Second Chamber. Since that day, suffrage has been extended to all male inhabitants not under twenty-three years of age, and the success of the Anti-Revolutionist or Clerical party was repeated in the elections of June, 1897. The result gave a majority of delegates in the Second Chamber favorable to the obedience of the State to the Church, and compelled the resignation of the Cabinet.

* *With the Dutch in the East*, by Captain W. Cool. London, 1897.
† *Grondwet voor het Koninkrijk der Nederlanden.* Groningen, 1897.

CHAPTER XVI

THE REIGN OF QUEEN WILHELMINA

On the 17th of September, 1907, Queen Wilhelmina, having entered upon the tenth year of her reign, opened the States-General with a speech from the throne. She expressed a keen desire for the success of the International Peace Conference, then in session, and announced the early introduction of bills providing for the amendment of the constitution, reform of the electoral law, strengthening of the coast defence, the partial draining of the Zuyder Zee, workmen's insurance, and a system of meat inspection. Thus, at The Hague, the second parliament of man, met to discuss the welfare of the world, and the national legislature, convoked to attend to the needs of a modern nation, small, but in the van of progress, were in concurrent session.

The realm in which, in 1898, as chief servant of the Dutch commonwealth, Queen Wilhelmina began her active rule, though geographically much the same as the Dutch republic of 1581, is in area of solid land about twice the size. In population it is fivefold greater. Not by increase of territory from other countries, or by enlargement of numbers through immigration, has the greater glory of the Netherlands come, but rather through man's intelligence and his persistent labor. In no other country is human lordship over nature more signally illustrated. Up from the waves, by wresting new soil from the domain of the fishes, the green acres have been steadily won by toil. The spade, the dike, the pump, the sunken mattress, the windmill, and the steam-engine have been the Dutchman's

tools in the making of his land; the God whom he devoutly worships having, according to his proverb, made the sea. With tenfold greater industry, in reclamation of soil than in former ages, the Netherlanders continue their fathers' tasks, aided in later centuries by wind and steam.

William of Nassau (who was, in all probability, not called "the Silent" by his contemporaries) unsheathed the sword to foil the wiles of a lawless sovereign, and to resist revolution from without. In his day the seven states of the Northern Netherlands, out of which rose the Dutch republic, contained eight hundred thousand souls on five thousand square miles of territory. Besides fighting the Spaniard and other enemies, the Dutchman kept up unceasing defence against the ocean, and made aggressive war on the watery domain. In spite of occasional defeat and frequent repulse, notwithstanding broken dikes and disastrous inundations, progress has been ever onward.

Though no one is able at a single moment to state exactly the shifting and uncertain area of the Netherlands, yet officially the realm of Queen Wilhelmina, with its eleven provinces, contains 12,368 square miles, or about one-fourth the size of New York State. Until the era of the steam-engine, beginning about 1833, the national area was 8768 square miles. On October 20, 1877, when the grand survey of the kingdom was completed, the realm of King William III. included 12,731 square miles of more or less dry land. In roughly stated proportions, the surface consisted of: pasture, 1444; arable land, 859; uncultivated land, 712; forest, 226; water and morass, 146; gardens and orchards, 54; dikes and roads, 44; buildings and houses, 38; untaxed land, 92. The relatively large area of forest shows that Holland—that is, Holt or Wood land, is still worthy of its name. In the noble competition of the sea-fronting provinces, Zeeland, typified by the struggling but emerging lion, leads the van, having enlarged her islands and won over 230,000 acres.

The dikes, or earthen ramparts, upreared at first for

defence, were later turned into aggressive engines for the recovery of more soil from the ocean's grasp and made to add to the national domain. With the enlarged food area and other conditions favorable for the increase of life, the growth of population has been marked until, instead of the numbers known to "the Silent," there are now in the home land over five million, and in the colonial possessions thirty-six million souls in a total area of 783,000 square miles.

In political reality Netherlands is still a federal republic disguised under the form of a constitutional monarchy, the people being bound by indissoluble ties of love and gratitude to the native princes of the House of Orange-Nassau. The constitution is the real symbol of power. The Dutch do not crown their chief executive, and their fundamental law was known to their own first-chosen King, William Frederick (p. 905), the son of the stadholder William V. before he accepted service as ruler. Him they invited over from exile in England to be their "sovereign prince," and to continue the inspiring memories of the Orange-Nassau servants of the nation. He responded promptly, making happy union of an illustrious princely house with a free people. Immediately upon his arrival upon Dutch soil, he took oath to respect the constitution, and was duly inaugurated in the New Church in Amsterdam, the metropolis and virtual capital of the nation—The Hague being the residence of the court. He was never crowned. On the same regal chair have sat his successors, William II., William III., and Queen Wilhelmina, none of them wearing the crown—which is a national, and not private or family, possession. The golden crown, set beneath the constitution at the inauguration, is the symbol of law and order, and not of hereditary or reserved power.

The doctrine has ever prevailed in the Netherlands, as in modern England, that the prince is the servant of the nation. As long as royalty means highest service, it is cherished by the Dutch people, which had no kings until

Napoleon forced on them his brother Louis, who so imbibed the spirit of the Dutch people that he was never an arbitrary monarch and quickly resigned his office. Led by William of Orange, the Dutch first founded a state without a throne, and then made the throne the symbol of service. In modern Netherlands, "the throne" is the representative of law, order, and national unity, but it is also the expression of a people's love.

The inauguration of Queen Wilhelmina, who attained her majority August 31, 1898, took place in the New Church, in Amsterdam, on September 6th. As witnessed by the writer, the festivities and national rejoicings, lasting during a fortnight, were, in epitome, a mirror of Dutch history and a true reflection of the national law and spirit. The joyous entry of the mother, Queen-regent Emma, and her daughter, the Queen-elect, into Amsterdam, was made in the early afternoon of September 5th. The avenues of the city on the Y, gay with artistic device and brilliant colors, were crowned with two millions of happy spectators. On the great open space, the Dam, the spike-shaped granite monument, which commemorated the dead of 1830, was hidden in living flowers and flowing water, showing in allegory the Amstel River and the prosperity of the kingdom. The old City Hall, built to commemorate the Peace of 1648, and grandly suggestive of republican ideas and use, but now incongruously named "the Palace," and but poorly adapted to royalty, was the centre of interest. Here gathered first the military and naval forces, including a body of arquebusiers in the seventeenth-century costume of Prince Maurice's soldiery. After the defenders of the nation had made salute and recessional, the populace, in a mighty host, gathered for the queen's greeting.

The royal maiden, who, as the embodiment of the memories and the hopes of Nederland, had won all hearts by her winsome presence, stood beside a matron—older in years, but still young. The superb woman, Emma, overshadowed both her title and her record, noble as these

were, in her wise, motherly devotion. As Queen-regent and executive head of the nation, since the decease of King William III. in 1890, her works praise her in the gates. As parent of the future sovereign, her aim was to make Wilhelmina not only a strong woman, but a true queen.

Such, indeed, in every inch, the tiaraed maiden in royal robes seemed, when standing in the New Church, before the élite of the kingdom, she first swore obedience to the constitution, and then enunciated those words which moved hearts as cosmic forces stir the waves of the sea: "I intend to make the words of my beloved father my own, when he said that the House of Orange can never, no, never, do enough for the Netherlands." As if by Heaven's ordinance and approval, the clouds of a gray day broke at that moment of utterance. The sunlight, streaming through the stained-glass of a newly set window, whereon the figures and tints commemorated the story of the Dutch nation from the time of William of Orange, clothed the young queen in a glory of sunny radiance. The glistening tears, in the eyes of her senators and fellow-servants of the state, showed how deeply the young queen had stirred their souls by her speech. There on the table, between her and them, lay the symbols of government—the crown, flanked by the sphere and sceptre, but set under the documents of the constitution. Facing the now enthroned queen sat the members of the First and Second Chambers, who took their oath of loyalty to her as their sovereign; the notable men, representing law, learning, science, letters, and affairs; the invited foreign guests and representatives of the press of many countries, and the heads of the legations and the patrician families. Behind, and on either side, were the court dignitaries, the cabinet ministers, and the two vassal rajahs of Java with other Oriental chiefs and subjects from Insulinde, all arrayed in their native garb. In the audience on the right could be seen the queen's crowned or coroneted relatives.

Facing the royal maiden, throughout the ceremonies,

were four human figures capped and mute. These bore the banners of the Netherlands, of South Holland, of Amsterdam, and of the House of Orange. Until the oaths were mutually taken, but not until the heralds had proclaimed Wilhelmina, by the grace of God, Queen of the Netherlands, these silent figures stood immovable and with covered heads. When, by the nation's free-will and act, safeguarded by law, the heir to the House of Orange had been intrusted with the liberties of a liberty-loving people, these four bearers of the symbols of nation, province, city, and household, uncovered their heads and laid their silken banners at the queen's feet in token of fealty. The singing of the "Wilhelmus Lied," in the noble words of Aldegonde, and in its twelfth-century musical setting, closed the impressive ceremonies of inauguration.

The next day, in the Reformed Church at The Hague, the queen attended divine worship and religious exercises. Among the fortnight's diurnal and nocturnal festivities, spectacular, marine, naval, illuminative, athletic, or gastronomic, were the sessions of the International Congress of Diplomatic History, held in the First Chamber of the States-General; grand exhibitions of native costumes and of Rembrandt's canvases; the flight from Amsterdam of half a myriad homing-pigeons; and the reception to twelve thousand children, boys and girls, on the green grass in the park at The Hague. Among the schools represented was that named after Groen van Prinsterer, Motley's severest critic, and one of Netherland's clearest historians.

Since 1829 the population has more than doubled. This has been almost wholly by natural increase, neither emigration nor immigration being of importance in the national economy. The birth-rate, since 1901, exceeds twice over the death-rate, the ratio of increase in 1880 being 0.6 and in 1905, 1.49. Capital punishment was abolished in 1870, to the lessening of the crime of murder. Beggary and vagabondage are treated as crimes, and private and public charity is very general. The stability and the con-

servatism of the Dutch are illustrated by the fact that in 1899 of 3,296,243 persons born in the 1123 communes, 1,009,102 lived in their native province, and 617,273 dwelt in some other portion of the home realm. The same census in 1899 showed 5,104,137, and in 1905 5,591,701 souls, of whom 4,395,345 live in the provinces in which they were born. Among the most striking phenomena has been the growth of cities. Netherlands possesses a proportionately larger town population than any country in Europe, Amsterdam having over six hundred, Rotterdam over four hundred, and The Hague nearly three hundred thousand souls. This process of municipal growth means not only a movement of population from the rural to the urban life, with increase of manufactures and commerce, but also the absorption of small historic communities into the large municipal aggregations; as, for example, that of historic Delfshaven, whence the Pilgrim Fathers sailed on the *Speedwell,* into Rotterdam.

To secure national prosperity, the Dutch people submit cheerfully to a high rate of taxation. So far from Holland's greatness being all in the past, there is probably no nation on earth more alert to measures for the common weal, or one possessing the elements of healthy growth and permanency. As of old, to increase their area the Dutch must win land from the waves, while to enlarge their harbors they dig into the earth. Rotterdam, which is only a river port, is, nevertheless, the seventh largest for shipping in the world.

The young queen had scarcely taken hold of the reins of government before the British and Boer war in South Africa broke out. Gold having been discovered in the Transvaal republic and Orange Free State, a large number of immigrants from various parts of the world flocked in to win wealth. The little hermit states at once became as Naboth's vineyard, while very cosmopolitan in their population. The rulers of South Africa, as intractable as Naboth before Ahab, were confronted with the old principle of "no taxation without representation." With churlish-

ness on one side and avarice on the other, the situation soon became ominous. Negotiations failing, President Paul Kruger declared his ultimatum. This being declined, war was begun by the Boers invading Natal and Cape Colony.

The sympathy of the Dutch at home was intense toward their brethren and friends in South Africa, while, at the same time, the government was placed in a delicate situation between their ancient English allies and the Afrikanders. The British were obliged to use in war nearly half a million men, of whom nearly fifty thousand were killed or injured, the Boers having under arms during the war probably 70,000 men. The Boers, at first successful, succumbed ultimately, to the overwhelming resources of Great Britain and the military genius of Lord Roberts and Kitchener, and their armies were scattered. President Kruger took flight into Portuguese territory, and Queen Wilhelmina sent the cruiser *Gelderland* to bring him to Holland. Hostilities degenerated to the guerilla stage, but terms of peace between Kitchener and Botha were opened, and military operations were suspended in the spring of 1902, the war being ended by June. Generous terms were made by Great Britain, and since the war all human beings in South Africa have profited mightily. The real victory has been with the Boers, General Botha being premier of the region temporarily given over to slaughter and devastation.

The chief national event in 1901 was the marriage, on February 7, of Queen Wilhelmina to Henry Frederick, Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, in the palace church at The Hague. The ritual words in the service of the Reformed Church, which requires a wife to live where her husband does, were omitted in the vow taken by the queen. In case of absolute failure of issue, it is within the power of the States-General to annul the marriage bond. Duke Hendrik, or Henry, was made Prince of the Netherlands, besides being given rank as Admiral in the Dutch navy and a seat in the Raad van State, or Council of State,

which is the regulative feature of the Dutch government.

The four vital subjects in politics are education, the colonies, the army, and the franchise. Parties form on these issues. During fifty years the Liberal party grew, and for a quarter of a century, previous to 1901, held office and power. In 1857 it was made a law that the communes should sustain non-sectarian schools. This measure removed popular education from ecclesiastical control. The training of the young was carried on apart from the teaching of dogma manipulated by men in whom was lust of power as well as conviction of truth. This Liberalism in education was opposed both by the Roman Catholics and the ultra-Calvinists, who established sectarian schools and who, in coalition, term themselves Anti-Revolutionaries. Other groups in the Second Chamber are composed of the Independents, the Historical Christians, and the Socialists. The latter are few in numbers, socialism not being as strong in the Netherlands as in Belgium—the economic conditions being very different. In 1901, after long agitation, the Liberal party was defeated, and "the clerical government" came into power under the premiership of Dr. Abraham Kuyper, long known as scholar, educator, and statesman. Education is now universal, the school-age being from the age of six to thirteen, and attendance made compulsory.

One of the first emergencies to confront the new ministry was a well-planned labor strike on the railways. The problem opened many delicate and interesting questions on account of the ownership by the government of 969 miles, in the total of 1700 miles of railroads in the kingdom, as part of the national property. At daylight of the morning set for the outbreak, every station, warehouse, terminal, switch, and important point was found to be guarded by soldiers. The strike was broken and quickly came to an end.

In this, as in every other vital national question or event, whether in religion, politics, economics, or succession to the throne, the Dutch wise men are governed by motives

arising from their environment, the presence of their powerful neighbor on the east being the disturbing and influencing factor. Any serious interruption of the highways of continental travel might give Germany the pretext for marching an army corps into Dutch territory. Besides needing more sea-front, Holland's powerful neighbor requires quick and easy access by water and rail to the Atlantic and the markets of the world. To German ambitions for expansion, both the Netherlands and Belgium are both political and economic obstacles, for the inland empire, especially on the Rhine and other waterways, pays continual toll to the people of the Low countries who thus grow rich on German commerce.

The succession to the headship of the House of Orange and thus potentially to the throne of the Netherlands is essentially a German question, unless the Dutch government should revert to the form of a federal republic. There is also a strong tendency, not on the surface, but as powerful as the undercurrents of the ocean, to the absorption of surrounding nations. The Pan-Germanic movement and propaganda are realities. In the vital European doctrine of the balance of power, to which the absolute independence of the Netherlands is a necessity, all the governments of Europe are interested. However, in her speech, which opened the Chambers September 16, 1902, the queen showed no desire of foreign alliance. In the Algeciras Conference of Powers, held in 1906, the government of the Netherlands, which had hitherto intrusted its affairs in Morocco to the German legation, took pains to clear itself from the charge of subservience to Germany, being guided during the deliberations solely by Dutch interests. The nation keeps ever in mind the old fable of the floating pots, metal and earthen.

The repeated disappointment of hopes that an heir to the House of Orange might be born in Holland has more than once made the question of the succession acute. Although headship of the House of Orange does not necessarily mean succession to the sovereignty of the Netherlands, as

the constitution and the marriage contract between Prince Hendrik and Queen Wilhelmina show, yet the decision of the family question may rest with the German Emperor. Hence the anxiety of the Dutch people. The present heir-presumptive to the Orange succession is the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and the next is Prince Albert of Prussia.

The opening of the twentieth century enabled the Dutch nation to survey its past, and to take confidence for the future. The occasion was marked by a notable output of literature in which the events of the fatherland and Europe were brought under critical survey. The gratifying result was seen in an increase of patriotic appreciation. The tercentenary of Rembrandt and of De Ruyter received national attention with pageants and popular rejoicing, and the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth-day of Bilderdijk was celebrated at The Hague. The Netherlands is the land of Rembrandt, as Belgium is the land of Rubens. The one expresses in his genius and work the spirit of realism, inquiry, truth, and freedom. The other reveals his subjection to tradition, mythology, and authority as vested in kings and state churches. Criticism and research have not only enlarged the known number of Rembrandt's canvases, but they have set his name still higher among the small number of the world's great geniuses. The élite of the kingdom, with foreign guests, assembled on July 16, 1906, in the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam to celebrate the painter's fame. The gathering was held in the old hall dedicated in golden letters to Rembrandt and Saskia his wife. On this occasion Prince Hendrik delivered a superb panegyric. The German Prince-consort had mastered the difficulties of the Dutch tongue —so formidable to an adult German—and his later heroic conduct in the rescue of passengers wrecked on the British steamer *Berlin* at the Hook of Holland, in February, 1907, won the popular heart. A reaction set in which put an end to slanderous gossip, as short-lived as it was abominably false, and lifted him into highest popularity. In the new annex to the National Museum, one room in

seventeenth-century style, is given up to the exhibition of Rembrandt's greatest work, "The Night Watch."

The war between Russia and Japan was a colonial affair with the Muscovites, and a national struggle for life and food with the people of Nippon. The Dutch people had more than a general interest in the struggle because of their vast interests in the East Indies. The victory of Japan, and her rise as a world power, created some fear for Holland's distant and indefensible colonies in the South Pacific. The original purpose of the Dutch explorers and merchants in the sixteenth century was not conquest, but trade. Yet, while Dutch rule in the tropical islands has made for the increase of order and comfort, and the general welfare of the native peoples, perhaps no government has known better how to get revenues from a colonial dependency for its own aggrandizement than that of the Netherlands. The wealth flowing from Insulinde so enriched Holland that, in the eighteenth century, her credit was the best of any country in Europe. The war for independence between the United States and Great Britain, the rise of the American Commonwealth, and the power of Napoleon greatly changed the situation; for with enormous private wealth the nation became publicly poor. A war indemnity of over $40,000,000 was paid to France in 1795, and the total national debt rose in Louis Napoleon's time to half a billion dollars. When King William I. came into power, his one idea seemed to be to make the colonies enrich the Netherlands and pay its debts. The "culture system" in Java, profitable but oppressive, was put more completely and rigorously into operation, and the royal plan became reality. In 1836 the colonies were declared to be a legal mortgage for the state debt. The war with Belgium in 1830 greatly disarranged the public finances, and colonial revenues dwindled, being in 1832 less than $320,000. In 1841 this revenue had risen to $5,000,000. Thenceforward to 1854 the annual enrichment of the Netherlands from the East was from $3,000,000 to $8,000,000. After this the amount gradually

lessened until in 1877 it was but little over $4,000,000. The "culture system" in Java was abandoned in 1870, and opportunity was given to private enterprise to reclaim waste land, to the great increase of agriculture and resources.

At the present time the colonies are rather a financial burden on the mother-country than otherwise, but this change in the status and relations is not wholly an affair of economics. It has come largely through an awakened national conscience, and the increase of practical ethics. Long has been the struggle, and many were the debates in the national legislature, but the reformers won the day. The doctrine is preached by the better element of the nation that the country which grinds its colonies must go the way of dying empires, while those that believe in motherly treatment, and in educational and moral uplift, will themselves be enriched above the power of money. Hence the vast altruistic benefits conferred upon the colonists in East India, with substantial moral benefit at home. The real cause of the deficits may be found in the Acheen wars, which wiped out the surplus. The strain of this war led to a protectionist movement, which thus far has not attained great success, the Netherlands sentiment being apparently wedded to free trade.

In the history of the Peace Movement for the creation of a parliament of nations, the Dutch have borne a leading part. Erasmus spent his life in condemnation of legalized slaughter, and of those who, with high name and office, "get nothing by peace and a great deal by war." At Brussels in 1504, in his panegyric to Philip of Burgundy, he exposed the crime and injustice in the political machinery of Christendom, which required so much human blood for its lubrication. In 1519, in his *Praise of Folly,* he continued the severe impeachment, especially against the papal war, which he regarded as a scandal to Christianity, declaring that a fighting pope was a monster of iniquity. In 1517, in his *Complaint of Peace,* he attempted, with others, "to prevent the final cessation

FIRST SESSION OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE, AT THE HAGUE, JUNE, 1907

of war," in a letter that foreshadowed the "Great Design" of Henry of Navarre. A century later the Dutchman, Hugo de Groot, known to the world as Grotius, through his great book, began the creation of an international conscience, which manifests itself with world-wide energy in the newer ideals of civilization. After the failure of Cruce's plan, in 1623, for an International Court of Arbitration, at Venice, and the later German proposals of an International Court of Sovereigns, at Luzerne, we find William Penn, besides urging upon Czar Peter the Great his schemes for organizing the world in the interest of tranquillity, writing his *Essay Towards the Peace of Europe.* Penn, trained by his mother, Margaret Jasper of Rotterdam—"Dutch Peg" in Pepys's *Diary*—pointed to the League of Seven States, or the Dutch Republic, as a living example of a peaceful federation—*e pluribus unum*—of governments, whose precedents and methods of co-operation and arbitration ought to become international. Penn had to cross the seas to carry out his "holy experiment," and the classic *Complaint of Peace,* by Erasmus, was published in America about the time that the New York Peace Society was formed.

It was but following historic precedent and doing poetic justice to the memory of Erasmus and Grotius that, in the capital of their country, should assemble the Parliament of Man and be built the Temple of Peace and the Palace of the World's Court.

On the initiative of Czar Nicholas II. of Russia, in August, 1898, the chief Powers of the world sent their delegates to The Hague, in May, 1899, to consider "the maintenance of general peace and a possible reduction of armaments." They met in the House in the Wood, built by Amalia van Solms in memory of Prince Frederick Henry. The results, after nearly three months' session, were seen in three "conventions," the most important of which was the establishment of a permanent court of arbitration, and in three "declarations" against unnecessary cruelty in the methods of conducting war. The cases

tried, and the work subsequently done by the court thus created, have tended powerfully to bring about the new climate of the world's opinion in favor of reason, instead of force for the settlement of disputes between nations.

The Second International Peace Conference, called together under the initiative of Russia and the United States, met, like the first one at The Hague, but this time in the old castle of the Counts of Holland or, "Hall of the Knights," which fronts on the Binnenhof. The oldest part of this edifice was begun by Count Willem II. in 1248, but the structure was enlarged by Floris V. in 1285. Here were seen many of the most brilliant of the mediæval pageants, and within these walls—knighthood, statecraft, religion, the ceremonies of marriage and burial—drew together the great ones of the land; while outside, in the Binnenhof, events that were decisive for the nation and that influenced the world took place. Here Philip II. held his court, and here the Knights of the Golden Fleece met in conclave. Long used by the States-General, it fell, later, into base use as the Government Lottery Office. Waking from their shame in 1896, the Dutch restored the edifice to its ancient simplicity and grandeur, and, for the world's parliament, filled it with modern furniture and comforts. Hither the various governments sent their ablest men, who faced their task with greater seriousness. For the first time the South-American states were represented.

The conference, which was opened in June, 1907, with gracious welcome from Queen Wilhelmina, sat until October 18th. Disappointing to those impatient for quick ideal solutions of world-old problems and eager for the phenomenal and sensational, the results, as summed up by a British writer, show "the steady gain of man," more especially in making the beginnings of war more difficult, and in mitigating its horrors. More than was expected by practised statesmen was accomplished:

"The insuring of periodical meetings of the conference; the conversion of Germany to the principle of arbitration;

the recognition of the rights of neutrals; the institution of an international prize court; the discovery by Europe of South America's influence in international affairs, and, through South America's initiative, the abolishment of the forcible collection of debts; the declaration of the nations in favor of obligatory arbitration, and the humanizing of war in many directions." The air was cleared on other points, and the points of danger made most clearly visible.

The International Peace Conference adjourned on the day that aerograms of congratulation and friendship were flashing across the Atlantic. It was in 1678 that Christian Huygens, born at The Hague in 1629, the inventor of the pendulum, worked out his theory that light is conveyed by those ether waves on which, in October, 1907, the Italian Marconi and his correspondents transmitted wireless telegraphic messages from continent to continent.

The international situation in Europe is maintained so far as the Netherlands and Belgium affect it, all proposals for a union of the two countries being limited to the discussion of an economic, but not of a political or a military, union.

The close of the year 1907 was marked by two events of national interest. The resignation of the cabinet, on Christmas day, was due to a defeat of the army estimates in the Second Chamber, the Opposition contending that efficiency was not proportionate to the cost. The visit of the German emperor to the Dutch queen, late in December, added another omen of strength to the peace bond between the two nations whose rulers thus met again in social friendship.

INDEX

Aa, North, 420, 423.
Abjuration, Act of, 624, 625, 627, 628.
Accord, 579, 594, 674.
Adams, John, 877, 883, 888, 889, 892.
Adolphus of Nassau, 228, 409, 926.
Aerschot, Duke of, 7, 124, 466, 490, 494, 500, 504, 506, 535, 577, 603, 732.
Aerssens, Francis, 757, 781, 795, 802, 822, 824.
Africa, 840, 916.
Agnosticism, 778, 801, 805.
Agobard of Lyons, 856.
Aix-la-Chapelle, Treaty of, 871.
À'Lasco, 770.
Albert, Archduke of Austria, 734, 812.
Aldegonde, St. Philip de Marnix, 159–161, 352, 391, 432, 435, 438, 446, 475, 500, 514, 538, 639, 645, 699, 702, 703, 722.
Alençon and Anjou, Duke of, *see* Anjou.
Alexander of Parma, 571–739
Alkmaar, Siege of, 381–385, 803, 823.
Allerton, 788.
Alost, 458, 467, 470.
Alva, Ferdinando Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of, 251, 254, 264, 270, 295, 297, 312, 313, 314, 322, 334, 335, 365, 377, 392, 398, 616, 719.
Alva, Statue of, 313, 522.
Amboyna, 757, 817, 839.
Ambrose, Marquis, 753.
American Colonies, 697, 779.
American Constitution, 887.
American Declaration of Independence, 624.
American Dutch, 916, 922.
American Revolution, 875, 899.
American Senate, 716, 746.
Americans, 12–16, 715, 805, 810, 827, 847, 863, 873.
Amersfoort, 777, 853.
Ames, Dr. William, 717.
Amnesty, 323, 325, 415.
Amsterdam, 372, 450, 501, 550, 551, 762, 785, 792, 820, 821, 828, 847–860.
Amsterdam, Bank of, 869.
Amsterdam, National Museum at, 741, 916.
Amsterdam, New, 840.
Anabaptists, 53, 54, 69, 79, 307, 500, 556, 751, 768, 769, 778.
Anastro, Gaspard d', 646, 647.
Andrea Dorea, 255, 880.
Andreas, 813.
Anglo-maniacs, 875, 879.
Anjou, Duke of, 401, 404, 507, 543, 558, 574, 581, 615, 633, 636, 638, 645, 654, 655, 659, 665, 670, 675, 864.
Anna, Paulownia, 912.
Anne of England, Queen, 865, 873.
Antigonus, 641.
Antwerp, 19, 25, 143, 188, 201, 230, 231, 271, 470, 526, 591, 640, 698, 738, 902, 912.
Apology of Prince of Orange, 616.
Aquinas, 856.
Archduke Charles, 863.
Architecture of Netherlands, 187, 194, 828.
Areine, 822.
Aremburg, 124, 286, 290.
Armada, Spanish, 712, 714, 718, 824.
"Armed Neutrality," 884.

"Arme haenen," 791.
Armenteros, Secretary, 128, 142.
Arminians, 778, 784–788, 792, 808, 814.
Arminius, 772, 799.
Army, The Model, 719, 747, 816.
Arnheim, 794.
Arras, 583.
Art, 830, 831.
Art, Dutch, 830.
Artillery, 721, 748.
Artillery Armory, 800.
Artois, Estates of, 49, 865.
Asiatic Society, 916.
Assassins, 642, 655.
Assignats, 900.
Atcheen, King of, 756.
Atcheen War, 926.
Atonement, Theory of, 806.
Augsburg, 823, 859.
Augustine, 770, 853.
Augustinism, 771.
Austria, Don John of, 477, 481, 486, 494, 496, 508, 541, 545, 556, 564, 565, 566.
Austria, House of, Introduction, xvi.
Austria, Mathias, Archduke of, 529, 531, 545, 632.
Austruweel, or Ostraweel, 227, 229.
Auto-da-fé, 56, 58, 105, 107.
Avila, Don Sancho d', 260, 403, 405, 470.
Axel, 707.
Ayskue, 837.

Bahia, 810.
Baker at Antwerp, 662.
Bakhuysen, 829.
Bakkerzeel, 203, 261, 301.
Ban against Orange, 616, 617, 642, 676, 683.
Bandes d'Ordonnance, 47, 112.
Bantam, 742.
Bardes, William, 553, 554, 555.
Barentz, William, 741, 742.
Barfleur, 862.
Barneveldt, Joan van Olden, 376, 706, 709, 711, 712, 718, 735, 738, 745, 747, 757, 760, 761, 765, 777–780, 789, 792, 794, 800, 801, 804, 813, 815, 816.
Barneveldt, N. Y., 894.
"Barneveldt's Teeth," 790.
Barneveldt, Trial of, 795.
Bart, Jean, 862.
Bartholomew, Massacre of, 356, 386, 388.
Bastwick, 788.
Batavian Republic, 899, 900.
Batenburg, 375, 376.
Bavaria, 863.
Bavaria, House of, Introduction, xvi.
Bax, Marcellus, 736.
Bax, Paul, 732, 736.
Beachy Head, 862.
Beaufort, W. H. de, 876.
Beauvoir, Philip de Lannoy, Seigneur de, 231.
Bede, 27.
Beemster, 828.
"Beggars," 172, 176, 276, 680.
Beggars of the Sea, 331, 402, 419, 516.
Bekker, Balthazar, 857, 858.
"Bekkerism," 858.
Belgians, 908–912.
Belgic Confession, 220.
Belgic Netherlands, 747, 862, 908–912.
Belgic Provinces, 702, 731, 864.
Belgium, 865, 908, 912.
Bell Alley, Leyden, 787.
Belmont, William Bentinck, Earl of Portland, 864.
Bergen-op-Zoom, 757, 813.
Bergh, Count van den, 362, 672.
Berghen, Marquis, 263.
Beverwijck, 828.
Berlaymont, Baron, 7, 466, 510.
Beza, 770.
Bible, 703, 704, 799, 812, 830, 831.
Bicameral Government, 746, 907, 927, 928.
Bilderdijk, 909.
Billy, Seigneur de, 488.
Binnenhof, 762, 782, 803.
Bischof, Simon, 781.
Bishop of Münster, 843.
Bishop of Rome, 771.
Bishoprics, 767.
Bishops, 64, 86.
Bismarck, 924.
Blake, Admiral, 837.
Blok, Dr. P. J., quoted, 78, 368, 409.
Blomberg, Barbara, 481, 520.
"Blood bath," 790, 794.
Blood, Horror of, 804.
Bogerman, John, 797, 799.
Bois-le-Duc, *see* Hertogenbosch.
Boisot, Admiral, 412, 419, 427, 456.

Boisot, Charles van, 435, 443, 456.
Bol, 829.
Bolsward, 828.
Bommenede, 443.
Bonaparte, *see* Napoleon.
Boniface, 767.
Bor, 828.
Bordeaux, 641.
Borgia, Colonel, 426.
Bossi, Count, 342, 344, 365, 390, 475, 516, 553.
Bossu, Admiral, 391.
Boughton, George H., 810.
Bouillon, Duke of, 781.
Bourbon, Charlotte of, 437, 515, 684.
Bourbonnais, 845.
Bours, De, 606.
Boyne, Battle of, 861.
Brabant, 85, 86, 911.
Brabant, Duke of, 656.
Brabant, Ruward of, 533.
Braddock, 873.
Bradford, William, 736, 788, 790.
Brandt, 828.
Breda, 436, 722, 817, 823.
Brederode, 7, 169, 174, 223, 226, 246.
Breders, 828.
Breed Straat, 790.
Brewer, William, 788, 789.
Brewster, William, 578, 704, 788, 789, 809.
Brill, 339, 343, 438, 581, 698, 738, 780–785.
Broadway, 790.
Broglie, De, Bishop, 909.
Broom at the masthead, 837, 838.
Brothers of the Common Life, 767.
Brouwershaven, 443.
Bruges, 575.
Brugman, Hajo, 578.
Brussels, 3–13, 289, 313, 389, 458, 496, 524, 542, 549, 563, 812.
Buren, Count de, 274, 336.
Burg at Leyden, 414.
Burgerhout, 660.
Burgundy, House of, Introduction, xvi.
Bussem, 362.
Buys, Paul, 331, 352, 417, 435, 446, 706, 708.
Bylandt, Admiral, 883.

Cabrera, 105.
Cadiz, 718, 734.
Cæsarism, 776, 805.
Calais, 38.
Calberg, Thomas, 108.
Calkoens, Dr., 879.
Callenburgh, Gerard, 865.
Calloo, 412.
Calvin, John, 770, 799, 805.
Calvinism, 79, 181, 390, 562, 575, 761, 766, 770, 771, 788, 808, 816.
Cambrai, Archbishop of, 148, 636.
"Camel," the Ship's, 714.
Campbell's "Puritan in Holland, England, and America," 248.
Canals, 915.
Canons of the Synod of Dort, 922.
Cant, Vice-Admiral, 753.
Caraffa, Cardinal, 28.
Caricatures, 706, 762, 790, 791, 792, 793, 798–800, 803, 805, 814.
Carleton, Sir Dudley, 780–786, 789–792, 803, 809.
Carrying-trade, 837.
Casembroot, De, Admiral, 920, 921.
Casimir, Ernest, of Nassau, 748, 813, 817, 820.
Casimir, Henry, 844.
Casimir, John, 557, 574, 579, 580.
Casimir, Prince-Palatine, 337, 574, 580.
Câteau-Cambrésis, Treaty of, 44.
Catherine II., Empress of Russia, 830, 884.
Catholics, Roman, 110, 923, 924, 927.
Cats, Jacob, 821, 828.
Cavalry, 694, 721.
Celtic element, 461.
Chain shot, 841.
Champagny, 553, 563.
Charles I., of England, 820, 824, 832.
Charles V., Emperor, Introduction, xiv., 3–13, 14, 24, 26, 46, 481.
Charles IX., of France, 311, 388.
Charlotte of Bourbon, 648, 649.
Charters, 107.
Chatham, 842.
Chester, Edward, Colonel, 414.
Chimay, Prince of, 511, 672.
Christmas, 655.
Christopher, St., Island of, 881.
Church, Christian Reformed, 921, 922, 923.
Church Cloister, The Hague, 781, 782.
Church edifices, 187, 766.
Church, English Separatist, 808.
Church, Nederland Reformed, 921, 922.

Church, Prince's, 782.
Church, Scotch Presbyterian, 787.
Church, St. Peter's, Leyden, 787.
"Church Under the Cross," 921.
Claas, Zaan, 882.
Claaszoon, Reynier, 758.
Cleves, 819.
Clink Prison, 790.
Cobham, 560.
Coccejans, 851.
Coccejus, 717, 849, 850, 851.
"Cock-pit of Europe," 821, 908.
Coehorn, Menno, 869.
Coeli, Medina, 381.
Coevorden, 285, 613, 726, 727.
Coffee, 901, 903.
Coligny, Admiral, 28, 32, 37, 330, 354.
Coligny, Louisa de, 670, 676, 680, 684, 803.
Collegiate Churches, 922.
Cologne, Congress of, 303, 306.
Cologne, German Electorate of, 603, 670, 711.
Colonies, 833.
Colonization, 807.
Columbus, 399.
Comenius, 855.
Comets, 857.
Commerce, Oriental, 756, 867.
Commonwealth, English, 833.
"Companie Jan," 836.
"Compromise" of the Nobles, 159, 177.
Concordat, 910.
Conde, 843.
Constitutional Argument, 783.
Constitutions, 651, 907, 909, 913, 927.
Coornheert, 722.
Cornell University, 855.
Cornelisz, 829.
Cornellisen, Gisbert, 426.
Corruption in Office, 140–141.
Costume-processions, 705.
Council, General Executive, 621.
Council of Blood, 432, 439.
Council of Guardianship, 827.
Council of State, 738, 746.
Council of Troubles, 264, 268.
Council, Protestant Ecumenical, 796.
Counts of Holland, 618, 627, 651.
Crabeth Brothers, 830.
Cradle of Liberty, 793.
Crayer, 813.
Crefeld, 873.
Cromwell, Oliver, 836, 837, 839.
Cruptoricis, 726.
Culemberg, 272.
Cutler, 732.
Cuyps, Artists, 810, 829.

Daendels, Herman, 901.
Dam, 867.
Dathenus, Peter, 180, 578, 600, 601.
Daughters of William of Orange, 649.
D'Avila, Juan, 759.
Davison, William, 530, 532, 578, 698, 704.
De Billy, 258, 327, 488, 619.
De Bours, 606.
De Brey, Guido, or Guy de Bres, 180, 220, 240.
Declaration of Independence, 624, 627.
Declaration of Rights, 624, 860.
De Foe, 861.
De Forest, Jesse, 807.
De la Noue, 612.
Delaware, 810.
Delfshaven, 810, 817, 819.
Delft, 762, 806, 818, 819, 839, 847, 926.
Demarara, 882.
Democracy, 894.
Dendermonde, 214.
Denmark, 836, 839.
Departments, 101.
Deposition of Arminian Clergy, 798.
Deposition of King of Spain, 627, 631, 827.
De Ruyter, Admiral, 759, 838, 839, 841, 845, 846.
De Ruyter, Herman, 328, 329.
Descartes, René, 848, 850, 854.
Deventer, City of, 723, 767.
De Vere, Aubrey, 820.
Devonshire, 860.
De With, Witte, Admiral, 837, 838, 840.
De Witt, Cornelius, 816, 844.
De Witt, John, 839, 841, 842, 843, 844.
De Witte, Captain Witte C., 834.
"De Witt's Deep," 841.
Diamonds, 853.
Diet, 417, 427, 621, 676, 725, 892.
Dijkvelt, 859.
Dikes, 326, 327, 417, 512, 867, 868, 895, 925.
Dirks, Willem, 769.

Dirkzoon, 390.
Ditchfield, 853.
Doel, 892.
Doelen, 800, 891.
Doelen, Kloveniers, Hall, 796, 797.
Doesburg, Capture of, 707, 742, 743.
Dogs, 355.
Dokkum, 767.
Dominican Monks, 623.
Dordrecht, *see* Dort.
Dorislaus, Isaac, 832.
Dort, Black Galley of, 751.
Dort, Canons of the Synod of, 798, 799.
Dort, Congress of, 390, 561.
Dort, Synod of, 796, 800, 816.
Downs, Admiral, 824, 837.
Drainage, 829, 868.
Drebbel, 829.
Drenthe, 717, 726, 843, 867.
Drunkenness, 75.
Drusus, 707.
Dudley, Robert, 639, 705, 706, 711, 713.
Duiveland and Schouwen, 441, 457.
D'Uloa, Don Osorio, 441, 442.
Dumas, 823.
Du Maurier, Louis, 803.
Dumouriez, General, 897.
Dunes, 748.
Dungeness, 837.
Dunkirk, 658, 714, 824, 838.
Dunkirk, Pirates of, 746, 751, 818.
Du Plessis, 657.
Du Quesne, 846, 873.
Dutch and Germans, 75.
"Dutch Courage," 920, 921.
Dutch Declaration of Independence, 860.
Dutch Freedom, 845.
Dutch in Japan, 917–921.
Dutch Language, 919.
Dutch National Hymn, 751.
Dutch People, 109, 760, 771.
Duyck, Adrian, 813.

East Hill, 749.
East India Company, 757, 836, 873.
East India Company, Ostend, 870.
Edam, 792.
Edict of Nantes, Revocation of, 859.
Edict of 1550, 49, 81, 82, 623.
Edict, Perpetual, 489, 491, 492, 493, 501, 844.
Education, 716, 717, 903.
Egmont, 428, 612.
Egmont, Anne of, 71.
Egmont, Countess of, 277.
Egmont, Lamoral, Count of, 7, 35, 123, 124, 132, 146, 148, 149, 151, 203, 215, 245, 289, 293, 553, 655, 732.
Egmont, Lamoral, the Younger, 653, 655.
Egmont, Philip, Count, 470.
Elector-palatine, 813.
Electors of Germany, 313.
Eletto, 411.
Elizabeth, Archduchess, 821.
Elizabeth, Queen of England, 446, 482, 557, 608, 637, 669, 698, 743, 750, 752.
Embden, 717.
Emblems, *see* Symbolism.
Emigration, 166, 248, 916, 922.
Emma, Queen, 926.
Encamisada, 354, 355, 405, 727.
English Armies in the Netherlands, 29, 30, 38, 697, 698, 803.
English Troops, 543.
Englishmen, 727.
Enkhuizen, 347, 391, 741, 792, 816, 819, 823, 832.
Episcopius, 796, 797.
Epistle, 389.
Erasmus of Rotterdam, 768.
Erkelens, Gosuinus, 882.
Ernest of Austria, Archduke, 731.
Escorial, Palace of the, 36.
Escovedo, 495, 501, 512.
Essequibo, 882.
Estates, or States-General, 52, 522, 545, 592.
Everhard, Count, 747.
Evertsen, Admiral, 838, 846, 862.
Excommunication, 854.

Fabricius, 144.
Fagel, Henry, Secretary, 879, 905.
Faveau and Malhart, 111, 454.
Federal Government, 801.
Federalists, 900.
Fictions of Law, 281, 306, 348, 351, 428, 429.
Fielding, Admiral, 883.
"Fire Ship," The, 701.
Flag, 720, 791, 803, 835–840, 911.
Flanders, Revolt of, 538, 865.
Fleece, Golden, Order of, 116, 277.
Flinck, 829.

Floods, 326, 327, 345.
Floriszoon, 838.
Flushing, 342, 580, 698, 738, 747, 759, 780.
Foreland, 841.
Formosa, 742, 743.
Forts, 412.
France, 859.
Franeker, University of, 716, 879, 889, 903.
Franken, John, 804, 883.
Franklin, Dr., 877.
Franz, Hals, 829.
Frederic, Don, 385.
Frederick, Henry, Stadholder, 815, 817, 820, 827–831.
Frederick the Great, 891.
Freedom of Printing, 789.
Freedom of the Press, 910.
French Occupation, 896–898, 899–906.
French Policy, 889.
Friends, The, 852.
Friesland, 767, 822.
Friso, John William, 870.
Friso, William Charles Henry, 870, 871.
Fruin, Professor, 409, 804.
Fuentes, Count, 729, 732.
"Fury," the Spanish, 470.

Gabriel, Peter, 80.
Gansvort, Wessel, 768.
Gardner, S. W., 836, 837.
Gembloux, or Gemblours, Battle of, 547, 551, 572.
Generality, 583.
Genlis, 53.
George I., 866.
George III., 866, 878.
Gerard, Balthazar, 677, 678, 679, 684.
German and Dutch, 608, 634, 770.
Germany, 75, 80, 634.
Gertruydenberg, 525, 715, 723, 729.
Gesner, Conrad, 823.
Gevangepoort, or Prison Gate, 844.
Ghent, City of, 48, 462, 464, 473, 522, 535, 574, 575, 655.
Gianibelli, 701.
Gibraltar, 418, 865.
Gijselaar, Cornelius de, 874, 879.
Goes, 359.
Gomarists, 778.
Gonzaga, Ferdinand, 38.
Gorcum, 584.
Gouda, 785, 847.
Graaf, Johannes de, 879, 880.
Grange, Peregrine de la, 220, 241.
Granvelle, Cardinal, 38, 39, 49, 50, 72, 73, 87, 91, 92, 113, 115, 118, 120, 132, 137, 616, 677, 684.
Grave, City of, 707, 725.
Gravelines, Battle of, 40.
Gravius, 828.
Great Privilege, 650.
Great Truce, 792, 807.
Gregorius, Martinus, 800.
Gresham, Sir Thomas, 235.
Griffier, 544.
Groeneveld, Lord of, 813.
Groenevelt, Arnold van, 711, 814.
Groenlo, 732, 757, 758, 817, 818.
Groningen, 730, 744, 745, 842.
Groningen, University of, 716, 730.
"Groot Priviligie," 650.
Groote, Gerard, 767.
Grotius, 725, 786, 792, 793, 794, 806, 828, 928.
"Gueux," *see* Beggars.
Guiana, 810.
Guise, Duke of, 269, 483.
Gulick, 813.

Haarlem, City of, 180, 181, 366, 378, 785, 823, 828, 847.
Haarlem, Lake of, 367, 374, 829, 914.
Haemstede, 412.
Hague, The, 798.
Hainault, 865.
Hainault, House of, Introduction, xvi.
Half-Moon, 807.
Hall of the Knights, 737, 803.
Hancock, John, 880.
Handvests, 85.
Hanover, House of, 870, 871.
Hansen, M. G., 797.
Harderwijk, 716, 848, 903.
Harlingen, 716.
Harmensen, Jacob, 772.
Hartaing, Daniel de, 795.
Harvard College, 855.
Hasselaer, Kenau, 368.
Hautain, Admiral, 758.
Havre, Marquis of, 458, 530, 543.
Heemskerk, Jacob, 742, 756, 759.
Heidelberg Catechism, 922.

Heiliger Lee, 285, 288, 294, 409.
Heinsius, Daniel, 828, 865.
Helder, 845, 902.
Helling, Colonel, 551.
Helmont, 828.
Henegouwen, Introduction, xvi.
Hengist, 414.
Henry, Frederick, 676, 684, 729, 755, 807, 815, 817, 820, 823, 825, 826, 827, 842.
Henry IV., 738, 763.
Herenthals, 736.
Hermann, Wolfert, Captain, 756.
Hertogenbosch, or Bois le Duc, 700, 723, 751, 819.
Hessels, 266, 536, 577.
Hessians, 895.
Heusden, 786.
Heusken, Henry, 919.
Heyn, Piet, 817, 818, 819.
Héze, Seigneur de, 466.
Hierges, 440.
Hobbema, 829.
Hogendorp, G. K., 904, 914.
Hohenlohe, Philip, Count of, 477, 613, 700, 732, 734, 736.
Holland, 692, 783, 825, 833, 834.
Holland and England, 832, 864.
Holland, Counts of, Introduction, xv.
Holland, Kingdom of, 900, 901.
Holland, North and South, 912.
Holland taken by the Dutch, 904, 906.
Hondecoeter, 830.
Hooft, 828.
Hoogerbeets, 786, 793, 794, 807.
Hoogstraaten, Count, 262, 310, 610.
Hook, of Holland, 860.
Hooks and Cods, Introduction, xii.
Hoorn, 391, 785, 786, 803.
Hopper, Joachim, 148, 455.
Horn, Count of, 7, 93, 94, 206, 209, 216, 259, 289, 293.
House of Orange, 836.
Houtmann Brothers, 742, 916.
Hudson, Henry, 807, 810.
Huguenots, 269, 281, 282, 330, 353, 859, 860, 925.
"Hunnebedden," 867.
Huygens, Christian, 828, 829.
Huygens, Constantine, 829.

Image-breaking, 188, 190.
Imbize, 535, 540, 576, 600, 601, 674.
Indies, 807.
Infanta, 747.
Inquisition, 78, 103, 107, 454, 719.
Inscription, 419, 835.
Intendit, 801.
Irishmen, 705, 709, 713.
Isabella of France, 812.
Italians, 741.
Italy, Campaign in, 740.

Jacqueline of Bavaria, 279, 299.
James I. of England, 755.
James II. of England, 856, 859.
James, King, 780, 788, 792, 802, 804, 809.
Jamieson, Franklin, 808.
Jansen, Cornelius, 853.
Jansenism, 853.
Jansenists, 772, 851.
Japan, 740, 742, 756, 807, 858, 904, 917–921.
Jasper, Margaret, 852.
Jaureguz, Joan, 646.
Java, 742.
Jeannin, Pierre, 763.
Jemmingen, 296, 299, 313.
Jesuits, 702, 734.
Jews, 853.
Joachim, Albert, 833.
John of Austria, Don, 481, 567.
John of Nassau, Count, 584.
Jones, John Paul, 882, 886.
Joost de Moor, 753.
Jordaens, 813.
Joseph II., Emperor, 891.
Joyous Entry, 85, 86, 317.
Judges, 434.
Juliana of Stolberg, 66.
Junius, Francis, 159, 160.
Justus, 813.

Kampen, 786, 923.
Kamperduin, 900.
Keezen, 874.
Kelts, 867.
Kempis, Thomas à, 730, 768.
Kermiss, 793.
Keyser, De, 829.
Kijkduin, 900.
Kilian, 828.
"King" in the Netherlands, 618.
Koen, Jan P., 916.
Koppelstok, Peter, 340.
Kortnaar, Vice-Admiral, 840.
Koxinga, 743.
Kramer, Gerard, 742.
Kuyper, Abraham, 923, 927.

Labadié, Jean, 851.
Labadists, 851, 852.
La Grange, Peregrine, 240.
La Hogue, 862.
Lalain, Count, Governor of Hainault, 553.
Lammen, 424, 425.
Land-scheiding, 418, 420.
Language, Dutch, 828, 919.
Laurens, Henry, 885.
Law, John, 870.
Lee, William, 883, 884, 885.
Leeghwater, 829.
Leerdam, 853.
Leeuwarden, 680, 716, 797.
Leewenhoek, 828.
Leffingen, 748.
Leicester, Earl of, *see* Dudley, Robert.
Leoninus, Dr. Elbertus, 435, 494, 500, 525.
Leopold I. of Belgium, 911.
Lepanto, Battle of, 481, 572.
Leyden, City of, 782, 786, 787, 790, 791, 803, 847.
Leyden, Siege of, 413, 427.
Leyden, University of, 716, 772, 787.
Leyderdorp, 425, 426.
Leyton, 545.
Liberty Trees and Poles, 897, 899.
Lillo, Fort, 412.
Linen, 735.
Linnæus, 855.
Lipsius, 828.
Literature, 831.
Lochem, 654, 757.
Locke, John, 855.
Loevenstein, 328, 329, 800, 806, 807, 834.
Lombok, 927.
London, 860.
Louis, Count William, 721, 761, 779, 781, 797, 816.
Louis XIV., of France, 834, 840, 841, 843, 858, 859, 862, 864, 871.
Louvain, City of, 494, 822.
Louvain, University of, 716, 813.
Lowestoft, 840.
Lutherans, 79, 181, 390.
Luxemburg, 485, 486, 488, 546, 908, 912, 924.
Luzac of Leyden, 879, 882.
Lydius of Franeker, 772.

Maalzon, 446.
Maas, or Meuse, River, 308, 692, 809.
Maasdam, Baron van, 904, 905.
Maaslandsluis, 414.
Maastricht, 404, 408, 468, 591, 597, 820, 892.
Magna Charta, 650.
Malays, 756, 927.
Malcontents, 574, 576, 577, 684.
Mansfield, Agnes, 670, 711.
Mansfield, Count, 449, 466, 729.
Marck, William van der, 339, 343, 367.
Margaret, Duchess, 397.
Margaret of Parma, 656.
Maria, Queen Henrietta, 825.
Marlborough, Duke of, 865.
Marot's Hymns, 111, 181, 194.
Martin Mar-Prelate Tracts, 790.
Martyrs, 78, 110, 623, 769, 802, 804, 806, 832, 911.
Mary, Princess, 825, 858.
Mary Queen of Scots, 38.
Mary Tudor, 19.
Massacres, 356, 357, 362, 364, 377, 599.
Massinger, 804.
Matanzas, 818.
Maurice, John, 821.
Maurice of Nassau, Stadholder, 643, 644, 694, 710, 715, 719, 721, 722, 729, 732, 733, 747, 749, 750, 754, 757, 760, 761, 766, 801, 802.
Maximilian II., 435.
Maypole, 802.
Mazarin, Cardinal, 825, 834.
Mechlin, City of, 358, 502, 506, 564, 606, 664.
Medici, Catharine de, 404, 635, 666.
Medina, Cœli, Duke of, 380.
Melancthon, 772.
Memorial, 409.
Mendoza, Bernardino de, 405, 743, 756.
Menno Simons, 769.
Mennonites, 751, 769, 852.
Mercator, 742.
Methodism, 814.
Metsu, 829.
Meurs, 751.
Mexico, 818.
Middleburg, 400, 461, 500, 556, 671, 790, 852.
Middleburg, Fish-market of, 790.
Mierevelt, 829.
Milton, 790.

Miracles, 623.
Mirambeau, 668.
Mississippi Bubble, 870.
Moderation, 177, 178.
Modet, 180, 205.
Mohawk, 810.
Moluccas, 757.
Moncontour, 408.
Mondragon, 360, 361, 400, 403, 444, 456, 467, 732, 733.
Monk, General, 838, 841.
Mons, 349.
Mons, Capital of Hainault, 559.
Montigny, Baron, 121, 178, 263.
Montmorency, 32, 35, 36, 43.
Montpensier, Duc de, 437, 438.
Montrose, 833.
Monuments, 575, 806.
Mook, 405, 409.
Mookerheyde, 406, 409, 417.
Motley, John Lothrop, 783, 800, 804, 805, 926.
Mottoes, 284, 304, 307, 316, 607, 680, 695, 778.
Much, Enoch, 781, 783.
"Mud Beggars," 781.
Muis, Hugo, 800.
Muller, 836.
Munster, Congress of, 826.
Museum, National, 741, 916.
Mutiny, 356, 382, 405, 458, 459, 476, 719, 720, 746.
Muyden, 819.

Naarden, 362, 364, 378, 786.
Namur, 507, 508, 529, 548, 862.
Napoleon, 900–908.
Napoleon III., 901, 924, 925.
Napoleon, King Louis, 900, 901.
Nassau, Count John of, 404, 409, 434, 446, 498, 583, 614.
Nassau, Ernest of, 747, 750.
Nassau, Justine of, 738.
Nassau, Louis Gunther of, 734, 747, 749, 750.
Nassau, Louis of, 160, 162, 284, 330, 353, 356, 357, 386, 387, 388, 389, 401, 404, 405, 409.
Nassau, Philip of, 733.
Nation, Idea of, 712.
National Hymn, 722.
National Synod, 791, 798.
Nationality, 746, 766, 779.
Naval Battles, 832, 840.
Naval Expeditions, 718.
Navarre, Henry of, 507.
Navy, 722, 836, 846.
Neal, Daniel, 855.
Netherlands in England, 166, 248, 315, 702.
Netscher, 829.
Neutrality, 925.
Neutrality, Proclamation of, 878.
New Netherland, 807, 809.
Nieuport, 747, 750, 817, 838.
Ninove, 654.
Nobles, 494, 504, 524, 525, 529, 553, 557, 574, 575, 593, 715, 724, 743.
Noircarmes, 221, 239, 357, 432.
Nordlingen, 822.
Nordwijck, 414.
Norris, Sir John, 621, 708.
Norsemen, 804.
Nymegen, 828, 859, 893.

Obdam, Admiral, 839, 840.
Obedient Provinces, 731.
Ogle, Sir John, 794.
Old South Historical Leaflets, 624.
Oquendo, Admiral, 823, 824.
Orange, 595, 599, 749, 835.
Orange badges, 895, 905.
Orange, Principality of, 870.
Orange Succession, 870.
Orange, William of Nassau, Prince of, his personal appearance, 11; ancestry, training, and early manhood, 64–72; discovers scheme of Henry II. and Philip II. for extirpating Protestantism, and earns the surname of "The Silent," 68–72; stadholder of Holland, Friesland, and Utrecht, 69; marriage with Anne of Egmont, 69–70; his opposition to institution of new bishops, 88; his marriage with Anna of Saxony, 96–101; writes joint letter, with Egmont and Horn, to Philip on necessity of withdrawing power of Granvelle, 123, 124; attempts to stem tide of corruption after departure of Granvelle, 141; his speech on occasion of Egmont's mission to Spain, and Viglius's instructions, 146–148; inclines to Lutheranism, 181; repairs to Antwerp at solicitation of citi-

zens to restore public tranquillity, 182; remonstrates at Duffel with deputation from members of Compromise assembled at Saint Trond, 184, 185; his moderate proceedings at Antwerp relative to image-breaking, 204; interviews at Dendermonde between Orange, Horn, Egmont, Hoogstraaten, and Count Louis of Nassau, 214; his dauntless conduct at Antwerp during tumult caused by defeat of Austruweel, 230; succeeds in re-establishing order, 236; cited before the Council of Blood, 272; charges against them, 272; his son seized as a hostage, 274; publishes a reply to act of condemnation, 279; grants commission to Count Louis to levy troops and wage war on Philip, 281; enrolls himself for life as a soldier of the Reformation, 303; sincerity of his piety, 304; his formal declaration of war against Alva, 305; proclamation to the people of the Netherlands, 306; baffling plan of his adversary, 309; is forced to lead back and disband his army, 312; power conferred on him by Congress of Dort, 351, 352; crosses the Rhine at Duisburg with a considerable army and takes Roermonde, 353; his reception in province of Holland after breaking up his army, 365; endeavors to succor Haarlem, 370–375; firm in faith and hope in spite of repeated disasters, 379; reasons for conquering his repugnance to King of France, 386; solitary and anxious position during the misfortunes of Haarlem and Alkmaar, 389; appeal to the General Assembly of the Netherlands, exhorting the country to union against the oppressor, 389; confidence in God the mainspring of his energy, 390; liberty of conscience for the people his main object, 390; publicly joins the Calvinist Church at Dort, 390; preparations for relief of Leyden, 419; accepts the government of Holland and Zeeland, 436; marries the Princess Charlotte of Bourbon, 438; resolution to throw off allegiance to King of Spain, 444; supreme authority in Holland and Zeeland conferred on him, 453; prepares to take advantage of mutiny of Spanish troops to bring about a general union and organization, 463; difficulties suggested by the arrival of Don John of Austria, 486; his distrust of Don John and reasons for it, 491; financial embarrassments of his family caused by their sacrifices to the cause of the Netherlands, 498; advances made to him by Don John of Austria, 499; his struggles to establish a system of toleration, 500; is invited by Estates-General to come to Brussels to aid them with his counsels, 524; enthusiastic reception at Antwerp, 527; entry into Brussels, 527; his wise conduct with regard to Archduke Matthias, 532; is elected Ruward of Brabant, 533; significance of this office, 534; his new dignity confirmed by Estates-General, the crown within his grasp, 534; indignation at treacherous conduct of nobles, 535; outbreak of revolution in Ghent, 538; proceedings relative to outbreak, 540; repairs to Ghent on invitation of four estates of Flanders, 541; brings about a new act of union, securing the religious rights of Catholics and Protestants, 542; succeeds in negotiating treaty of alliance and subsidy with England, 543; rebukes his own church for its intolerance, 555; at Ghent, 575–576; effects the Union of Utrecht, the foundation of the Netherland republic, 584; false accusations against, relative to Union of Utrecht, 587; unceasing efforts to counteract the dismembering policy of Parma, 593; repairs a second

time to Ghent, and again his presence restores order, 602; his arguments in favor of choice of Duke of Anjou as future ruler of the Netherlands, 607; contents of ban against him, 617; replies by his famous Apology, 619; reluctantly accepts provisional sovereignty over Holland and Zeeland, 625; attempt to assassinate him at Antwerp, 643; position assigned to him by the new constitution, 651; married for the fourth time to Louisa, widow of Teligny and daughter of Coligny, 670; refuses the sovereignty of United Provinces offered to him by the Estates, 671; various new attempts against his life, 676; last and successful attempt, 681; children by his four marriages, 683; deep sorrow of the people at his death, 684.
"Oranje boven," 895.
"Oranje klanten," 874, 879.
Ostade, 829.
Ostend, Siege of, 751, 754.
Ostrawell, *see* Austruweel.
Oswestry, 845.
Oudenarde, 653.
Oudewater, 440, 772, 786.
Overstein, Count, 723.

Pacheco, 345.
Pacification of Ghent, 439, 475, 476, 489, 491, 576.
Pageant, 5, 6, 18, 430, 496, 637, 638, 641, 653, 683, 713, 728, 729.
Paine, Thomas, 880.
Pamphlets, 529, 762, 787, 791.
Panis, 503, 506.
Papenheim, Count, 806, 820.
Parisian Wedding, 386.
Parma, Alexander of, 520, 546.
Parma, Margaret of, 41, 61, 63, 156, 166, 168, 171, 197, 198, 210, 212, 242, 243, 256, 269, 622.
Parties, 870, 900, 909, 913, 927–928.
"Paternoster Jacks," 562.
Patriots, 874.
Patton, Aristotle, 710.
Paul IV., 770.
Paulinism, 770.
Pauw, Adrian, 821.
Peace Negotiations, 761.
Peace of Westminster, 839.
Peacock, Edward, 787.
Pelagians, 772.
Pelham, William, 705.
Penn, William, 852, 863.
Pennsylvania, 852.
Pensionary of Holland, 838.
People, Introduction, xv., 76, 79, 109, 765, 801, 826.
Pernambuco, 810, 834.
Perponcher, 905.
Perry, M. C., 919.
Peru, 818.
Peter the Great, 863.
Philip, 616.
Philip, Count of Egmont, 596.
Philip II. of Spain, 9, 16, 17, 19, 20, 22, 25, 26, 49, 52, 55, 56, 93, 145, 202, 244, 738.
Philip III. of Spain, 761, 764, 812.
Philip IV. of Spain, 822.
Pholas, 868.
Pichegru, General, 897.
Pikeman, 694.
Pilgrim Fathers, 787, 856.
Pilgrim Press in Choir Alley, 788, 790.
Pilot, 841.
Pittsburg, 847.
Placards, 762, 793.
Plancius, Domine, 742.
Plassey, 873.
Polders, 828, 912. *See* Drainage.
Polyander, John, 781.
Pontalis, La Fevre, 844.
Popular Government, 453.
Port Royalists, 853.
Portland, 838.
Portraitures, 831.
Portugal, 616, 622, 740.
Post Acta, 799.
Potter, Paul, 816, 830.
Pragmatic Sanction, 870.
Preaching in the Fields, 179, 182.
Pretender, 864, 865.
Price, Rev. Dr., 876.
Priest, 787.
Prince, 601.
Prince of Wales, 860.
Prinsenvlag, 835.
"Prinsgezinden," 871.
Prussia, Interference of, 893.
Prussia, King of, 870.
Puritan, 717, 736, 789.

Purmer, 828.
Purmerend, 792.

Quellinus, 829.

Railways, 915.
Raleigh, Sir Walter, 734, 813.
Rammekens, 698, 738, 780.
Rassinghem, 222, 435, 540.
Ratisbon, 841.
Ravené, Abraham, 879, 880.
Realism, 830.
Reformation, 78, 80.
Reformed Church in America, 220, 717.
Reijd, 828.
Rembrandt, 828, 829, 830, 851.
Remonstrants and Contra-Remonstrants, 772, 784, 795, 797, 798, 814, 820.
Renaissance, Hollandish, 828.
Renaissance, Introduction, xiii.
Renier, 813.
Renneberg, Count, Stadholder of Friesland and Drenthe, 488, 606, 610, 621.
Representative Government, 453.
Republic, 871.
Requesens, Don Luis de, 393, 397, 399, 410, 411, 431, 448.
Request, 167.
Respect, 805.
Revaillac, 763.
Revival of Letters, 831.
Revolt, Causes of, 75, 76, 103.
Rheinberg, 751, 757, 821.
Rhine, 843.
Richardot, Juan, 761.
Richelieu, Cardinal, 815, 822.
Roads, 869.
Robinson, John, 787, 788, 796.
Robinson, Josiah, Captain, 880.
Robsart, Amy, 705.
Rochelle, 815.
Rocroi, 825.
Rodney, English Admiral, 880.
Roell, 858.
Roer, 817.
Roermonde, 283, 290, 349, 363, 369, 820.
Romero, Julian, 401, 470, 473.
Rooke, Sir George, 865.
Rosaens, 781.
Rosny, Marquis of, 755.
Rostock, 806.
Rotterdam, 343, 417, 785, 809.
Rubens, 764, 813, 819.
Rudolph II., 489, 529.
Rupert, Prince, 841.
Russian Ships, 863.
Ruy Gomez, 7, 29.
Ryhove, 535, 540, 576, 601, 674.
Ryswijk, 781, 862.

Sabbath, 789.
Sackville, Thomas, 710.
Saint Quentin, City of, 33, 37.
Salem, 856.
Salute to United States Flag, 879.
Sasbout, Arnold, 436.
Satisfaction, 551.
Savoy, Emanuel Philibert, Duke of, 30, 44.
Saxony, Anna of, 438, 683, 778.
Scaliger, 828.
Schaff, 797.
Scheffer, Dr. J. G. de H., 769.
Scheldt, the, 641, 699, 751, 821, 892, 901, 902, 912.
Schenck, Martin, 613, 706, 715, 716, 724.
Schenectady, 851.
Schetz, Caspar, 500, 528, 603.
Scheveningen, 897, 905, 926.
Schiedam, 417.
Schimmelpeninck, R. J., 900.
Schoepman, 927, 928.
Schomberg, 388.
Schoonoven, 440, 785.
Schouwen, 440, 441, 444, 447.
Schurmann, Anna Maria, 851.
Scotch, 713.
Scotch Brigade, 878.
Scots, Mary Queen of, 483, 785.
Scriptures, 831.
Scrooby, 698, 704.
Sebastian, San, 718, 824.
Separatists, 782, 810.
"Sharp Resolve," The, 783, 786.
Shimonoséki, 920, 921.
Sidney, Sir Philip, 638, 707, 708.
Sillem, J. A., 876.
Skates, 366.
Slatius, Henry, 813.
Sluis, 711, 754, 757.
Smeerenburg, 847.
Solms, Amalia van, 815, 825.
Solms, G. E., Count, 735.
Somers, Lord, 860.
Sonnius, Dr. Francis, 83.

Sonoy, Diedrich, 348, 384, 439, 551, 554, 621.
Sophia, Queen, 914, 926.
Sovereignty, 626, 651, 746, 766.
Spa, 501.
Spaarndam, 367.
Spade, 816, 868.
Spanish Netherlands, 834.
Spanish Plate Fleets, 758, 817.
Spanish Ports, Vessels in, 740.
Spanish Soldiers, 48, 719.
Spanish Succession, 863.
Spanish Troops, Returning, 519.
"Spanje-Oranje," 781.
Speedwell, 809.
Spice Islands, 740.
Spinola, Ambrose, Marquis, 733.
Spinola, Frederick, 752, 757, 758, 761, 813, 815.
Spinoza, Benedict, 854.
Spitsbergen, 807, 847.
Sprague, Admiral, 845.
Stadholders of Provinces, 47, 626.
Standish, Miles, 697, 788.
Stanley, Lieutenant Edward, 708.
Stanley, Sir William, 709.
Starch, 735.
Starter, Jan, 828.
State-rights Party, 839.
State-sovereignty, 746, 784.
States-General, 746, 762.
Steen, Jan, 472, 829.
Steenwyk, 621, 654, 725.
St. Eustatius, 879, 880, 886.
Stevin, 829.
Stirum, Count van Limburg, 904, 905.
Stolberg, Juliana of, 497.
Stoutenberg, 813, 814.
St. Pancras, Church of, 422.
Strackée, Statue of, 807.
Strickland, Walter, 832, 833.
Stuart, Charles, 824, 832, 840.
Stuarts, 839, 845.
Stuyvesant, 840.
Suffrage, 928.
Suis, Cornelius, 436.
Swammerdam, 828.
Swedes, 839.
Switzerland, 838.
Symbolism, Antwerp, 641; Beggars, 176; Foolscap and Bells, 133; Pelican, 308, 429, 430, 835; Rock and Waves, 485, 725, 727, 730, 798.
Synagogue, 854.

Tarik the Saracen, 759.
Tassemacher, 851.
Tassis, John Baptist, 501.
Taxation, 317, 318, 735.
Temple, Sir William, 842.
Teniers, 813, 829.
Tenth Penny, 318, 320, 333, 338, 370.
Terburch, 829.
Teredo, 868.
Ter Gouw, 836.
Texel, The, 692, 819, 838, 841.
The Imitation of Christ, 768.
"The Sand Hill," 754.
Theology, 806, 830, 848.
Theresa, Maria, 870, 891.
Thijm, J. A. A., 916, 924.
Thirty Years' War, The, 813.
Tholen, 440, 441, 477, 820.
Thorbecke, 913, 914.
Three Parties, 504.
Tiel, 736.
Tirelemont, 822.
Tisnacq, Engagement at, 465.
Titelmann, Peter, 108, 129, 154.
Toledo, Don Frederick of, 358, 362, 364, 367, 369, 468.
Toleration, 205, 215, 805, 858.
Toleration in Religion, 385, 500.
Tollins, 909.
Tournai, or Tournay, 215.
Town-hall, 790.
Treslong, Admiral, 340, 343, 345.
Tribunal, 800.
Triple Alliance, 842.
Tromp, Admiral, 824, 837, 838, 845.
Tromp, Cornelius, 841, 862.
Truce, 809, 815.
Truchses, Gerard, 670, 711.
Trumbull, Jonathan, 877.
Tseraerts, Jerome, 346, 359.
Tulipomania, 823.
Tulips, 823.
Tulp, 828.
Turenne, Marshall, 843.
Turks, 737.
Turnhout, 736.

Union, 437, 464–542, 584, 702, 744.
Union of Holland and Zeeland, 436, 451, 454.
Union of the Seventeen Provinces, 575–667, 684, 702, 821.
Union of Utrecht, 583, 584, 590, 617, 765, 875.

Union, the Brussels, 487, 490.
United States of America, 589.
Universities, 428, 430, 716, 717, 730, 855, 923.
Usselinx, William, 808.
Utrecht, 501, 514, 716, 767, 793, 794, 819, 853.
Utrecht, University of, 828.
Uytenbogaert, 779, 781, 792, 817.

Valdez, 413, 414, 422, 426.
Valenciennes, 111, 219, 223, 238, 241.
Valerius, 813.
Valois, Margaret of, 483, 507.
Van Artevelde, 575.
Van Berckel, 879, 884, 885, 889.
Van Bibber, Isaac, 881.
Van Buren, Count, 490, 492, 493, 498, 528.
Van Campen, 829.
Van den Berg, Frederic, Count, 362, 672, 726, 733, 817, 819.
Van den Plass, 735.
Van der Capellen, Baron Joan Derck, 876, 878, 888.
Van der Does, John, 414.
Van der Goes, 828.
Van der Helst, 829.
Van der Heyden, 829.
Van der Kemp, Adrian, 894, 896.
Van der Marck, 385, 440.
Van der Tympel, Colonel, 597, 606.
Van der Werf, 418, 422.
Van Galen, Admiral, 837.
Van Geest, Margaret, 653.
Van Ledenburg, Gilles, 805.
Van Linschoten, Jan Hugo, 741.
Van Meteren, 828.
Van Mieris, 829.
Van Speijk, 911.
Vandyke, 813.
Varax, Count, 736.
Vasca da Gama, 740.
Vauban, 869.
Veere, 851, 852.
Venezuela, 809.
Verdugo, 727, 730.
Vere, Sir Francis, 711, 723, 729, 736, 747, 748, 750, 751.
Vere, Sir Horace, Governor of Brill, 750, 820.
Vergennes, Count, 890, 894.
Vernuloeus, 813.
Vianen, 223, 246, 794.
Vienna, 737.
Viglius van Aytta, 7, 46, 63, 114, 147, 177, 265.
Vijver, 762.
Villiers, De, 678.
Virginia, 809.
Visch, 577.
Vischer, 828.
Vitelli, Chiapin, 444.
Vitringa, 858.
Vlaardingen, 414, 417.
Vlie, 838.
Voetius, 850, 851, 854.
Vondel, 828.
Voorhout, 802.
Vorstius, 780, 789.

Waartgelders, 735, 745, 785, 794.
Walcheren, 400, 867, 903.
Walloons, 79, 347, 411, 557, 592.
Walloon Provinces, 590, 594, 624.
Walsingham, Sir Francis, 331, 532, 560.
War, Naval, 838.
Washington, 873.
Waterloo, 908, 912.
Water-State, 828.
Weddings, 100.
Wesel, 819.
Wesleys, 814.
West India Company, 802, 808, 810.
West Indies, 744, 810.
Wierius, 857.
Wilhelmina, Princess Frederika Sophia, 874.
Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, 926–928.
Willebroek, 243.
William, "Father," 513, 527.
William I., *see* William of Orange.
William I., King of the Netherlands, 905–912.
William II., King of the Dutch Netherlands, 912–914.
William II., Stadholder, 834.
William III., 914, 915, 924, 926.
William III., Stadholder, 834, 844, 850.
William V., Stadholder, 874, 896–898.
Williams, Sir Roger, 711.
Willoughby, Lord, 713, 715.
Windmills, 868, 869, 914.
"Wind-trade," 870.
Winfrid, 767.

Wingfield, Sir John, 715.
Winwood, Sir Ralph, 780.
Witchcraft, 855–858.
Witches, 856.
Witte de With, 837.
Women, 830.
Women in Sieges, 368, 460, 598, 599, 711.
Wouvermans, 830.
Wyk, 468.

York, Duke of, 840.
York, New, 840, 846.
Yorke, Rowland, 709.
Yorke, Sir Joseph, 874, 886.
Ypres, 674.

Zaandam, 847, 863.
Zeeland Sailors, 748, 753.
Zeist, 893.
Zerbolt, 768.
Zierickzee, City of, 402, 440, 443, 444, 446, 447, 457, 476, 891.
Zouterwoude, 424.
Zoutman, Admiral, 887.
Zutphen, 362, 707, 710, 723.
Zuyder Zee, 390, 707, 838.
Zype, 828.

INDEX TO FINAL CHAPTER

Algeciras Conference, 937.
Amsterdam, 930–934.
Area of Netherlands, 928, 929, 930.
Army estimates, 943.

Belgium, 936, 937, 938, 943.
Bilderdijk, 938.
Boers, 934.

Capital Punishment, 933.
Colonies, 934, 940.
Congress of History, 933.
Constitution, 930, 932.
Crown, 930, 932.

Delfshaven, 934.
De Ruyter, 938.
Doctrine of royalty, 930, 931.

East Indies, 932, 939, 940.
Education, 936.
Emma, Queen, 931, 932.
Erasmus, 940.

German Emperor, 937, 938, 943.
Germany, 937, 942.
Great Britain, 935, 939.
Groen van Prinsterer, 933.
Grotius, 941.

Hague, 928, 930, 933, 934, 935, 941. 942.
Hague Conference of 1899, 941.
Hague Conference of 1907, 928, 942, 943.
Hall of the Knights, 932.
Heirship to Throne, 937.
Hendrik. *See* Prince Hendrik.
House in the Wood, 941.
Huygens, 943.

Java, 932, 939, 940.

Kings, 930, 931.
Kruger, 935.

Liberal Party, 936.

Netherlands, 929–930.

Pan-Germanic movement, 937.
Peace movement, 928, 940.
Penn, William, 941.
Population, 928, 933, 934.
Prince Hendrik, 935, 938.
Protectionism, 940.

Queen Wilhelmina, 928, 931–933, 934, 935, 942, 943.

Railways, 936, 937.
Rembrandt, 938.
Rotterdam, 934.
Rulers, 938.
Russo-Japanese War, 939.

South African War, 934, 935.
States-General, 928, 942.
Strikes, 936.
Succession to Throne, 937.

Taxation, 934.

United States, 939.

Wilhelmina. *See* Queen Wilhelmina.
William of Orange, 928, 931.
William I., 930.
William II., 930.
William III., 929, 932.

Zuyder Zee, 928.

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